THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 1, 1913 — 5cts. THE COPY

Hallowe'en

Beginning

Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine—By Irvin S. Cobb

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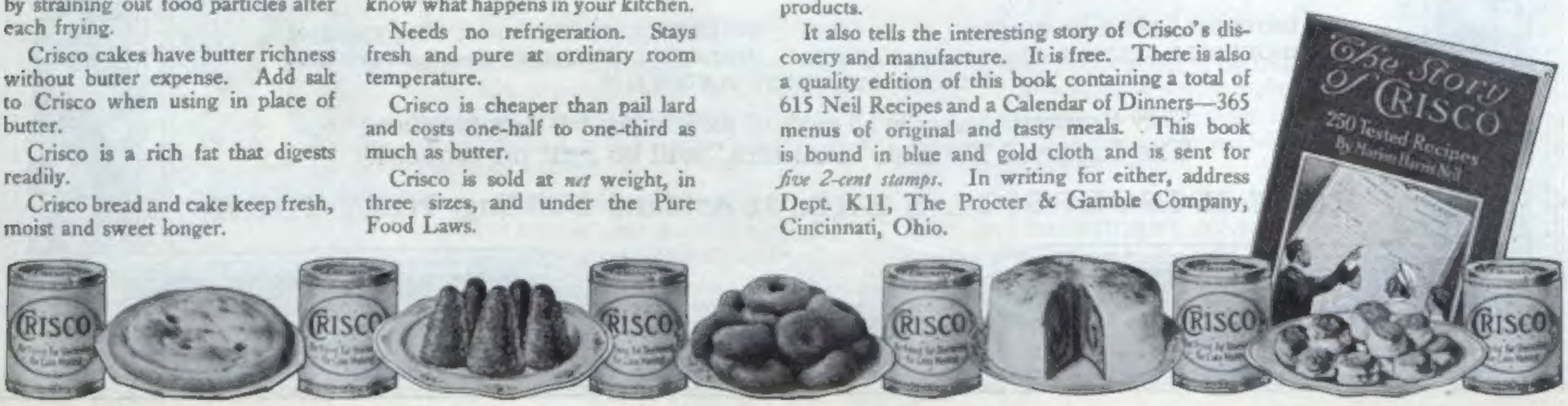

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SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES AND MINE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Jaques: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

AS YOU LIKE IT—Act II, Scene VII.

"At First the Infant"

IT WAS not often that Shakspere slipped a cog. He wrote not only for his own period but for posterity. Take his remark now on the subject of comedians, where Hamlet, fondling a property skull, says: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him—a fellow of infinite chest."

In its application to comedians in general that was probably true in Hamlet's time and in Shakspere's time; and undeniably it is true in this day and generation.

Next to a leading man, I do not know of any one in the entire theatrical profession, from the members of the stagehands' union clear on down to the managers, who throws such an infinite chest as the average comedian!

So it goes all through the works of Shakspere. But I must say that when he began speaking of infants the divine sparkplug of the bard's prophetic apparatus missed a few times. Probably when Shakspere was alive the infant in the nurse's arms behaved as above stated. Shakspere had no way of knowing that in the twentieth century the first stage of infantile life would be intrusted to the Genic Twins—Eu and Hy; so, of course, we cannot blame him for failing to predict the correct details. But at least we may, as we go along, point them out.

For no longer do we raise the child by hand—anyway, in the best regulated families we do not. We raise him out of a book. He is born according to estimates and reared by plans and specifications. And though the nurse is competently on the job, just as in Shakspere's day, she works under a different system. As modernly constituted she is a combination of Simon Legree, King Solomon, William the Silent, the iron-jawed lady at the circus, a night watchman, a train dispatcher, and a food specialist.

Sometimes His Mother is Inclined to be Just a Mother

Nor does she take the cooing firstborn on her lap and call him foolish pet names, and jounce him up and down according to a formula that, until here just recently, has been in vogue since one morning just outside of Eden Mother Eve took a good look at the little pink Cain and decided that he got his nose from his father and the rest of his features from her side of the family—the nose, as may be recalled by those who have seen pictures of Cain, being faulty.

The nurse does not do these things, and for very good reasons. In the first place, she is too busy sending the infant along, on a schedule as exact as the running time of the fast train to Chicago, to be indulging in idle sports and pastimes with him. And in the second place, even if she were so inclined, she knows better than to be chucking him up and down in her arms and calling him Coochie-coo! and singing nursery songs to him.

From her voluminous readings of the standard works on the subject, by profound German scientists who were so busy writing about it they never found time to be parents themselves, she knows that such performances are so wrong as to border actually upon the criminal. Jouncing the child upon the human knee is bad for his spine—oh, very, very bad indeed; and as for singing, that excites the infant's mind unduly and has a damaging effect upon his nervous system subsequently.

I often wonder how those of us who were born and raised according to the old, antiquated methods ever lived through it! Probably we should not have lived through it had we realized how the mistaken kindness of our parents was cutting down our chances. Discouraged at the outset, we should have just curled up and quit. But we didn't know; so we hung on—anyhow I did, and so did a number of others I might name. If it was our parents' ignorance that imperiled us it was our own ignorance that saved us; so we pulled through—somewhat deficient in spines and nervous systems it is true, but able to take nourishment and manifest interest in bright-colored objects. Today some spine-crippled, nerve-wrecked wretches among us are really quite robust-looking with their clothes on.

There is no telling how good a spine George Washington might have had if he had not been jounced on the knee in his infancy. Probably it would have been five or six feet longer than he was, and would have stood up out of the back of his neck like a flagpole; and before going into battle he could have tied a flag to it. And Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great, and John L. Sullivan, and Hans Wagner, and Theodore Roosevelt—what spines they might have had if they had been permitted to grow up out of babyhood unjounced! At that, some of them had rudimentary spines that have been plainly discernible to the eye.

One way and another, Old Canada Bill was a person of considerable nerve-force after he reached his maturity. Practically single-handed, he conducted the negotiations for disposing of the first goldbrick that was ever sold in this country. But think what a nerve he might have had if he had not been sung to as a baby!

Or, for another example, take Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. There's a woman who means well, but she has not enough nerve-vigor. She is lacking in nervous energy. Somebody sang to her when she was small. The British authorities, in their kindly yet blundering way, have done what they could to rectify this early mistake.

The Genic Twins—Eu and Hy

A Formula That Has Been in Vogue Since Eden

To All the World a Bootblack is Tony

They have on occasion fed her specially prepared liquid food, such as the best-raised babies now get, and from time to time they have put her in a place where there was little if any singing going on. But it was too late. You have only to follow her career to realize that her nerve is gone—and Mr. Asquith's is going. Just from being thrown into contact with her he has suffered too. Plainly the thing is contagious. Still the case, sad as it is, is not without its redeeming aspect. Her own juvenile experience has taught Mrs. Pankhurst a lesson. You would not catch that lady rocking a cradle. She would rather rock a premier or a plate-glass window.

Yes, indeed; when we look back on it it is surely wonderful to think what we went through with and yet lived! And yet, somehow, to those of us who may have known the ministrations of an old-fashioned, pillow-bosomed, snuff-dipping nurse, or the gentle tyranny of an old black mammy with an ebony skin and a golden soul, the childhood prospect does not loom up in our memory as such a dismal and distressing thing after all.

A good many of us had mothers who fussed over us. If we mewled, as no doubt we did, our mothers did not consult the authorities for the proper and scientific course to pursue. They took us up in their arms and rocked us, and sang to us, and mothered us, and humored us, and otherwise behaved very unscientifically toward us. I imagine we liked it at the time too—not knowing how injurious it was.

Actually some of those mothers reared six or eight children apiece with less trouble seemingly than it now takes to rear one. I do not understand this at all. They violated all the rules and regulations as laid down for mothers by the writers of the German and Italian schools. They considered themselves competent to minister to their own offspring. They actually kissed their children—yes, sir; kissed them freely and copiously! And worse than that, one of them would sometimes go so far as to nuzzle her face in the folds at the back of her helpless young one's neck.

There used to be a lot of people—mothers mostly—who thought the sweetest-smelling, best-tasting spot on earth was the back of a nice, hearty, clean baby's neck. And they would sing those foolish and meaningless lullaby songs to their babies; and when the babies yowled they would take them up in their arms and jounce them. As I remarked before, it is absolutely incredible that any of us survived!

Sweet Alice Up to Date

IN MY own case I recall it was at my mother's knee, long before I was old enough to have read Trilby, even if it had been written then, that I learned how the news was broken to Ben Bolt in regard to Sweet Alice's demise, and also about the Frog Who Would A-Wooing Go, and Billy Boy, Charming Billy—and a number of other interesting characters who were popular at that period. But the book-raised baby is preserved from such deleterious influences. He waits until he reaches the cabaret age, I guess, and then he learns the details in regard to the untimely taking off of Sweet Alice, as rendered in the turkey-trotting version:

Don't you remember?
Yes, yes! Remember what? Remember who?
Sweet Alice with the brown, brown hair.
I should worry! I should care!
Believe me, kid, she was there
With the hair! With the hair! She was there! Wow! Wow!
She'd cry—oh, my!—when you slipped her a smile.
And she'd shiver like Salome when you looked at her cross, old hoss!
She's gone! She's gone! Are you on? Are you on?
Get me right! Grab me light! Oh! Oh, this is some night—
Doing that scary, obituary, cemetary ra-ha-ag!

No—on second thought, I take back a part of what I have just said. I reckon that, even in these days of intensive infanticulture, it has not been possible to educate all the parents and all the babies up to a rightful appreciation of what each group owes to the other. I'm willing to risk any amount within reason that, tucked away here and there in odd and obscure corners of this country, there are a few old-fashioned mothers who bring up their children in the old-fashioned way, crooning over them and coddling them, regardless of what a lot of persons in Hamburg or Metz, with impenetrable whiskers and mezzanine foreheads and double-lensed spectacles, may think of it.

Anyway when all is said and done, babies, whether reared scientifically or just so, remain much the same in their intrinsic value—being priceless treasures to those immediately responsible for their presence in the world, but a drug on the market elsewhere. Babies are worth more to their owners and less to other people than any commodity I know.

Generally speaking, another man's baby is like another man's boil. You meet a friend who is carrying his head on one side as though he had been hanged recently, and he has his throat tied up. You inquire what's ailing him and he tells you he has a boil on his neck. You do not sympathize with him—you congratulate him! You tell him cheerily that he must not mind that—that a boil on the neck is a fine thing for clearing impurities out of the system; that a plain, medium-sized boil, at the very lowest possible figure, is worth ten dollars to him; and that if it should develop into one of the large, golden-russet, hothouse varieties of boil it will be worth twenty-five dollars easily. But if he tried to make you a present of his boil you would hit him in the eye.

Babies are Worth More to Their Owners and Less to Other People Than Any Commodity I Know

In this regard babies grade up much as boils do—being of value to their proprietors, but having few attractions for the casual outsiders. This was so in Shakspere's day, I warrant. It is so today.

To everybody else a newborn baby is merely a small, noisy object, slightly fuzzy at one end, with no distinguishing marks to speak of except a mouth; and in color either a salmon pink or a deep sorrel, depending on whether it is going to grow up a blonde or a brunette. But to its immediate family it is without question the most phenomenal, the most astonishing, the most absolutely unparalleled thing that has yet occurred in the entire history of this planet.

"I don't want to make a pest of myself by talking about my own child," begins the father as he starts unrolling the flannel labyrinth that enmeshes his offspring; "but I will say this: He's a wonderful child! He's the most wonderful child I ever saw!" He unreels seven or eight yards more of wrappings and reveals to your gaze something of a prevalent reddish tint, considerably resembling a large, sore thumb. The spectacle naturally startles you—especially if you have had no experience in this line before.

"Heavens alive, man!" you exclaim. "Turn it—him—round the other way! You've got him upside down!"

"No such thing," he says—"that's his head you're looking at!"

"Tut, tut!" you say. "You're joking!"

"I'm not joking!" he exclaims. "Honestly now," he asks, "did you ever see anything in your life like that child's head?"

And you truthfully reply that in your whole life you never did.

"Just look at that brow!" goes on the infatuated man. "Just observe how that forehead slopes up, will you?"

"Yes," you admit—"it does slope up, doesn't it?" And then to yourself inwardly you say: "Right up to a point, like a lemon!"

"See how wide he is between the eyes!" says the proud young father.

"He is that!" you agree, thinking to yourself that he is even wider between the gums.

Silently marveling, you gaze down the yawning chasm and you reflect that, even though it is not ornamental, such a mouth must be a useful and handy thing for a child to have, because if anything should go wrong with his interior they can reach right down into him and treat it by local applications; the main drawback is that he will suffer so from drafts.

"I think he's got my nose!" burbles on the parent, critically examining a lump about the size of a shirtstud that is imbedded in the midst of the new arrival's ostensible face. And again you remark to yourself that he might have got a little more of it without serious injury to either party to the transaction.

You come away wondering why, when the stork brings such an incomplete and faulty specimen, the parents do not return it and ask for credit on the books. But they—poor deluded creatures—are convinced that the only possible improvement would be for it to have been twins.

A Shameful Weakness

THE marvel of the whole thing is that very often it turns out they were right and you were wrong. After a while the young person gives up as a bad job trying to swallow his own toes, and his features fill out until they provide a background for his smile, thus giving him more of a human aspect; and he begins to talk the language that only a baby talks and only a mother understands—or at least the old-fashioned mother did; she always understood it, every word, and could talk right back to her son in his native tongue.

As regards the up-to-date mother who is having her child reared antiseptically and hygienically, and according to formula, and who feeds him on proteids and carbonates and things instead of just victuals, as was formerly the case, I would not presume to say. However, I suspect, even in the case of a chemically pure infant and a highly specialized domestic system, that sometimes his mother—in the privacy of the nursery—is inclined to revert to Nature and for a little while be just a mother. I should not be surprised to hear that this happened quite often. No doubt she hides it and is ashamed of her weakness afterward, and would not dare to look the Herr Professor Doktor Whatyoumaycallimstein in the face if it ever got out on her; but, just the same, I'll bet she does it.

(Continued on Page 45)

No Longer Do We Raise the Child by Hand—We Raise Him Out of a Book

WATER STUFF

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Swim! Well, I Should Say Not! I'm an Actress, Mr. Montague"

BUCK PARVIN, moving-picture cowpuncher, arrayed in the conspicuous habiliments of his calling, sat on the steps outside the main building of the Titan Company and thrust forth his new boots for all the world to admire. Fashioned of the choicest materials, with the squarest of square toes and the highest of high heels, the midleg portions scroll-stitched in graceful and intricate designs, and surmounted by broad bands of glittering patent leather, they were, indeed, boots to challenge the eye and demand the respectful attention of the most casual observer.

Since his promotion to a position on the weekly payroll at a salary that amazed him afresh every Saturday afternoon, Buck had been able to indulge his passion for expensive gauds and trappings. The new sombrero was a dream in gray beaver, the silk shirt a poem in Nile green; but the Kansas City boots were the very apple of Buck's eye. They marked the floodtide of gratified ambition and made him one with leading men, champion bronco busters, street medicine fakers and proprietors of Wild West shows.

Such boots are to be seen in shop windows in Cheyenne, Denver, Fort Worth, Oklahoma City and Las Vegas. They are seldom encountered east of the Mississippi River, and nowhere are they common or likely to become so, for they cost a great deal more than a suit of ready-made clothes and something less than a good saddle. In this day of inflated food values those who can afford such luxurious footwear are scarce. There are cheap imitations of course; but they are just that and nothing else, and serve but to make the genuine article more desirable.

For the further edification of the assembled extra people, Buck rolled a brown-paper cigarette employing none but the fingers of his left hand—and those who do not believe this feat requires dexterity and practice should try it at their leisure.

As he gave the flimsy cylinder a final twist and flourish Buck paused, eyes upturned and ear inclined toward an open window whence issued a mournful chant, pitched in a low, rumbling key. The window looked out from the private office of James Montague, scenario author, heavy actor and producing director, in whose narrow littered sanctum film dramas were born.

Ben Leslie, the property man, slouched across the yard and Buck summoned him with a jerk of his head.

"Some kicks, boy—some kicks!" said Leslie approvingly. "You didn't find those new boots hanging on a bush, I'll bet!"

"Not so you could notice it," said Buck with modesty. "Just got 'em out of the express office—made to order. But that ain't what I wanted you for. Listen here a minute and see if you can get this."

"Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep;
So beware! Be-e-e-e-ware!"

"What's biting Jim now?" continued Buck, with a trace of anxiety in his tone.

The property man, a lean, melancholy person of much assorted experience, given at times to economy in language, rose, hitched his trousers fore and aft and gravely performed the first steps of the dance known to musical comedy as the sailor's hornpipe.

"Doggone it!" sighed Buck. "I had a hunch that was what ailed him. Some more of that rotten water stuff, eh? It's a pity Jim wouldn't get a company of square-faced Swede sailors and mermaids and be done with it!"

"For many a stormy wind shall blo-o-o-w
Ere Ja-hack—comes home—again!"

"He's full of it this morning," said Leslie. "Genius must be burning like a fire in a furniture factory. Do you know what he's doing, Buck? Jim is trying to warble himself into thinking that he's the Clark Russell of the movie business; but he doesn't know one end of a ship from the other. That's temperament, son—temperament."

"Uh-huh!" Buck shuddered slightly. "Let him sing his fool head off! Believe me, them songs about bounding billows and raging mains was never written by a guy with a weak stomach. Do you reckon Jim will hire that ratty old ship again and stake us all to some more seasickness?"

"The Alden Besse? She's already hired."

"And me a regular member of the company!" groaned Buck.

"Well, you would be an actor!" grinned the unfeeling Ben.

"Listen!" said Buck. "If I have to go to sea any more in that old tub all the acting in the world won't keep me from laying right down on the deck so soon as we get outside the San Pedro breakwater. After that I'll be just the same as dead—only not near so comfortable. Montague makes me sick! Here he's got all the dry land in California to work on—and he chooses the Pacific Ocean! You know, Ben, sometimes I think a movie director ain't human!"

"He's got to give the public what it wants," said Leslie, quoting Article I, Section 1, of the Showman's Creed. "The other water picture is getting a lot of money. That's the answer, old horse!"

"If it gets a million it won't break me even for what it done to my stomach," said Buck morosely. "I'm a game guy, Ben—and you know it. Everybody knows it. I don't mind taking fool chances with my life; but monkeying with my stomach is another proposition. Put me on ole Pieface and I'll ride him as high and handsome as anybody. I'll take as hard a fall as Jim Montague can frame up for me—and he's framed some jimdandies!

"When it comes to runs through brush or over boulders I can make all them Spring Street cowboys and film Cossacks quit like sheep in a blizzard—but salt water! Deep salt water! No, sir! You never heard of a guy named Buck that was a sailor. Me—I begin to get seasick as soon as I buy my steamer ticket. There's something about the look and smell of the ocean that hits me right where I live. Green ain't no healthy color for water, Ben—and you know it. I've come down some terrible steep hills for Jim Montague and never cheeped about it; but if he's quit the cavalry and joined the navy I reckon I'll have to ask for a change of venue."

"Shucks!" said the property man. "A little attack of seasickness is the healthiest thing a man can have. It tones up your whole system—acts like a tonic."

"A tonic, eh?" sneered Buck. "Now you've said something! Doc Bowen gave Baldy Bradley a tonic when he was getting over the fever that time down in the Pecos country. It looked like harness oil, it smelled like a burnt boot, and it tasted like both of 'em, with a few other things thrown in to make it more difficult. Whenever it come time to slip Baldy a jolt of the stuff it took five able-bodied men to turn the trick—three to set on him, one to hold his nose, and one to steer the spoon.

"'Doc,' says Baldy one day, 'what in Sam Hill do you put in that stuff that makes it taste so bad?'

"'Why, several things,' says the doc, blowing out his double chin like a pelican. 'That's a tonic to build you up. I take it myself sometimes.'

"'Take it now, doc,' says Baldy, 'and keep it! Gimme the fever back again; I'd relish it more.'

"And that's your Uncle Buck on this seasick thing. If I've got to yo-heave-ho to be healthy I'd choose to remain an invalid like I am now. I'd rather be a well extry man and stay on dry land than play special seasick leads at a hundred a week."

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep."

"Gosh!" said Buck. "You don't reckon Jim figures to keep us on the water all night?"

"Forget it!" said Ben Leslie, rising. "You might have a good part in this next picture."

Buck regarded his friend reproachfully.

"I had a good part in that last one," he said; "but my breakfast got jealous of me and busted into the film. How can a man act when his stomach is acting too?"

"Don't ask me!" said the property man. "Ask Jim—here he is."

Montague stood on the steps and surveyed the morning gathering of extra people with the cold appraising eye of the experienced director—the connoisseur in features and types.

Broken-down actors, with frayed collars and cuffs, trying to hide a pathetic eagerness behind a calm, professional exterior; gum-chewing girls in cheap finery, powdered and painted within an inch of their lives; young men smitten with an ambition to smirk before a camera and call themselves actors forever afterward; a sprinkling of the down-and-outs of both sexes—it was the typical motley assemblage. To some of them an appearance in a moving picture was nothing more than a joke or a new experience; to others it meant three dollars a day and bread and butter.

"You girl on the end—with the green feathers!" said Montague briskly. "Can you swim?"

The young woman laughed loudly and flirted her plumes.

"Swim!" she answered. "Well, I should say not! I'm an actress, Mr. Montague. I was with the Worldwide and the Transcontinental people; and the ——"

"Good night!" said Jimmy. "Nothing doing if you can't swim."

He descended to pass among the applicants and the line shifted uneasily.

"Water stuff! Water stuff!" the whisper ran.

"Well, what do you know about that!" demanded the young woman with the green feathers. "There was a time in this business when talent got you something, but now they don't use nothing but acrobats!" And by the manner in which she glared at Montague's back it was plain that she did not hold him guiltless of this decadence in art.

Slowly the line of applicants melted away.

"Nothing but swimmers this morning!" said Montague. Some of the young men qualified and were engaged. "I must have more women," muttered the director. "How about you?"

Montague paused before a girl who sat twisting a handkerchief nervously between her fingers. Her cheap blue serge skirt was shiny at the seams, her tan shoes were run down at the heels and her hat was of the obsolete peach-basket variety. There was a frightened look in her brown eyes as she raised them.

"Can you swim, kid?" asked Montague not unkindly.

"I—yes, sir," stammered the girl.

"Good!" said Jimmy. "Ever had any experience in pictures? No? Well, that doesn't make much difference. Be at the electric depot at six o'clock next Thursday morning. Bring along a change of clothes and some towels. You get five dollars for the water stunt. What's your name?"

"Jennie Lee."

"All right, Jennie. Go to the office and have them fill out a card for you. That's the way we keep in touch with our extra people; and when we need you again we can notify you."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl as she moved away.

"Scared stiff!" thought Montague as he looked after her. "Little shopgirl or something. Not much like the rest of these actresses. A fine type and she'll photograph well. Pretty thin, but she's got nice eyes."

A few moments later Buck Parvin, sunk in fathomless melancholy, became aware that a young woman was addressing him.

"Excuse me, sir," and the face under the peach-basket hat flushed crimson, "but do you know whether I shall be expected to bring a bathing suit?"

"Huh? What's that?" Buck looked up, and what he saw prompted him to rise and remove his sombrero.

"I'm sorry, miss," said he, "but I don't know any more about this next picture than the man in the moon. If you'll wait I'll find out for you."

He was back again almost instantly.

"You'll want bloomers, but no skirt. The rest of the stuff will be furnished by the company. It's a costume piece. Reckon you're kind of new at this business, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir. I thought perhaps you could tell me what I should be expected to do."

Buck laughed.

"Nobody knows that but the director," he said. "He'll tell you in plenty of time. Say, do you ever get seasick?"

"I—I don't know," said the girl. "I've never been on the ocean."

"Gee, but you're lucky!" said Buck.

II

JACK LA RUE, leading man of the Titan Company and, as such, privileged to ask questions and annoy directors, insinuated himself into Jimmy Montague's private office, where he found that capable person perspiring over a list of properties for the new picture.

"Oakum; red fire; smoke-pots," read La Rue over Montague's shoulder. "What are you framing up for us now, James? Something tough, I suppose."

"No," said Jimmy, intent upon his task. "This one is going to be dead easy."

La Rue sniffed audibly.

"Yeh!" said he. "All your pictures are dead easy—to hear you tell it! That Mexican war thing, for instance! That was going to be a cinch; no rough stuff, no stunts at all—straight acting. I had to jump off the top of a 'dobe house, ride down the side of a cliff, swim a river in all my clothes, and do an Alexander Salvini out of a window into a brushpile. I've been picking cactus spines out of myself ever since. Heaven is my witness, Jim Montague, never again will I jump into a brushpile head first without looking to see what's in it!"

"Always kicking!" said Montague pleasantly. "You wouldn't be a great actor if you couldn't roar at the director every few days. I suppose I planted that cactus in the brushpile for your especial benefit!"

"I wouldn't put it past you," said the leading man. "But, come, what's the new stunt to be? You can't sidetrack me with an argument."

"Another water picture—and a bird, if I do say it as shouldn't! I'm going to pull something new—something that hasn't been done before—a fire on a ship at sea."

"You don't call that new, do you?" demanded the actor. "It's been done to death and nobody ever got away with it."

"It was done with miniatures," said Montague sternly, "and that's the reason the pictures were frosts. People are on to that fake stuff, Jack. You can't build a boat four feet long and burn her in a mudpuddle and fool anybody into thinking she's a regular ship. It would go once, but not now. Audiences are too wise for miniatures and the magic-lantern stuff. They want the real thing. I'll have a real ship—a real ocean ——"

"You won't have a real fire though. How will you get the effect of one?"

"You should worry about my effects!" snapped Montague angrily. "Smoke-pots all over the place—in the rigging and on deck. For the flame we'll touch off a lot of oakum on sheets of galvanized iron. That'll give us a real blaze all along the deckline. Red fire for a glow—and there you are! A fire effect! I'll get one that will knock their eyes out! The old Alden Besse will look as if she was burning from stem to gudgeon. Can't you see what a background that will make for the people as they jump overboard? Can't you see that thick smoke rolling up, and the flames shooting along the rail, and the reflection in the water, and ——"

"Oh, that's it!" interrupted La Rue. "I jump overboard, do I?"

Montague paused, his enthusiasm suddenly chilled. He drew a long breath through his nose.

"Say," drawled Montague at last, "it must be awful to hate yourself the way you do! You're the whole works round this place, ain't you? Nobody else counts at all! Here I sweat blood and dope out a really great picture—something original and startling—something that all these other directors will try to copy—and I can't even *tell* you about it! Can't get a ripple of enthusiasm out of my leading man! His little bit is all that interests him!"

"But I jump, do I?" persisted La Rue, who was a young man of few ideas and direct methods.

Montague threw up both hands in token of surrender.

"Yes—confound it—you jump! You're the captain of an emigrant ship back in the fifties, bound round the Horn to California. You fall in love with one of the cabin passengers—that's Myrtle. Fire in the hold. Women and children first—and all that sort of thing. Not enough boats. Life raft is put over the side, but breaks loose and drifts away. That's where the jumping comes in. Myrtle in her cabin, overcome by smoke. You rescue her—a studio scene, of course—run to the rail and do a Brodie with her in your arms—the last two people off the ship. Then you swim straight into the camera, and ——"

"Just a second!" said La Rue. "You've got a great picture there, Jim—a bully picture; but don't forget that the old Besse stands up out of the water like a church. It's a long jump from her rail! Doing it single would be easy, but I'm not stuck on trying it with a woman in my arms. Myrtle is no featherweight, you know; and if she overbalances me it'll look rotten in the film. Why can't I throw her overboard and jump after her—or else let her down with a rope? It seems to me ——"

"Nothing of the sort!" Montague burst into a sudden rage. "Who's running this company? You'll jump with her in your arms—in your arms! Do you understand? I've listened to all the kicking that I'm going to take from you, La Rue! The next time you try to edit a scenario for me I'll ——"

"Oh, all right—if that's the way you feel about it!" said the leading man as he reached for the doorknob. "Have it your own way; but I was thinking ——"

"What with?" rasped Montague. "Who's paying you to think? You're an actor—a great actor—and that lets you out. Be a good fellow and beat it, Jack! Can't you see that I've got work to do?"

Buck Parvin chose this inauspicious moment to ask a favor. He creaked into the room, grinning ingratiatingly and trifling with the brim of his sombrero.

"Well!" said Montague gruffly. "What do you want?"

"Jim," said he, "my health—it ain't been very well lately. I may not look it, but I'm a sick man. This studio stuff is breaking me down. I been used to the open air, and I ——"

"What you need," said Montague, without looking up, "is a little sea trip. I'm writing you a nice fat part in the next picture. You're going to be the first mate of the Alden Besse."

"But, Jim," expostulated the unhappy Buck, "you know how sick I got the other time! I can't do no acting on the water. If you had my stomach ——"

"I'd be an ostrich!" finished Montague. "You're almost as much of a nuisance as Jack La Rue. On your way before I bounce a paperweight off your head!"

"And you won't let me off?"

"Certainly not. What do you think I pay you thirty dollars a week for?"

Buck grunted and moved toward the door. There he faced about and emptied the locker of its last despairing shot.

"Say, Do You Ever Get Seasick?"

"If I must, I must!" said he dolefully. "But listen to reason, Jim, and don't cast me for a first mate. Write in a part for a corpse and let me play that. I won't need no rehearsing at all!"

III

THE good ship Alden Besse rocked at her moorings, groaning and sighing as she lifted with the rush of the tide. She groaned because she was very old, and she sighed because her hull was deeply incrusted with the barnacles of other days, which tore the moving water into tiny ripples, producing a low, hissing sound.

Built by honest but shortsighted men who had no vision of steam, the Alden Besse was paying the penalty imposed on archaism by an age of progress and invention. The world had moved on and left her behind. She had outlived her pride; but her too-solid construction forced her to linger beyond her day—a relic of the vanished period when American clipper ships spread their sails to every wind that blew across the Seven Seas.

Hongkong and Canton knew her well in the sixties and the seventies, when she was new and listed as one of the fast Cape Horners. Rich cargoes were her portion in those days—tea, silks and spices for the New York market—and she poured gold into the coffers of her owners. Then progress dealt her the first blow. The Clyde-built iron barks invaded the Orient and the wooden clipper ships were forced to fight for a share of the trade. They could no longer pick and choose. A few years of fierce competition ushered in the tramp cargo steamers, with their lower freight rates, superior speed and greater tonnage; and the Alden Besse, together with all other sailing ships, faced the beginning of the end.

She loafed about the Far Eastern ports for several months before she fell into the hands of the Japanese Government, which reënforced her teak with an armor-belt of oak timbers, mounted guns on her deck, and made of her a naval training ship.

It was an easy berth, but it could not last. The old order changed—wooden ships-of-war gave place to swift steel cruisers and the stick-and-string navies of the world became obsolete. Japan followed the lead of other nations and the Alden Besse was sold for a song.

She next appeared on the other side of the Pacific, where she was engaged in the sugar trade, plying between Honolulu and San Francisco. Again steam drove her out and she dipped into the South Seas, trafficking in copra, cocoanut fiber, vanilla and coffee. She became a sort of maritime panhandler, haunting strange ports, thankful for small favors and bartering her self-respect for a pittance. At lengthening intervals she crept through the Golden Gate, dirty and dingy, and smelling to Heaven of mixed cargoes. Her last voyage brought her to San Pedro Harbor, where she was sold for dock charges—an ignominious ending of a long career.

For months the old ship lay at her moorings, deserted save by the watchman, stripped of her sails and most of her fittings—a sorry spectacle, at which the steam craft of the harbor hooted in derision. Useless in any sort of coastwise trade and valueless except for her solid timbers, the

"'Most Anybody Else Would Have Been Proud of Saving a Girl's Life"

Alden Besse was doomed to destruction; but progress, having ruined her, intervened to save her from this final shame.

There came a keen-eyed young man—a director in the employ of a moving-picture company. He had a scenario that demanded a ship—and a ship he would have. He saw the Alden Besse and fell in love with her stately lines and towering spars.

"Just the ticket!" said he. "I'll rent her by the day, put a couple of cameras aboard and stage this picture right."

"Not the All-done Besse?" said the seafaring men. "Why, that old tub ain't got no sails!"

"That's a mere matter of detail. I can hire a tug and have her towed to sea."

"She'll tow like a brick house! There's tons of barnacles on her bottom."

"The barnacles," said the director, "will not show in the picture."

"There's no ballast in her. She's high out of the water and as light as a feather. She'll roll something awful!"

"Let her roll!" said the young man calmly.

The seafarers abandoned the landlubber to his lunacy and went away shaking their heads; but, in spite of pessimistic prophecies along the waterfront, the old ship's first film appearance proved a tremendous success, artistically as well as financially. It was something new and a movie audience dearly loves a novelty.

Other directors, quick to see possibilities in the Alden Besse, besought their scenario editors for sea stories, and the venerable clipper became the marine arm of the movie industry—a piece of renting property worth owning.

For a time pirate pictures were all the rage, and the Alden Besse carried more buccaneers than ever sailed the Spanish Main. On her hitherto respectable decks scenes of mortal combat were enacted. Cutlasses flashed along the rail and ancient firelocks spat from the rigging. Blindfolded prisoners bravely walked the plank, prodded thereto by inhuman captors with rings in their ears and daggers in their teeth. Beautiful maidens were rescued at risk of life and limb—or, failing in this, came at last to love the pirate chief and reform him.

Then mutiny upon the high seas engaged the attention of the scenario departments. The cutlass gave way to the marline-spike and the firelock to the bulldog revolver. Cruel captains were dealt with according to their deserts and bucko mates reaped the rewards of demerit. At the beck and call of many producing directors the Alden Besse led a busy life, cutting strange capers in her old age.

On this particular morning she stared down coldly on a laughing, chattering crowd that advanced along the wharf. James Montague was in the van, flanked on each side by a camera expert.

"Bully light today!" said the director, squinting at the sun.

"Yep!" said Charlie Dupree, one of the camera men. "Better not waste any of it. Where do we set up first?"

"Right here on the wharf. Cut in the gangplank and as much of the ship as you can get. Look out for your background and don't get any buildings in it, because this is supposed to be Glasgow or Liverpool. Departure of the emigrant ship. Weeping and wailing—and all that sort of stuff. Affecting farewells on the pier."

"I get you," said Dupree. "Cast Buck Parvin for an emigrant. He and that girl he's picked up are about the saddest things in the bunch. He was grouching all the way down in the car."

"Huh! Buck thinks he's going to be seasick," said Montague. "Now, then, all you extra people, hop aboard and get made up. No time to lose!"

"Women dress in the cabin and men on the deck!" bawled Jennings, Montague's assistant. "Hustle, now!"

As a production The Emigrant Ship was an ambitious undertaking, requiring seventy extra people besides the regular members of the company and the entire working force of the Titan studio.

Over one hundred strong, men and women and laughing girls swarmed up the gangplank; and the decks resounded to the swift tapping of high-heeled shoes and the joyful whoops of the youthful extra men, who regarded the entire expedition as a lark.

"They'll be singing another tune before long!" Thus Buck Parvin darkly, lagging in the extreme rear with Jennie Lee.

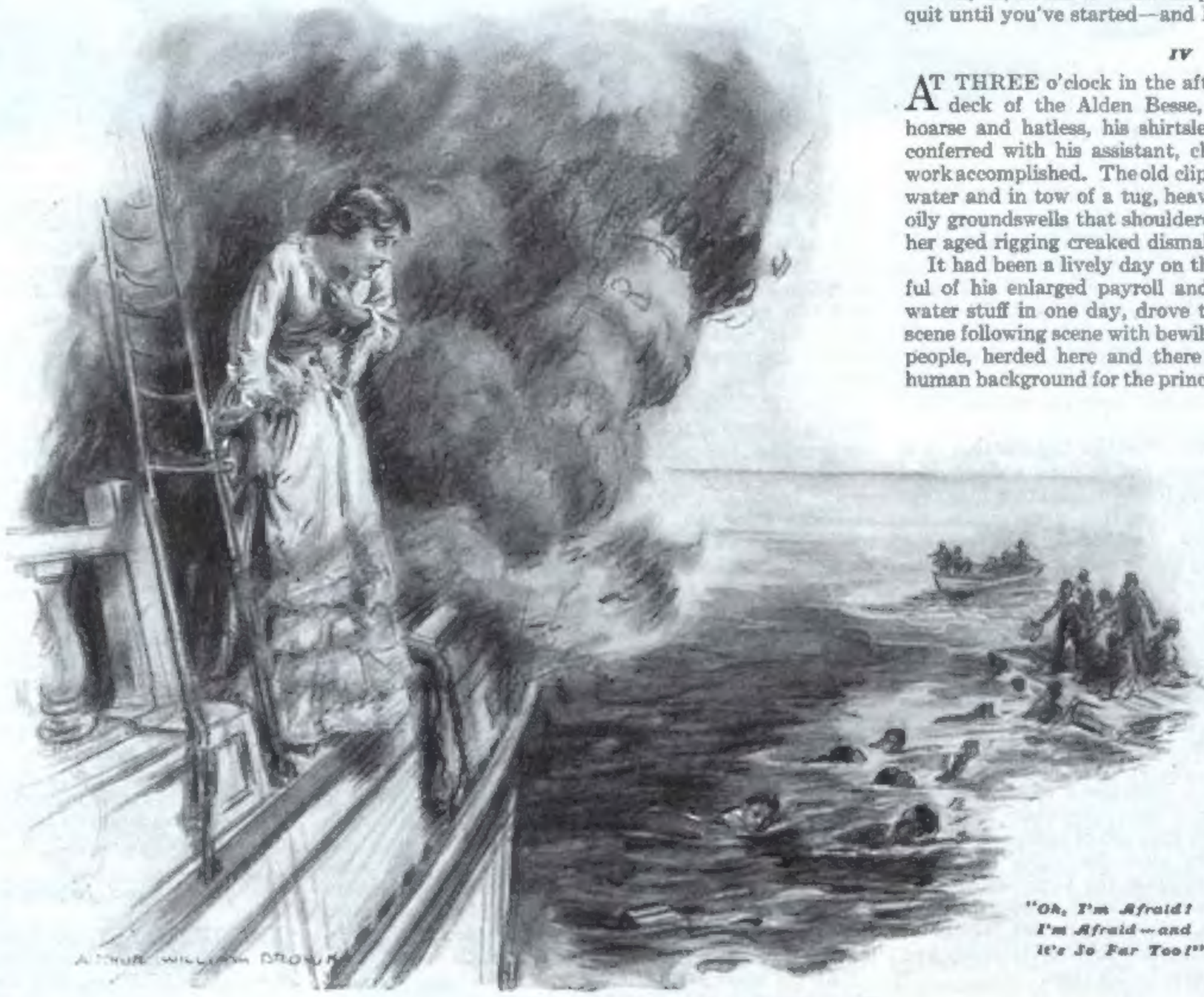
"Is the water very deep—where we swim, I mean?" asked the girl.

"Moving-picture actors," said Buck, "ain't got no regular swimming places like other folks. We hit the water wherever the director says. It wouldn't surprise me none if Jim Montague heaved us all overboard a couple of miles out to sea and made us swim ashore. He ain't got no more consideration for an actor's feelings than a billy-goat. Once he made me—why, hello! You ain't getting sick already, are you?"

"No," said the girl quickly. "No, I'm all right, Mr. Parvin."

'You look kind of white round the mouth," said Buck critically. "Does your stomach feel sort of restlesslike? That's the way it starts with me."

"No, it isn't that; only—only I'm afraid I can't swim very far. I never tried it, and ——"



"Oh, I'm Afraid! I'm Afraid—and It's So Far Too!"

"Oh, I was just kidding about that," said Buck. "It'll be a short swim; they always are—just a flash in the water and out again."

"Perhaps I ought to tell the director. What shall I do, Mr. Parvin?"

"Do nothing!" advised Buck. "If you tell Jim he'll give you a bawling out. What he don't know won't hurt him. And say, I wisht you'd call me Buck. They all do—it's shorter."

"But Buck is such a queer name."

"Hush! I've got a queerer one. My mother named me Rollo; but the old man, he tacked on the Buchanan—to take the curse off, I reckon. Rollo! Ain't that a noble name for a full-grown man?"

Montague stood at the gangplank counting noses. His quick eye noted several things and he saluted the stragglers with appropriate remarks.

"Don't let that film cowboy scare you, Jennie!" said he. "The trouble with him is that he's opposed to water in any form. The only people who are ever seasick are the ones who are afraid they're going to be. Hurry along and get ready! . . . You, Buck! Didn't I tell you to dress a first mate? What sort of boots are those for a sailor to wear?"

Buck halted with a conscious downward glance. In order that no part of their glory might be wasted he was wearing his treasures with the trousers stuffed into the stiff, stitched tops.

"What have you got against these boots?" demanded Parvin, glaring at the director. "They cost me twenty-seven dollars and express charges from K. C., Missoury. Made to order! No first mate ever had a better pair—you can win a bet on that!"

"Cowpuncher boots—at sea?" howled Montague. "Why, man, those high heels will register a mile away! Get some shoes—confound you! What do you want to do—burlesque this picture?"

Buck passed up the gangplank, muttering mutinously. He sat down on a spare spar lashed in the scuppers and examined the boots carefully. No—he would not discard them—director or no director. He would compromise by drawing the trousers down over the gorgeous tops. As he was about to offer this sop to authority a passing tug set the Alden Besse to bobbing merrily up and down, and from that very moment boots and all other professional considerations passed out of Buck Parvin's mind.

Later, when he was prone upon the deck, spent and empty, his head pillowed upon his arms, he heard as from a great distance the voice of James Montague commanding him to come and be a first mate, a man, a mouse, or a long-tailed rat; but Buck was beyond insult, and the director went away, trailing lurid remarks behind him.

"Buck's a quitter—that's what he is!" said Montague to Ben Leslie.

"Oh, no, he ain't!" said the property man. "You can't quit until you've started—and Buck ain't going to start."

IV

AT THREE o'clock in the afternoon a calm fell on the deck of the Alden Besse, while Jimmy Montague, hoarse and hatless, his shirtsleeves rolled to his elbows, conferred with his assistant, checking up the amount of work accomplished. The old clipper, just outside the breakwater and in tow of a tug, heaved and tossed to the long, oily groundswells that shouldered in from the Pacific, and her aged rigging creaked dismally with every plunge.

It had been a lively day on the deep. Montague, mindful of his enlarged payroll and anxious to complete the water stuff in one day, drove the company at top speed, scene following scene with bewildering rapidity. The extra people, herded here and there like sheep and used as a human background for the principals in the cast, were given no time in which to analyze physical sensations. Two cameras clicked constantly—a precaution against makeovers—and while Montague rehearsed and directed one scene Jennings busied himself preparing the next.

"Pretty fast work, Jim!" said the assistant, consulting his memorandum book.

"Not so bad!" said Montague, wiping his brow. "That's about all of the deck stuff, I guess. Flag the captain of the tug and have him take us inside the breakwater. We'll want a smooth sea for the swimmers. Tell the people who are going into the water that they can take off their shoes—no use in spoiling 'em. This stunt is just a quick flash overboard, and the stockings won't register. They'll be able to swim better without their shoes too. Where's Ben? I want to see him."

The property man hoisted himself out of the companionway, imperturbable as ever, hitched his trousers fore and aft in true nautical style, and came to a rigid salute.

"Got the smoke-pots in the rigging, Ben?"

"Aye aye, skipper!"

"Oakum ready?"

"All it needs is the match. When do we pull the big smudge?"

"As soon as we get inside. Listen now! I'm going to cut in the stern of the ship for the jumps and I'll want plenty of smoke, but not enough to hide the people as they come to the rail."

"That's easy. The wind is off shore."

"Turn loose a little of the oakum where the ship is cut down on the side ——"

"The waist, skipper—the waist!" corrected Leslie.

"All right—the waist. A little fire there, but not much—just enough to make a showing. Touch off the smoke-pots on the rear mast ——"

(Continued on Page 64)

THE JOBBER'S JUSTIFICATION

What He Gives for the Toll He Takes

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

"We are Ransacking the Entire Earth for Things to Satisfy the Cultivated Appetite"

PUBLIC opinion has haled the middleman into court to show cause why he should be permitted to live. The consumer wants to know whether the middleman is an economic parasite or a public necessity. So does the producer too. He insists that he has suffered many things of many men standing between himself and the consumer, and that the time has come when it is up to the consumer and himself to get together and give a vigorous imitation of the worm that turns. Together they are out after the facts and their banners bear the motto: From Missouri!

So far as the jobber is concerned, he declares that he is ready to answer the summons and to draw a diagram of his job that will demonstrate to any fair-minded man that it is just as real and vital a job as that of the grower, the manufacturer or the retailer. Incidentally, however, the jobber insists that he is only one particular kind of middleman and that all the other kinds must plead their own cause and produce their own justification.

Since the agitation of the high cost of living began, the jobber in foodstuffs has held the center of the stage. He has been unable to dodge the searching rays of the spotlight at any part of the performance. Altogether, he has been more painfully and persistently conspicuous than Mrs. Pankhurst or the chief apostles of Cubist art. The agitators have been after him on every hand—the pure-food lecture has become a permanent offering on the intellectual menus of women's clubs everywhere, and legislatures have lately added to their list of indoor sports the pleasant pastime of getting after the jobber in human foodstuffs. Therefore to mention the term jobber is to suggest to the mind of practically every reader the large distributer of human food. This is sufficient reason for selecting him as a type of the whole jobbing fraternity and allowing him to plead the case for his class.

Grooming Groceries for Fastidious Trade

THE average consumer has a vague general notion that the grocery jobber simply receives foodstuffs at one door of his establishment and shoves them out at another—taking a fat toll for his trouble in the course of the transaction. To take the most casual glimpse of the activities of the great grocery jobbing house is to realize instantly the absurdity of this supposition. A careful inspection of such an establishment could hardly fail to leave upon the mind of the layman the impression that he was in a great manufacturing plant instead of in the house of a mere middleman. While guiding an investigator through one of the largest grocery jobbing houses in America, a part owner of the establishment exclaimed:

"What does the jobber give for the toll he takes? You can tell it in one word—service! To satisfy his querulous and inquisitive customers the retailer has to keep repeating over and over again the statements that the most expensive commodity he sells is service. And it is no trouble for him to prove the truth of this assertion. If Mrs. Smith is complaining of the high price of groceries the retailer refers to his text of the high cost of service, and then reminds her of the fact that yesterday she forgot to order a yeast cake in the morning and did not think of it until after the last regular afternoon delivery had been made. This necessitated a special trip of the auto-delivery wagon from the store to her house—a distance of more than two miles—and the actual cost of delivering that penny yeast cake was not less than twenty-five cents. Mrs. Smith instantly sees the point of the argument, because it deals with facts within her own personal range of vision.

"But the jobber has no such advantage; he does not come into personal touch with the ultimate consumer, and the consumer has no more idea of the service the jobber renders than he has of the practical details of clove culture on the Island of Ceylon. I say that service is the most expensive thing that the jobber sells. So it is; but the service that we give contains so large an element of plain, hard physical labor that the word seems almost too refined to carry the right meaning. Plain, hard work of the sort that you find in every big manufacturing establishment makes up a large part of the kind of service the grocery jobber gives to his customer and to the ultimate consumer.

"Do you see that long line of black-looking boxes over there? Well, take a close look at them and you will see that every one is smeared with a dark, sticky sirup, mixed with every kind of dirt and grime that could possibly be collected between Arabia and Chicago. Those boxes contain the choicest and the most delicious dates grown in the Orient; but you could not imagine a typical American woman buying anything out of a package as dirty and forbidding on the outside as one of those boxes. It is the jobber's job to take those dates from the original package and repack them in a form that will appeal to the cultivated taste of the American housewife, who is especially particular about all dainties eaten by her children.

"At the other end of this floor I have huge drums in which hundreds of tons of dried currants from Greece are washed and cleansed of all impurities, until they are as bright, clean and wholesome as if they had been dried in an immaculate New England kitchen.

"At the long white tables over there by the window you see a dozen women who look as if they might be polishing jewelry. But they are not. They are sorting and brushing a big consignment of walnut meats just arrived from France. On the top floor of this building is a battery of coffee cleaners, roasters, grinders and blenders—a very respectable manufacturing establishment in itself. These things are only suggestive of a thousand other forms of service that are part of the daily routine of the jobber's job.

"The immense volume and the almost bewildering variety of service of a physical sort that the jobber in this line constantly gives to the consuming public, however, should not be allowed to overshadow the importance of the economic service he renders. By having available at all times all varieties of foods that are demanded by his public he performs an economic service for the consumer that is indispensable. He is a banker in merchandise.

"The money-banker gathers from the most available sources, far and near, the coin and currency with which to capitalize the business activities of his territory—to seed and plant the fields and to move the crops after the harvest, to keep the wheels of manufacture turning, and to finance the movements of commerce. The money must be there and available at the moment when it is needed, otherwise the circulation of red blood in the arteries of commerce is impeded or perhaps stopped.

"The banker is the middleman—the jobber—of the money market, and his functions are so well understood by the public at large that almost nobody questions their utility and necessity.

"How about the banker in merchandise? A community might have its banking storehouses heaped with money, and yet if it were without available food supplies it would suffer discomfort—not to say privation. The only way in which to get a vivid and graphic realization of the economic side of the service the jobber in this line gives to the consumer is to try to imagine what would be the food situation in this country if every grocery jobbing house were suddenly struck out of existence, together with all of their accumulations of food supplies. To all practical purposes we should then be thrown back to the old, crude system of the earliest pioneer days. But the situation would be wonderfully illuminating. It would reveal as nothing else could the unassailable position of the jobber of foodstuffs in the economic scheme of modern living. Also it would reveal very graphically how immense and complex is the fabric of modern food demands—a fabric woven of threads drawn from every part of the civilized and semi-civilized earth."

The Food-Jobber's Stock-in-Trade

"INCIDENTALLY, too, if this imaginary situation were actually realized it would inevitably exercise a sobering effect upon legislators, who are bent upon enacting into statutes regulations that are bound to bring results the very opposite of those intended.

"In the pioneer days the isolated community was largely self-dependent; its members were mainly obliged to live on what they could raise. Of course even the most remote community could not meet all its own wants. It was obliged to bring in from the outside world some of the necessities it could not produce at home; but the expense of hauling was so heavy that the articles imported into the community from outside were few and of the most urgent character. The food tastes of the people of such a community were held down by the force of necessity to the most primitive line; in fact, they had no opportunity to develop any taste at all in the proper sense of that term.

"Orators and writers are constantly reminding us of the marvelous changes that have taken place within the last century in transportation, in science, in manufacturing, in electricity, and in inventive progress of every sort; but it seems to occur to no one to remind us that there has been just as remarkable a change, just as wonderful an expansion, in the food demands of the public as there has been in all other lines.

"The cost book of the smaller inland grocery jobber today contains from five thousand to fifteen thousand

separate and distinct items, while there are more than forty thousand items listed in the cost book of this house, which does a nation-wide business. A majority of articles in that list are brought in from foreign countries; and, measured in dollars, we do a larger volume of business in imported foodstuffs than we do in domestic goods. We are food explorers, ransacking the entire earth for the things with which to satisfy the cultivated appetite of the American consumer. The stock in the most ordinary country grocery store is assembled from the four corners of the earth.

"If the teacher in the village school would send her pupils to the local grocery store, have them secure a list of all the articles in stock there, learn the localities from which those articles actually started on their journey to the consumer's table, and then take a map of the world and draw a line from the home town to the locality where each product in the list originated, those pupils would receive the most comprehensive lesson in geography they could possibly be taught. But when they had finished the making of this food map there would be one important trouble with it:

"Each little community has its own peculiar food tastes; and there are literally hundreds—not to say thousands—of food items that are in constant demand in other localities that would be unrepresented on the shelves of the home grocer of almost any country town. The correct point of convergence for the food lines on such a map would be the nearest grocery jobbing house. From that center the food lines would radiate in every direction and to every country—not to say every province on the globe. The tea lines would run to Ceylon and India, to China and Japan. Coffee lines would extend to the Red Sea district of Arabia, from which the famous mocha is secured; to Northern Venezuela, to Colombia, to Brazil, to Mexico, and to the Island of Java and other East Indian points. Crabmeats are brought to the jobber from the shores of Korea and Siberia; and even arctic Greenland makes its contribution of fish. There is not a country that does not yield its tribute to the table of the American consumer. And the grocery jobber is the food explorer who finds these delicacies in the places of their origin and adds them to the already amazing array of foods demanded by the American public."

Consider the Olive

"THE service the jobber in this line, however, gives to his customers and to the ultimate consumer only begins with his function as a food explorer and a food assembler. Let us take the olive as an example: More than a million dollars' worth of green olives are brought to this country every year from Spain, and are dispensed to the public by the grocery jobbing houses of the United States.

"This sounds very simple; but between the entrance of those olives at the receiving door of the great jobbing house and their exit into the hands of the retailer or the small wholesaler two kinds of service are expended upon them. The first is of a sort that almost every foodstuff, except proprietary articles, receives at the hands of the jobber. They are cleaned, sorted and repacked in a form that appeals to the American taste. There are comparatively few foods received by the jobber that could be passed on to the retailer and the consumer in the same form in which they are originally shipped. They would be wholly unacceptable in such a form for many reasons: First, economy of transportation generally dictates that they must be handled in larger bulk to the jobber than the retailer could handle. For example, olives are shipped in great casks containing a hundred and sixty-five gallons.

"Second comes the important service of sorting or grading. This work of grading or standardization is a service that the consumer positively demands. The man of wealth wants the largest and choicest olives, and he is willing to pay for them. The householder of only moderate means or income, and who counts his table expenditures carefully, is content to serve a medium-grade olive—neither the best nor the poorest. The laborer who has a taste for this foreign relish is satisfied with anything in the form of an olive so long as it tastes right and is clean and wholesome.

"By grading and repacking the bulk olives to meet these varied tastes and demands, so that the olive consumer of each class may indulge his taste at what he feels he can afford to pay, the jobber extends his own olive market and that of the retailer beyond the limit that would be possible if the ungraded bulk olives were put upon the market as received.

"Standardizing a food product into grades and fixing those grades by means of brands that become familiar to both the retailer and the consumer, and that are backed by the reputation of the house, is a service that means more to the consuming public than it will readily appreciate. Standardization is the backbone of sustained quality; it helps to put goods on a permanent merit basis and gives the consumer the ability to measure that meritorious quality in a way that fits him to protect himself from deception or substitution. The jobber is behind the brand; if the goods fall below the fixed standard of the brand and are returned to the retailer he, in turn, throws them back upon the jobbing house that is behind the brand. And it is a shortsighted jobber who will not back his brand to the finish.

"To return to the olive as a type of what happens in the case of hundreds of other articles: For a time all that a jobber did with a cask of bulk olives when it arrived from Spain was first to draw off the original brine, wash them thoroughly and then rebrine them in bulk—later to be again opened, washed, sorted and graded, and packed in containers suitable to their grade. They were then ready for the retailer and the consumer.

"This process went on without change for many years; but finally a progressive jobber had a happy thought: He took the stone from an olive and stuffed the cavity with the delicate and spicy pimento, which is also imported from Spain. The combination proved delicious and the stuffed olive immediately became a standard delicacy in constant and increasing demand. The alert and progressive jobber is always on the lookout for an opportunity to produce a new combination acceptable to the American palate, or to improve a food product by putting it through a new process that enhances its quality, its flavor, or its keeping powers. This is expert service, and the men who render it never lose sight of two cardinal principles—the convenience of the consumer and the increased sanitation of the package.

"Go back to the olive again for an illustration: Only a short time ago the retailer kept his olives in an open cask, exposed to the air and dust of the store; today they are sold almost entirely in glass bottles or jars, which are not only entirely sanitary but far more convenient for the consumer. Figs and dates practically parallel the olives in the amount of work they receive at the hands of the jobber, and in the transformation they undergo before they are sent out to the retailer and the consumer.

"This work of sorting, grading, cleansing and repacking into small, convenient, wholesome and attractive packages extends to many kinds of foods that the average consumer would not suspect had involved any special service of this character in passing through the big jobbing houses. Even the fish from Norway is received in bulk, and is cleansed, sorted, graded, rebrined and packed in small, convenient and attractive packages by the large jobber.

"The Consumer Is Exacting in the Matter of His Coffee"

"It is true that in some cases the American jobber has, by force of his push and example, compelled the foreign producer to do some of this work, but the enterprise and inventiveness that have forced the foreign producer to contribute this service came from the American jobber—and therefore the credit of it also belongs to him.

"In certain lines of foods the service the jobber furnishes is expert and expensive in the highest degree. The roasting and blending of coffee is a case in point. No process of food preparation undertaken in the jobbing house is more delicate or difficult than this. The consumption of coffee in the United States is not only immense, but the American taste in coffee is varied and exacting. Strike from the jobber's income the money he receives from the sale of coffees and you would eliminate one of his largest sources of gross revenue. At the same time, he has hardly an article on his entire list that demands service as expensive or exacting as coffee."

The Art of the Coffee-Blender

"THE object toward which the coffee blender must constantly strive is that of giving the consumer an identical cup of coffee whenever he buys the same brand. When he finds the cup of coffee that just suits his taste he wants that particular flavor and strength repeated in every cup he drinks thereafter. He wants to know that when he calls for a certain brand of coffee he is going to get the makings of a certain number of cups of coffee identical with the one that first rang the bell of his approval. The layman might easily imagine that this would simply be a matter of roasting and grinding the same grade of coffee; but such is far from being the case. The same grade of coffee may show startling variations when brewed in the cup.

"The only method by which the jobber has been able to standardize his brand of coffee, so that the standardization will carry to the cup and maintain its characteristics in flavor and strength in the beverage itself, is mainly by the skillful blending of two, three, or perhaps four coffees, raised in different countries and having radically different characteristics.

"The function of the coffee blender is not only delicate and difficult, but it is also highly competitive. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in good

"Plain, Hard Work Makes Up a Large Part of the Service to the Consumer"

trade to a single jobbing house depend upon the success of the coffee blender. If he fails to maintain the identity of a popular brand of coffee he can do his house about as much damage as can any man in its employ.

"To produce a brand of coffee that will maintain the same strength and flavor in the beverage itself is no simple problem. It does not mean merely using the same grades of coffee berries, grown in the same localities, roasted in the same manner and blended in the same proportions from year to year. Change in soil and climatic conditions effect corresponding but inscrutable changes in the coffees; and therefore the blender must begin his work all over again with every new consignment of his raw material. He experiments with his ingredients until he strikes the combination that gives the right result in the cup. Then he works back from the cup and produces his blend upon a commercial scale.

"The skill required to accomplish so delicate a result as this is costly in proportion to its responsibility—for it must be remembered that the grocery jobbing house which falls down on a leading brand of coffee lays itself open to serious inroads on the part of competitors. The consumer is exacting in the matter of his coffee, and his palate is so highly trained in respect to this beverage that he is almost certain to notice the slightest variation in it. There are many other articles in the big grocery jobbing house requiring fine skill and great care on the part of the blender, but the preparation of coffee for the consumer stands at the top of the list when it comes to expert service."

Now turn to another kind of service—the money end of the jobber's relations with the retailer and the consumer. This is the part of the transaction most often assailed by the critic, the student of economy, and the legislator who feels impelled to take a pot-shot at the high cost of living. Down in Central Illinois is an inland jobber who is looked up to by the entire jobbing trade. By his fellows of the line he is felt to be especially sound and careful in his financial management—a thoughtful student of the economic and financial problems of the business.

"The financial service," says this man, "that the jobber gives for the toll he takes is a heavy one. It is just as varied and as many-sided as the service expended upon the goods themselves in changing their condition and form to meet the taste and convenience of the consumer. And there are quite as many phases in this financial service that are unknown to the average layman as in the service relating to the commodities handled. We are not only bankers of merchandise—collecting funds of food supplies from the four corners of the earth and holding them to be drawn upon by the retailers and consumers of our territory—but we are merchandising bankers in a far more literal and financial sense of the term. I am sharply reminded of this every time I look over my monthly trial balance.

"I believe it is safe to say that one-third of the retail grocers of this country owe the jobbers more money than the goods in their stocks are worth. This sounds as if we were a very reckless set of business men; but decide that point after the whole situation is made clear. Certainly we are selling to the man that the money-banker would not carry for a month—at least to anything like the extent to which we are carrying him. Of course there is something in the way of an offset. The fixtures of the modern grocery store are somewhat expensive—they form a very respectable part of his investment. Then there are his book accounts. This end of the retailer's burden is always heavy. Except in rare cases, it is always too heavy by far.

"His heaviest customers are almost invariably his slowest-paying customers. The woman who flits from her home to the seashore, and from the seashore to Europe, pays her grocer when she gets good and ready—and not before. The retailer is afraid to press customers of this class to pay up; he can't do it without offending their pride—and he knows it. These customers, combined with outright deadbeats, the unfortunate, and those who have to be carried thirty to forty-five days, make the book accounts of the retail grocer a terror by day and by night. They think they owe the local grocer—but in reality they owe the jobber, because he has to carry the retailer. Of course there are some retailers who do not have to be carried, but their number is comparatively small.

"The retailer's account creeps up and up as this condition expands—and he pays no interest on his account. We go to the bank, borrow the money with which to finance him—and pay the interest on it in advance! That's the actual situation in a nutshell.

"Every grocery jobber in the country is deliberately nursing along a certain contingent of customers that he knows are insolvent—men who owe more than they are worth; who could not pay out dollar for dollar if they were closed out. Right now the name of a certain retailer occurs to me. We have been selling him a liberal line of goods for five years—and there has not been a moment in those five years when he has been solvent; but that does not worry me, for we'll pull him through and get him out upon discount ground, high and dry, before we finish with him.

"Poor business, that? No! Good business—because ultimately he'll make a solid and seasoned merchant. We're educating him! That's a kind of service with which the layman never credits the jobber. And he's working at that part of his job every day through his traveling salesmen and his credit department. Meantime we are furnishing this man with capital, in the form of unpaid-for goods, on which to conduct his business. To provide a man with both capital and education ought to be considered as real service.

"Often the individual jobber has to carry this service to an extreme. Here's a typical case from my own experience: A few years ago the account of a certain customer had crept up to seven thousand dollars. I went to see him. The first thing he told me was to take the business and

(Continued on Page 60)

The Biggest Thing in Business

By Albert Sidney Burleson

THE parcel post in the United States is bound to become the biggest business agency in the world. Business—the sale and exchange of goods and products—inevitably must seek the cheapest, the most satisfactory and the most widespread means of transportation. The parcel post eventually will carry into the most remote hamlet of this country practically all the household comforts and necessities; and, at the same time, it will carry back to the very centers of trade many of the products of the most inaccessible villages.

Here, then, we have a tremendous common carrier—one that utilizes both the railroads and the steamboat companies; one that reaches with unfailing regularity the villages down by the sea and the houses on the mountain-top. It goes into the homes of all the people in this country, reveals Alaska as an open book for the salesmanship of New York, and reaches across the Pacific to the Philippine Islands. Its domain is far beyond that of railroads, express companies and steamship lines.

It is a constant, living thing, everywhere that automobiles may roll or horses travel or, in extreme instances, where men carrying packs on their backs may thread difficult trails. In other words the parcel post for the first time in our history offers to commercial men an unlimited buying public and gives to the public an easy market for its products.

This phase of the parcel post, its satisfactory and regular service over great distances and into remote places, is so important that it should be emphasized. The United States, including Alaska, covers an area of 3,617,000 square miles. England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, France and Germany, all combined, do not cover so many square miles as are included in the four states of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming. Great Britain is smaller than New Mexico; Belgium is only a little larger than Vermont, and neither Germany nor France is hardly larger than the combined area of Colorado and Wyoming.

These comparisons show the scope of the parcel post in this country. And when I say that in six months of the first year of its trial three hundred million parcels passed through it, and that in the second year the total will approximate one billion it becomes still more evident that this common carrier has grown already into a colossus of commercialism. The parcel post is, indeed, the biggest thing in business.

It is particularly big, and is growing a great deal bigger, because it serves and will serve American ingenuity—the brains that are better suited to enterprise than those of any other nation known to history. Already it has won its success as a stimulant of business. Therefore its use is twofold—it stimulates and it completes business; but, though a vast number of men and concerns have been benefited by it, it is extremely important that all men should share in its advantages. For the parcel post is like any other undertaking—the greater its popular support the larger and more complete will be its service to every individual.

Naturally my profound interest in the parcel post comes from my conviction that it stands out as the greatest servant the public can have. I know it will reduce the expense and trouble of marketing most of the things produced and most of the articles manufactured in this country. And because it will do this I know equally well that it is bound to reduce the cost of living.

This brings me to a consideration of the two institutions on which the parcel post will have within a very short time the greatest influence—the middleman and the express companies.

In all the hue and cry about the cost of living there has been one complaint—the middleman. The subject has been investigated by the consumer, by the original producer, by state legislatures and by the Federal Government, and the dominant note has been the assertion that in order to make a substantial decrease in the actual expense of sustaining life the people of this country should reduce in some way their luxuriant and extravagant employment of the middleman.

Now it cannot be denied that the middleman is a permanent factor in business, and that he will always handle the distribution of certain products. Indisputably there is need for him and there are many legitimate ends for him to serve. Getting back to elemental principles, the middleman is merely one who makes his living by arranging for an exchange of products or for a sale between you and a third person when the two parties concerned—you and the third person—find it impossible or inconvenient to consummate the deal.

However, it is claimed that, in the hurry and complexity of life as it is today, there have come to be too many middlemen. Goods change hands too often before they complete the journey from the original producer or manufacturer to the ultimate consumer. The parcel post steps in as the corrective of this condition so far as most of the actual necessities of living are concerned.

Let me give an illustration of this. A toy is manufactured in New England. From there it goes to a wholesale house in New York or Baltimore. Its next journey is to the store in a village or small town. The final stage of its travels is from that store to the home of the child for whom it is bought. In order to go from the original manufacturer to the ultimate user it has made two intermediate stops, and each stop has cost money—the money for its transportation and handling and the money needed to give each purchaser and seller a reasonable profit.

Here is another illustration, showing the reverse side of the situation: A crate of eggs is gathered on the farm. It is carried to the country store and sold to the merchant. Next the merchant ships it to a commission house. The commission house disposes of it to a market man in the city or to a cold-storage house. The market man sells it to the ultimate consumer, and the cold-storage house likewise sells it to the consumer or turns it over to a market man, who becomes the agent for giving it to the consumer. This crate of eggs, then, in its course of sale, makes three or four intermediate stops, and each stop adds to the final cost of the eggs enough money to pay some profit to each man who has handled it at each stop.

Both examples show that in certain lines the middleman has been multiplied unnecessarily. The parcel post makes it easy for the toy to go direct from the manufacturer to the ultimate user, and the parcel post makes it equally easy for the crate of eggs to go directly from the farm to the kitchen in the city. Has there ever been presented to the American public any agency half so effective as this in cutting down at a stroke the cost of business? It simplifies barter and sale; in fact it accomplishes this in such a common-sense and direct manner that it compels the employment of the United States mail for the proper and sensible transaction of business.

Far more than this, it absolutely assures a lower cost of living. As soon as the public realizes that it no longer has to pay two or three intermediate men or concerns for its necessities, it will refuse to take such a course. Inevitably it will say to itself: "The only man I have to pay is the man who raises this product or manufactures this article. Why should I pay two or three times over the cost of transporting, handling and rehandling it?"

And, in answering this question, the ultimate consumer makes it an open-and-shut proposition that he will get his goods at a lower price than he has done in the past, and that the producer of the goods will make a greater profit on them than he has enjoyed heretofore. This line of argument and its logical result are unanswerable. Business will not stand for unnecessary burdens in any way. Some unnecessary middlemen have sprung up because of the great distances in this country, and also because of the public's inability to get close to the producers of what it wanted. These difficulties are overcome by the parcel post.

There is, of course, a multiplicity of exceptions to this. The middleman in business can never be obliterated. He should not be obliterated. For instance, to give a glaring

example, you cannot buy an automobile through the parcel post. There will never come a time—certainly not in our generation—when you will get your pianos and cooking stoves and railroad locomotives through the parcel post. But, in dealing in practically all the necessities of life, the rule of simplicity and cheapness found in the parcel post will be applied with astounding results to the problem of how to live more cheaply and how to do business at a greater profit.

The situation can be summed up in this way: There are products which must always be handled by the middleman as the distributer, because the parcel post weight limit may never—or, at least, will not for a long time—permit the Government so to encroach upon the work of the middleman as to eliminate him from business; but the parcel post will afford an opportunity for all progressive farmers and merchants to engage in a retail business in which the producer will save the commission he would otherwise pay to the middleman; and the consumer will get his goods cheaper by the amount of such commissions.

The mention of what can be sent by the parcel post brings me face to face with the question: How will it affect the express companies? In answering this, two self-evident facts stand out unmistakably: In the first place any new transportation agency that takes from the old agencies approximately one billion parcels a year subjects the older agencies to a great loss of business.

In the second place the express companies, which have been and are now monopolies, are confronted with competition by the greatest of all monopolies—one that is owned by the Government and has behind it all the power, influence and resources of the Government.

And this Government-owned monopoly is superior, in its sphere, to the express company monopolies, because it is maintained directly by all the people, financed directly by all the people and operated according to the wishes of all the people through their representatives in Congress and the president they elect.

It is impossible to forecast the economic results that will follow the administration of the parcel post law; and, as to this, the Post Office Department cannot be interested and should not be interested beyond carrying out, with the most effective interpretation and administration, all laws that Congress may pass in connection with the subject. Though there is no present probability that the express companies will be put entirely out of business, it is certain that a change in their methods and in the character of the goods handled by them will be effected, their handling being restricted more particularly to packages of such size and weight as do not comply with the requirements of the parcel post.

The Valuable C. O. D. Feature

FOR instance it would hardly appear possible for the parcel post weight limit to exceed one hundred pounds, and it is likely there will always be a dimension limit on parcel post matter that will naturally exclude a considerable amount of business, which must go to the express companies. Furthermore it should be kept in mind that during the first six months under the parcel post law, when the maximum weight limit was eleven pounds, the average weight of the packages handled was only one pound.

In view of this experience it seems probable that it will take a long time to educate the public in such general use of the parcel post as will enable it to take advantage of the maximum weight of twenty pounds now in force, and a corresponding length of time to take advantage of other increases in weight up to a hundred pounds.

The parcel post rates and weight limit will have a most wholesome effect in bringing the express companies to a full realization of the necessity of giving to the public the very best service at the lowest possible cost.

I have mentioned the power of the parcel post as a business stimulant. This new common carrier must be a tremendous stimulant, because it affords opportunities for new business that are now almost inestimable. Every day stories come to the department illustrating the various ways in which the enterprise and brains of American business men make use of the new agency.

This applies to practically all lines of business and manufacture—to the farmer, the city merchant, the housekeeper in the city, the country merchant; to the dealer in silks and to the seller of hardware.

In order that the individual in private life and the small business man may realize the opportunities offered by the parcel post, it may be well to cite figures given the Post Office Department by a big establishment in the Middle West. According to these figures this firm sent to its customers by the parcel post, in the first seven months of 1913, 4,838,210 packages. In one day it spent $6148 for postage on parcel post packages alone. The greatest number of packages it sent out on any one day was 40,186.

In addition to this, it is arranging to send by the parcel post the six million catalogues it distributes annually. Each of these catalogues weighs four pounds and in the past they have been sent by express. A concern like this is governed purely by business considerations; and the change from the express companies to the parcel post must mean that the service of the latter is more satisfactory.

One of the great benefits of the parcel post is its swiftness coupled with its reliability. For instance if a woman who lives uptown wants a certain kind of lace or ribbon for the evening gown she is to wear on a particular night she can call by telephone the big downtown store at which she deals, put in her order, and through the mail have her parcel delivered to her home that same afternoon. In this way she dispenses with a trip downtown and is not forced to rely on the uncertain hours observed by even the best delivery service.

Countless examples along this line could be given; and the same procedure could be followed with even such things as preserves, cakes and other delicacies for the table. And, by the same token, the value of the parcel post to the country dressmaker, whose patrons are always in a hurry, is very great.

It is only a logical result of the parcel post education of the public that the mails can be used as traveling salesmen and as delivery wagons in many lines of business. One of the great things needed has been the training of the public to realize that many more things can be selected, bought and shipped by mail than has ever been the case before. Also the country merchant who has a hurry-up order for a certain article he must get from his wholesale house or factory finds his business increased and expedited because he can rely on the promptness of the United States mails.

In this connection the C. O. D. feature of the parcel post regulations is a wonderfully wide convenience. It applies to all classes of the population—the man on the farm, the woman in the city, the small store and the big store. And as this is realized more and more it will have a tendency to make all sellers of goods and products much more careful about the grade and excellence of the things they send out to their prospective customers. Therefore it seems to be no exaggeration to claim that this institution improves the morale as well as the amount of the country's business.

In this connection it might be well for everybody to consider in what degree the parcel post may affect the social and amusement life of the entire country. Will there ever come a time when the village or even the family will receive and exchange by means of the parcel post new films for its moving-picture machine? And may there not come a time when the big phonograph companies will establish through the mails circulating libraries of records?

Already many suggestions have come to the department as to the handling of books in the rural districts—and, indeed, in the cities. The book problem, with all its educational and entertainment possibilities, will have to be given special study by the department.

The parcel post, so far as its age is concerned, is in its infancy; but, so far as its utility and popularity are concerned, it is nearing the stature of maturity. Already it has become a magic wand, accomplishing wonders for the convenience of the public and for the development of business. It is a wonder-craft launched on the streams of trade. And, as it grows and continues to do greater work, it only remains for the public to make every possible use of it day by day.

Naturally the injection of the vast volume of parcel post business into the post office service has brought up tremendous problems of administrative efficiency. One concern in the West began to do such a big business through the mails that the department suggested that it be allowed space in the firm's building to accommodate routing clerks, who would see that the parcels were properly bagged and routed to their destinations. This was refused at first on the ground that the concern could not afford to give up the required floor space for these mailing operations.

When at last it was agreed to, and when the routing clerks sent the bagged parcels direct from the store to the station, thus avoiding the congestion and delay that would have occurred at the main post office, the concern was so pleased with the promptness and efficiency of the service that it notified the department it was planning to provide additional quarters for the routing clerks at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

Naturally this policy of putting routing clerks into establishments whose business is great enough to warrant such action will be followed in the future. It saves money for the Government and is convenient for the public.

Another interesting administrative feature that has come up is the handling of the packages, so far as possible, outside the railroad mail cars. The space in which railroad mail clerks stand is the most expensive floor-space rented by the United States Government. Moreover it would be impossible to obtain all the railroad mail cars needed as a result of the increase in the parcel post business.

Consequently the department has determined to rent space at the various terminals throughout the country for the routing and bagging of the parcels to their destination. Such space can be rented far more cheaply than can the space required for mail clerks to handle the parcels en route.

This reform alone will save the Government thousands upon thousands of dollars.

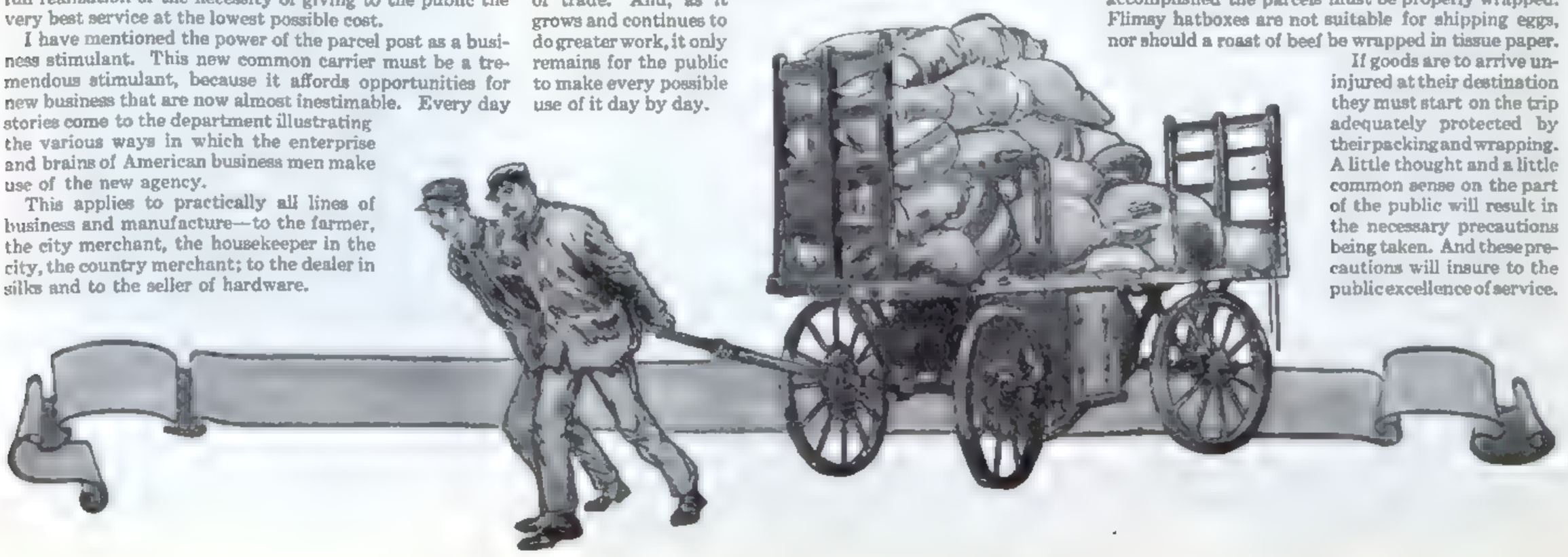
The Use of Precanceled Stamps

THE department is also eager to educate the shipping public in the use of precanceled stamps. There has already been issued an order defining their use. Concerns whose business warrants it are allowed to buy the precanceled stamps and affix them to the packages. These stamps are canceled with a mark that bears the name of the city from which the parcel is to be shipped, and above and below the name of the city is a heavy black bar. Each post office keeps a record of the firms and persons who are allowed to use the precanceled stamps and every precaution is taken to prevent fraud.

It has been estimated by the experts that the proper use of precanceled stamps on a million parcels would save the Government twenty-five thousand dollars. The stamps on parcels cannot be canceled by the machines used for canceling stamps on letters. This is because of the varying sizes and shapes of the parcels, and also because of the great number of stamps frequently put on packages. Consequently it has to be done by hand, necessitating great expense for clerk hire. Furthermore the public benefits by the use of precanceled stamps, since canceling by hand means more or less hard thumping of packages that may contain fragile articles.

In conclusion I feel impelled to speak a word of warning to the public for the benefit of the Post Office Department and the entire postal service. In order to perfect the service given to the public by the parcel post, the public, in its turn, must remember that the proper handling of packages is the great essential. In order that this proper handling may be accomplished the parcels must be properly wrapped. Flimsy hatboxes are not suitable for shipping eggs, nor should a roast of beef be wrapped in tissue paper.

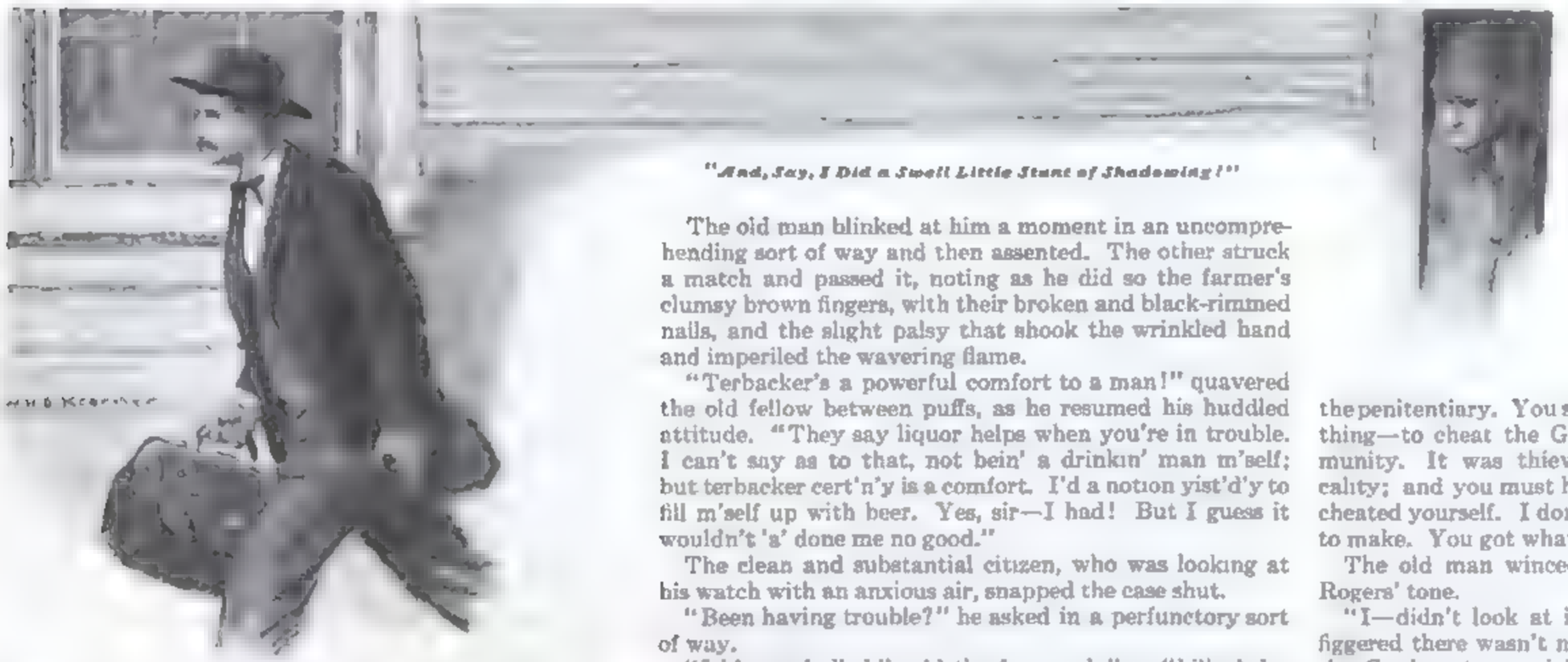
If goods are to arrive uninjured at their destination they must start on the trip adequately protected by their packing and wrapping. A little thought and a little common sense on the part of the public will result in the necessary precautions being taken. And these precautions will insure to the public excellence of service.



PORE NANCE!

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"And, Say, I Did a Swell Little Stunt of Shadowing!"

IT WAS a hotel that had seen better days—days when its spacious lobby was thronged with affluent visitors in broadcloth coats, stovepipe hats, silk-sprigged vests and French calfskin boots; and when the ladies' parlor was crowded with crinoline, gay with garibaldi and polychromatic pork-pie millinery. There were some famous names inscribed on the old registers that rotted in the basement; and a nameless cook—native, but to the manner born—had spread the fame of the Chichester's kitchen far and wide.

Now it had fallen into decay and was fast falling into disrepute. Its mirrors were clouded and tarnished; here and there the wallpaper had relaxed from its adherence to the plaster and the plaster had dropped from the skeleton lath; uncounted generations of innumerable flies had flecked the chandeliers, from which obsolete gas still flared with asthmatical wheezings, and the linen of the shabby presiding clerk was scarcely less dingy than the roller-towel in the lavatory.

Yet the Chichester had its patrons still—commercial, nautical, agricultural and urban. A sprinkling of salesmen, mostly of the lower-middle agent class, was to be seen in the gloomy office; some few lake mariners, also, and other sunburned men of purely rustic appearance, besides loungers whose complexions, attire and manner proclaimed the city and its ways.

Occasionally came guests of the better sort from parts remote, where the glory of the name Chichester still lingered. These came and went, usually with short space of tarrying; but steadies and transients continued to gather in the office in some numbers at certain times, to read the papers, smoke, converse and pay tribute to the otherwise neglected cuspidors, making occasional excursions, singly and in groups, to the sloppy bar. Except at these times, however—usually noon and early evening—the place was almost deserted.

It was one of these intermissions; and huddled in one of the armchairs ranged round the Ionic pillars of the office was an elderly man, whose weather-beaten countenance wore an extremely despondent expression. He was quite obviously of the agricultural section of the hotel's patrons; the stoop of his shoulders, the vacuity of his stare, the attitude of his hands—grimed and twisted with toil—were as characteristic of his kind as the ill-fitting shoddy garments he wore or the jagged homecut of his shock of grizzled hair—a farmer evidently, and one of the old school, who scorned newfangled tilling and breeding, trusting in Providence, parsimony and the ways of his fathers.

So absorbed was the old fellow in his melancholy reverie that he took no notice of a well-dressed and carefully groomed man who, after a brief colloquy with the clerk, had seated himself in an adjoining chair and lit a cigar. Rather out of keeping with the general run of the Chichester's habitués was this newcomer. He looked prosperous, but not newly so; there was an air of stability about him—a solidity that, in conjunction with his grave yet kindly manner and assured carriage, was calculated to inspire instant confidence.

As he smoked he looked now and then at his neighbor; a twinkle of amusement came into his brown eyes and his firm mouth twitched a little at the corners in a half smile. Presently the farmer, catching the aroma from the cigar, began to fumble mechanically in his coat pocket; and producing a well-seasoned cob pipe he filled it from a dirty sack and began to fumble again.

"Match?" queried the newcomer.

The old man blinked at him a moment in an uncomprehending sort of way and then assented. The other struck a match and passed it, noting as he did so the farmer's clumsy brown fingers, with their broken and black-rimmed nails, and the slight palsy that shook the wrinkled hand and imperiled the wavering flame.

"Terbacker's a powerful comfort to a man!" quavered the old fellow between puffs, as he resumed his huddled attitude. "They say liquor helps when you're in trouble. I can't say as to that, not bein' a drinkin' man m'self; but terbacker cert'n'y is a comfort. I'd a notion yist'd'y to fill m'self up with beer. Yes, sir—I had! But I guess it wouldn't 'a' done me no good."

The clean and substantial citizen, who was looking at his watch with an anxious air, snapped the case shut.

"Been having trouble?" he asked in a perfunctory sort of way.

"I b'en swindled," said the farmer dully—"bilked, by golly!" He sucked at his pipe a moment. "I dunno but I deserved it," he continued meditatively. "No fool like an old fool! An' I had ought to have known better. Stood to reason that feller was one of these here sharks. B'en figgerin' that out ever sence; but I done my figgerin' kind o' late. My hinesight's better'n my foresight." He blinked at his neighbor pathetically and sighed.

"Tell me about it," suggested the neighbor kindly. "I don't know whether I can help you. I'm something of a stranger in Chicago; still —— How were you swindled?"

"I hate to tell it," confessed the old man. "I guess it wouldn't do no good either. I'm about as deep in the muck as that scalawag is in the mire, come right down to it. If I seen him walk in here I dunno as I could do anything about it.

"I b'en figgerin' that out. Well, it'll learn me a lesson—that's all! You ever think what a thousand means, mister?—to a man 'at has to work for it! I b'en figgerin' on that too—the sweat an' the backache; the crimpin' an' savin'; the schemin' an' dickerin'; the early risin' an' late beddin' down it takes to make the cents grow to dollars, an' the dollars to mount up little by little till there's got to be a thousand of 'em! Could you blame a feller for wantin' 'em to come easy for once?"

He leaned forward to emphasize his question with a skinny forefinger on the other's knee, and his voice rose to an excited squeak.

"It depends," said the other man gravely—"It depends on the method—whether it's honest or not; and you know there's a saying: Easy come, easy go."

"Hard come, easy go! it was with me," declared the farmer. "It went quicker'n you could say scat; an' all I got to show for it is a little old satchel an' a wad of newspapers. A thousand dollars for a imitation alligator satchel! How's that?"

"Rather expensive, I should say," smiled the substantial looking citizen. "Still, I don't understand exactly——"

"I'll tell you how it was, Mr.—— What did you say your name was? Mine's Pom'roy—G. W. Pom'roy. I live down to Bristow."

"Mine's Rogers—Samuel Rogers, of Detroit," returned the other.

"Mr. Rogers, I'll tell you how it was," said the old man. "I got a letter from this here Vokes—a typewrote letter. He 'lowed he didn't know me pers'nally, but a friend of his had told him 'at I was enterprisin' an' smart an' close-mouthed—which I've got that repertation in Bristow—an' he had a proposition what would make me independently wealthy if I had the nerve to take advantage of it an' a thousand dollars cash.

"Well, I had the nerve an' I had the cash; so I brung 'em up here. Seemed like this here Vokes an' a pardner of his had got some of the Gov'ment plates what they have for printin' yellerbacks, an' they wanted another pardner for to help 'em circulate the bills. They was jist as good-lookin' bills as you ever seen too! All the diff'runce was that the Gov'ment hadn't printed 'em. They had this here satchel full of 'em; an' I was to take the satchel an' they was to take my thousand dollars—jist as a g'ar'nty of good faith an' to prove I wasn't no common plug what they couldn't depend on.

"There was twenty thousand dollars in that there satchel; so I figgered I couldn't lose nothin'. How they got it out an' put in them newspapers is what gits me! But they done it!" The old man sighed and furtively knuckled his moist eyes. "It's hard on me at my age!" he said tremulously.

Mr. Rogers had listened to the story with increasing gravity and when he spoke his voice was stern and cold.

"Do you want to know what I think?" he asked. "You got less than you deserve. You're lucky that you aren't under arrest, with a prospect of ending your days in the penitentiary. You set out to do a deliberately dishonest thing—to cheat the Government and to cheat the community. It was thieving, in plain English—plain rascality; and you must have known it. Very well—you get cheated yourself. I don't see that you have any complaint to make. You got what was coming to you."

The old man winced perceptibly at the contempt in Rogers' tone.

"I—didn't look at it jist that way," he faltered. "I figgered there wasn't nobody hurt but the Gov'ment, an' the Gov'ment was rich enough to stand it. Them bills cert'n'y looked all right—sure-enough, genu-ine bills they looked like."

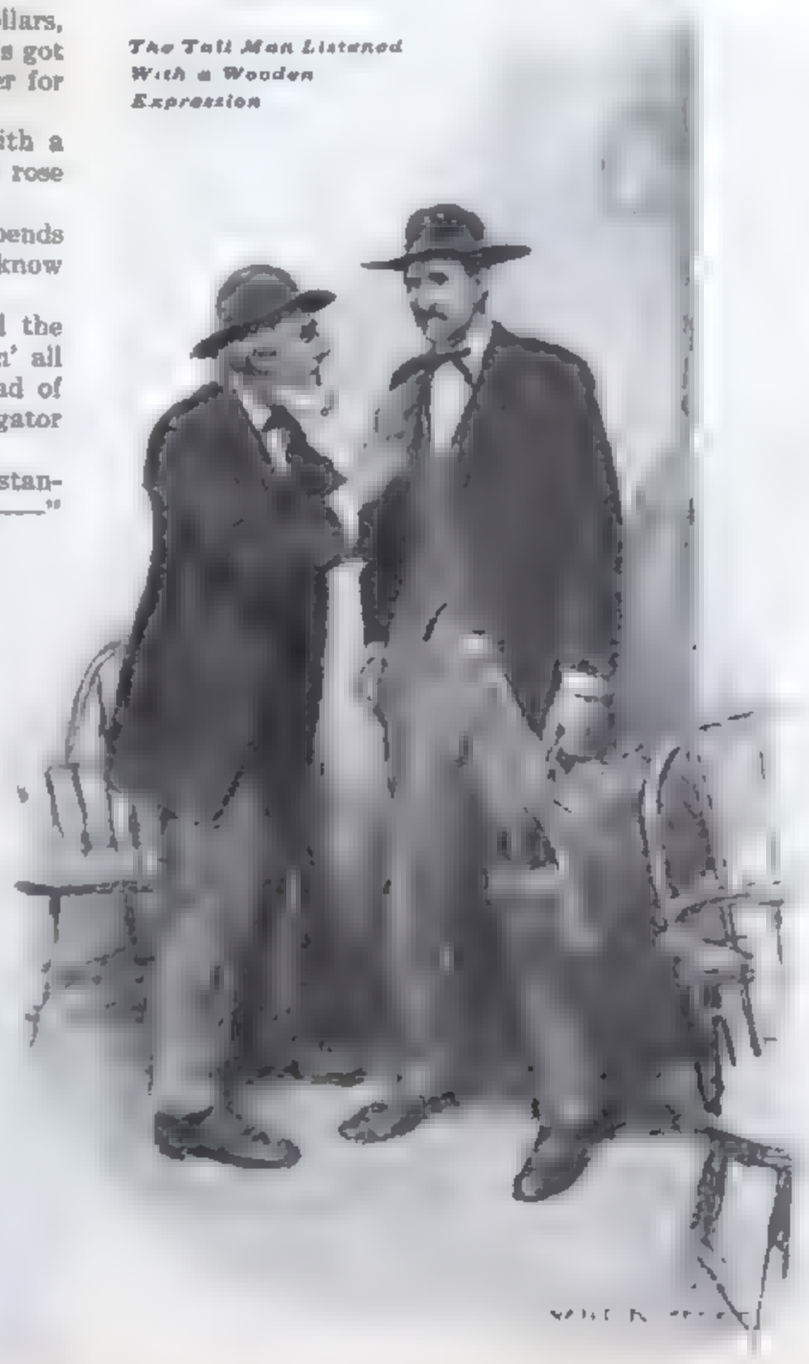
"They were!" snapped Rogers. "They were genuine bills—those they showed you. Why, man, the swindle is as old as the hills! They put the bills back in the satchel, didn't they? Of course! And they set the satchel down against the wall. You didn't take your eyes off it for a minute, did you? But you did for half a minute—and that was plenty of time for a confederate on the other side of the partition to lift a panel and switch bags on you. That's how it was done, if it's any satisfaction for you to know what any ten-year-old child in this city could have told you."

The farmer gaped at him.

"Darn their hides!" he muttered. "So that was the way they fixed it!"

"That was how they fixed it," said Rogers. "They counted on your ignorance as well as your dishonesty and avarice. Tell me," he burst out in sudden passion—"Tell me what on earth you wanted with the money! What would you do with it if you had it? You wouldn't know

The Tall Man Listened With a Wooden Expression



how to spend it and you're too old to learn. Why couldn't you be satisfied with what you had, without risking your good name as well as your money in get-rich-quick schemes?"

"It wasn't for m'self," muttered the farmer shamefacedly. "It was for Nance I done it. Pore Nance!"

He drew a blue bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose noisily. Rogers looked at him with a little softening of his expression.

"Your wife?" he inquired.

"My niece," said the old man. "She's b'en with me sence her mother passed away, an' she's a right smart gal. I cal'lated I'd give her a year—er mebbe two—in college with Simcoe's gal if things went right. It's like this: Nance was raised in the city afore she come to me an' she's got her own notions of things. Her daddy was a high-toned sort of a feller—a preacher he was—an' he married my only sister, an' soon after they was married he got a call to St. Louis. Well, he died about fifteen years ago, an' then my sister, she died—an' I took Nance. All the kin I've got now to amount to anything, Nance is—'cept a cousin 'at lives here in town. He's got a boy clerkin' in a bank over on the West Side. I most generally stay with them; but I didn't this time, on account they'd be askin' questions." He drew vainly on his pipe, which had gone out, and regarded it forlornly. For a moment or two he seemed to relapse into his former despondent reverie and then roused himself with an effort.

"Well, I figgered I c'd send her for a year to Normal," he resumed. "She's mighty set on that, though I don't take no stock in it m'self; but she wants to go with Simcoe's gal an' she allows she can git a teacher's stifkit. An' there's another reason: Simcoe's got a boy as well as a gal, an' that boy's took a considerable shine to Nance; an' I ain't so dumb but what I can see how the land lays with her. Them Simcoes is all well fixed, an' they don't cal'late to have none o' their tribe marry a gal that ain't got nothin', as you might say. Now I'm tellin' you that there ain't no man too good for my Nance!"

The old man's eyes glared under his bushy eyebrows and he brought his clenched fist down violently on the elbow of his chair. Then the flash of spirit died out as suddenly as it had blazed up.

"I guess you ain't interested," he mumbled. "I'm an old fool, like you say—an' a crooked old fool; but I did think—I cert'n'y did think mebbe I could make the way clear for Nance. If I could have let her go to Normal an' give old Simcoe to understand that she'd have a couple o' thousand dollars when she married—well, that's how it was."

He drew back the lapel of his coat and disclosed a large photograph button pinned to his vest. Fumblingly he removed it and handed it to Rogers. The photograph was of a young girl—a face not beautiful, but fine and wholesome, looking at the world out of candid, honest eyes.

"That's Nance," said the old man tenderly. "Pore gal! I'm glad I didn't say nothin' to her."

Rogers looked with interest at the portrait for some moments and then handed it back.

"A mighty sweet girl!" he said sympathetically. "I can understand that you'd be proud of her." He pursed his lips and reflected. "Pretty tough!" he murmured. "They took your last cent, I suppose."

"No," replied the farmer. "I ain't such a dum fool as all that. I got mebbe another thousand in the bank, an' I reckon I got eight hundred in good notes, with chattel s'curity, drawin' ten per cent. Course there's the farm an' the stock, an' I cal'late Nance'll git everything when I've passed away—but, by golly! I'm good for twenty years yet, an' I ain't a-goin' to put in them twenty years in the poorhouse to please no Simcoes! I wouldn't be afraid o' Nance, mind ye—no, siree; but a woman can't do much agin her husband—that stands to reason. No—I've seen too much o' that sort o' business."

Again the Detroit man considered.

"Poor girl!" he ejaculated. He flicked some cigar ashes from his coatsleeve with his handkerchief. "I don't know but what I might help you, Mr. Pomeroy," he said slowly. "I won't make any promises just now; but I think"—he shook out the handkerchief and put it back in his pocket—"I think I may manage to straighten you out. We'll see."

Almost as he spoke a nattily attired, youngish man, wearing an expensive Panama tilted slightly to one side of his sleek head, came briskly up and, extending a slim, white hand, greeted Mr. Rogers by name.

"Sorry I'm late, but I couldn't find this joint of yours," he apologized as he seated himself and looked curiously round the office.

"I thought it better to come to a place where I wouldn't be likely to meet any of our friends," explained Rogers. "If they knew I was in town they might be suspicious."

"That's so," agreed the man with the Panama hat; "but I think I've got the thing cinched all right." He met the farmer's frankly curious stare. "Let's go somewhere we can talk," he suggested.

"We can talk here," said Rogers. "Mr. Pomeroy, this is my friend, Mr. Colby. Go ahead, Colby! Have you got the option?" Colby still hesitated. "I tell you you can talk as freely as you like before Mr. Pomeroy," said Rogers in a rather irritated tone. "Mr. Pomeroy is—well, he's a partner of mine in this deal." He winked good-humoredly at the farmer, who was gaping at him. "Go ahead!"

"I don't know about that," protested Colby with some indignation. "There wasn't anything in our agreement about another partner. It was between you and me—a straight split-up on what we made on the deal. I've always taken you to be a man of your word, Mr. Rogers."

"You'll find I am," returned Rogers composedly. "I don't suppose it makes any difference to you whether I have a partner or not—provided you don't lose by it."

"I suppose not," admitted Colby grudgingly.

"Very well, then. But did you get the option."

"I've got the promise of it. I'll have it in black and white just as soon as we plank down the money; but the money has to be paid right away."

"Not later than tomorrow night," supplied Rogers.

"That's so," said Colby with a lift of his eyebrows. "How did you know that?"

"I happen to know they've got to make a payment of five thousand dollars just as soon as the banks open the next morning. Did you get the option for five thousand?"

"That's the agreement," said Colby, lighting a cigarette and inhaling with avid enjoyment. "They won't make it for more than ten days," he added through a cloud of smoke.

"A couple of days will be plenty to swing it," observed Rogers calmly. "It's settled, then. Now wait a moment while I explain matters to Mr. Pomeroy."

The Old Man Seemed by No Means Overpowered by the Generosity of This Proposal

He turned to the old man, who had been following the conversation with eager and puzzled attention.

"I told you, Mr. Pomeroy, that I thought I might be able to straighten you out. Well, I can—and I guess I will. I don't know that I'd do it for you, but you've got me interested in that girl of yours. I'm a little foolish about girls. I've got one of my own about your Nance's age, and—well, we'll get down to business. Mr. Colby and I have secured an option on a large office building here. I won't mention the name of it until I see whether the proposition appeals to you." He smiled quizzically at Colby.

"This option gives us the privilege of buying the building within ten days for a third of its actual value," he continued. "Why? Because the corporation that owns it is in difficulties, of which fact we alone are aware. If they put the building on the open market they would bring their creditors down on them in a flood that would swamp them; whereas if they can make a secret transfer they can protect their other interests and weather the storm. You understand that, don't you? All right, then. Now we—or I—know just exactly where this option can be sold for twenty thousand dollars, giving us a clear and immediate profit of fifteen thousand.

"If you can raise a third of five thousand—say, seventeen hundred dollars—I'll take you in with me and share my profit with you. I can't give you a third of the entire profit because I've already agreed that Mr. Colby here is to have half; but you'll get five thousand out of it, which will give you thirty-three hundred on your investment. What do you say?"

The old man seemed by no means overpowered by the generosity of this proposal, but fingered his chin doubtfully and at last drew a worn stub of a pencil from his waistcoat pocket and made a few calculations on the back of an envelope. Then he looked up at Rogers craftily.

"Mr. Colby, here, is puttin' up his half of the five thousand, ain't he?" he inquired.

"Sure!" replied Colby.

"Then that leaves twenty-five hundred for us to put up between us, don't it?" the old man asked Rogers. "Twelve hundred and fifty—not seventeen hundred."

A shout of laughter from Colby greeted the correction. Rogers, too, relaxed from his gravity so far as to chuckle a little.

"That certainly ought to detain you for a brief period!" gurgled Colby to his associate, wiping tearful eyes. "The gentleman is some figurer, if I should be interrogated. Why, you short-change grafter—you extortionist—you're trying to charge him a dollar and a half for a twenty-dollar gold-piece!" His tone changed to one of disgust. "Aw, come along and let him go! You must be crazy—trying to give money to a man like that! Excuse me; but, honestly, that seems to me to be the limit!"

"I—I didn't mean ——" the old man stammered.

"It's all right," Rogers assured him with restored gravity. "It was my mistake. Can you raise twelve hundred and fifty dollars? You'll have to go home tonight and get it to me tomorrow—and I needn't tell you not to say anything about the business to any of your friends in Bristow. I'll have all the papers ready to secure you before you turn over any money."

"He'll gab it!" broke in Colby impatiently. "He'll queer the whole deal! You'll see!"

The farmer turned on him savagely.

"I won't do nothin' of the sort!" he snarled. "I'll get the money an' be back with it by two o'clock tomorrow afternoon. An' don't you think, Mr. Rogers, that I don't appreciate your lettin' me in on this—because I do. The on'y thing —— S'posin' them parties of yours back out?"

"I'll buy the building myself," said Rogers quietly. "It's the Masonic Temple. Colby, if you're going that way, you might show Mr. Pomeroy his security."

When Mr. Pomeroy returned from his short jaunt with Mr. Colby he inquired at the desk for Mr. Rogers, and

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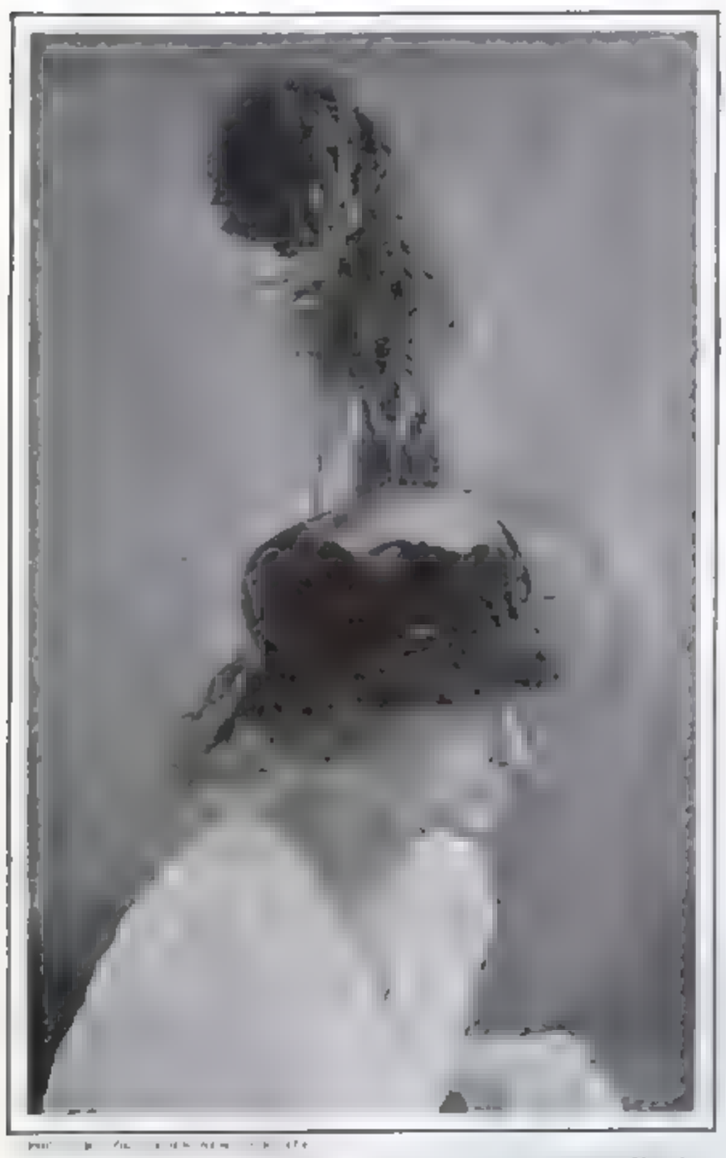
The Grand Strategy of Style

How We Put Paris Modes Over the American Goal

By CORINNE LOWE



Feathers are of All Kinds, But Principally of Tall Kinds

JACQUES RICHEPIN'S play of Le Minaret took Paris by the throat last spring and shook it like a terrier. Everybody went to see it and everybody talked about it. The shops got out minaret jewelry and minaret accessories and minaret perfume bottles cunningly laced with gold like a Bagdad landscape. And at last in August, in the fall openings of the great Parisian dressmaking establishments, the protoplasm developed into a final malady of bunchy trouserettes and frilly tunics and close-fitting turbaned hats.

By September the minaret infection had spread to our own susceptible shores. The models deported from Paris appeared in American shop windows and American magazines and American openings. By this time the furor is sweeping across the entire continent; and not until the contagion is washed away by the purifying waters of the Pacific may we expect any relief from our sufferings.

Let it not be thought for one moment, however, that we have plucked the gowns of our present styles direct from the shoulders of the charming actresses with the double-jointed names who appeared in M. Richepin's play. As a matter of fact Le Minaret costumes have gone and will go through many inflections before the girls of New York and Des Moines and San Francisco consent to wear them. In their travels from Paris to the Rockies minarets are most likely to change as often as the scenery.

To modify nearly every French style to the American taste has long been a habit with our native tradesmen. It is a necessity. What would happen if certain original French models were to be turned out on Fifth Avenue or Chestnut Street must be left to the unshrinking descriptive powers of a Poe or a Dürer. And the native tradesman takes no risks. As a rule he considers that one-tenth of a grain of Poiret is enough to flavor any gown or hat or suit.

M. Poiret, it will be remembered, was the gentleman who costumed Le Minaret. He is capable, too, of much worse. Against him may be urged the long straight coat with the disjointed waistband, that awful terminal fold of cloth which for the past season has made stout women look as if they were escaping in a life preserver or gigantic doughnut. Indeed he has done probably more than any man of his time to brindle the modes and to prevent skirts from being made in the home.

Yet when M. Poiret came to this country we did not make him expiate his crimes. All the appropriate penalties that might have been devised by a rankling sense of injury were forgotten in the luster of his presence. We did not suspend him from a rope of his own Turkish trousers, or confine him in one of his cagelike tunics, or set up his head in a new-style turban high on the city wall. We did not even oblige him to view a parade of women clad in all-minaret costumes. No; we were very gentle with him.

Let, however, no runaway flippancy lead us from a true appreciation of the great French costumer's genius. He is capable of exquisite flights of drapery, and if you would plumb his influence on the sartorial life of the period listen to the words of one of our foremost fashion authorities:

"M. Poiret's modes," said she recently, "are the broad strokes of genius, the flashing bits of artistic insight. As a result he is not practical—at least hardly ever so; and it remains for the other great Parisian dressmakers to popularize and adapt the styles they so frequently borrow from his inspiration."

Having traced the stream of fashion to its source we may now consider what these fashion fellows are trying to do with us in this coming winter of 1913-1914. First of all, there is the tunic with the wired hem—the candleshade frock, as it is sometimes called—which has been directly derived from one of the costumes of the Richepin play. This, indeed, is something new; and we note with pleasure that at last the designer has tried to perform some trivial equation with space—has finally realized that something must be done to square with the bolster-slip skirt. Perhaps, in fact, the wired tunic is freighted with humanitarian suggestion. Who knows but that, looking in pity on our tightly bound ankles, the creator of modes is now going to let us be rolled over the ground in a hoop?

Whether or not, though, this flaring tunic is intended as a means of locomotion, there can be no doubt but that we have heard the first lisp of the old crinoline language.

The Bonnet Exists for the Enormously High Feathers

Very reminiscent are these corded frills of tulle and net of those festive times when women looped the hoop; and there are fashion authorities daring enough to predict another period when we shall have some fullness of the skirt where it might be useful to us.

True the wired tunic of this season seems an inoffensive incident on which to base any such prophecy; but it must be remembered always that a style creeps on the world very stealthily. The tight skirt, for instance—how gradually has it closed its grip on us!

As for the skirt proper of this season it is, in spite of an added fullness about the hips, tighter than ever about the ankles. Further than this, it is a mass of wrinkles. Mysterious folds pursue their guilty and reticent way from back to front and from top to bottom. Instead of being a garment the skirt of today has become a spasm—drapery, they call it. It draws up in pain at the feet and blisters into great welts at the hips—pannier effect, they call that. There is no getting any kind of map of this present garment.

One there was, however, who attempted to define the essence of the thing. He was gazing over the shoulder of his wife at some of the latest importations, when suddenly he looked up.

"I know how you make it!" he clucked happily. "Just take a couple quarts of silk, put in a frying-pan—and scramble!"

It is thus that the lights and shades of Parisian genius are reduced to irreverent formulas by the American man. Incidentally, however, it may be mentioned that the American man's wife will be wearing the omelet skirt in less than a month.

The entire effect of the modern costume is a bagginess at the hips tapering in gradually toward the ankles. If you happen to feel out of sorts the dress will make a woman appear to you very much as a skewered chicken—feet tied in and all that. If, on the contrary, things look bright you will be pleasantly reminded of Mrs. Aladdin and the fair heroines of Oriental romance. Yes, the skirts of the coming winter are distinctly quotations from the Persian.

Sometimes, indeed, they are more than quotations. They are entire texts. They are a well-developed case of pantaloons. Yes; let us have no more beating about the bush. The time has come when we shall speak of a skirt as they—when we shall shake our long-enfettered feet in the insolent ineffables of a Persian débutante.

Nor is there anything shocking in the thought—far from it! The fact is that the pantaloon development is a symptom of return to the old discarded

Everything in the Way of Clothes Must be Called Something

theory that a skirt should be a covering. *Vive le pantalon!* Let us welcome the generosity of a mode that provides us with two pantaloons instead of one—for nobody can claim that the narrow skirt we have been wearing is any more roomy than one trouser-leg.

Some of these new pantaloon skirts are extremely furtive. They go about their humane errand in a way that is foolishly ashamed. They are, indeed, no more than a loop in the hem, through which the wearer thrusts the foot, and then tries to lead you off the scent of comfort and sanity by doing a red-herring business of trail and drapery. But then, on the contrary, we find some perfectly unabashed specimens of the wild pantaloon. One *couturier*, for instance, has designed for his wife a really very beautiful dress of them.

Whether, however, the skirt is slashed at the side or lashed to the ankle, or just hiked up in front, there is a good deal of calcium flashed on the feet and suburbs—so much so that many of the French actresses have adopted jeweled anklets. These same have gotten by the immigration authorities of this country, but, as yet, are displayed only by the shops. Also we have a tango garter, a thing with a fringe to sway under the indiscreet slashed skirt. Also shoes are now mere plasters, which are bandaged on with antiseptic-looking strips—*cothurnes* they call the things.

As for the trains that run by these garnished ankles of today, they are very narrow and are strictly accommodation trains. They stop at every station, to be freighted at the shoulders with perhaps a huge tulle butterfly—whim of the season's modes—to take on some extra passenger of lace or trimming at the waist-line, and to reach finally a terminus of a huge rose or another butterfly. For the rest, engineering is very skillful, and tunneling particularly of the wired tunic—most impressive.

Those Bottle-Brush Hats

NEEDLESS to say, millinery has not escaped the Minaret tang. Hats are very small—oftenest of black velvet -and swathe the head in the way of a turban. One model seen even went so far as to leave the crown of the head exposed. The striking feature of present hats, however, is not the shape but the trimming. The bonnet itself exists merely for the purpose of putting off that enormously high feather which rockets from the brim.

Feathers are of all kinds, but principally of tall kinds. Uncurled ostrich plumes are a great favorite and even more so are those spindly, attenuated feathers that look like a centipede with its legs thinned out. Do they clean these ornaments with the white of an egg or do they shred them at a breakfast-food factory? Or are they just the victims of growing pains? On the threshold of Herbert Spencer's Unknowable we must forever deposit these inquiries.

When it comes to street suits we feel a crisp tang of the Occident. Military suits with facings and waistcoat of the French Guard, flaring Russian coats of brocade with skirts of black velvet, the rich and dashing adaptation of the Hussar uniform these are a few of the variegated styles that have appeared at the fall openings in this country. Whatever its type, in fact, we get in the street suit the strong spice of fur, velvet, brocade, rich ornaments and military trappings. The plain little tweed tailor-made has disappeared almost entirely except for business and country wear.

Having taken this glimpse of the present modes the question now arises, How do they do it? By what gentle pastimes does the American dealer take sensible women out of suits and gowns with skirts in which they could walk, and put them into ridiculous bags in which they must hop like treefrogs? Through what insidious methods does he persuade the women of our land to traipse forth in—item one, a hat with a three-foot feather going into hysterics over the brim and with a Tommy Atkins strap under the chin; item two, a skirt slit to the knee to show perhaps a tango garter or a ribboned shoe; item three, a coat with a bodice of one stuff and sleeves of another?

Some of These Pantaloon Skirts are Extremely Furtive

The Entire Effect of the Modern Costume is a Bagginess at the Hips Tapering In Toward the Ankles

The First Lisp of the Old Crinoline Language

To understand about the promotion of modes in this country we must go back, first of all, to the great dressmaking openings of Paris. These occur twice a year—one in February for the revelation of the spring styles, and another in August for the exploitation of the winter modes; and to them journeys the entire fashion-squad of America. Dressmakers, buyers from department stores, representatives of big manufacturers' houses, fashion experts and correspondents—every member of the organization for putting it over on us is present at the solemn rites.

Already, however, before these significant events, the foreign fabric-makers have given the first quotations of the style ticker. Are their materials soft and supple? Then is the fashion gatherer assured of the limp and narrow silhouette. Colors and designs, too, furnish very reliable indications of what is coming; and in the handwriting on the fabric does the buyer see predictions of a Persian, Bulgarian or cubist season.

Other signposts on the fashion-way are the great races at Auteuil and Longchamp. These constitute occasions for the local version of trying it on the dog; for to them the noted dressmakers of Paris all send manikins arrayed in the creations they intend to spring at their openings. Here, again, the fashioneers are on deck—aye, in the crow's nest itself—and, as a rule, the buyer of the department store sends back cables regarding the spectacular costumes witnessed at these fashionable concourses. It is in such cables, reprinted in the advertisements of the department stores, that the American public generally gets its first news of the Paris clothes-horse-play.

One thing more: There is an electric quality about fashion. It seems to vibrate through the air. The Minaret of this fall and the Bulgarian echoes of last spring have charged the atmosphere. By no other explanation can we account for the fact that the great Parisian dressmakers, in spite of the absolute secrecy with which they prepare for their openings, nearly always sound the same predominant note.

Which Way Will the Fashion Cat Jump?

LET it not be supposed, however, that style is so unanimous that things are ever dull for the American buyer. On the contrary each of the big Parisian ateliers clicks off an enormous number of models which, notwithstanding the strong impress of some particular period or country, run nimbly through a scale of mandarin coats, ecclesiastical stoles, Russian coats and Empire drapery. This variety involves an enormous risk to the American importer; for, no matter how long her years of experience she never can be quite sure just what style is going to take with the public at home. There is always the danger of plunging on the wrong models.

Another uncertainty that besets the path of the American buyer of Parisian models is the fluctuation which takes place in the popularity of the various eminent French dressmakers.

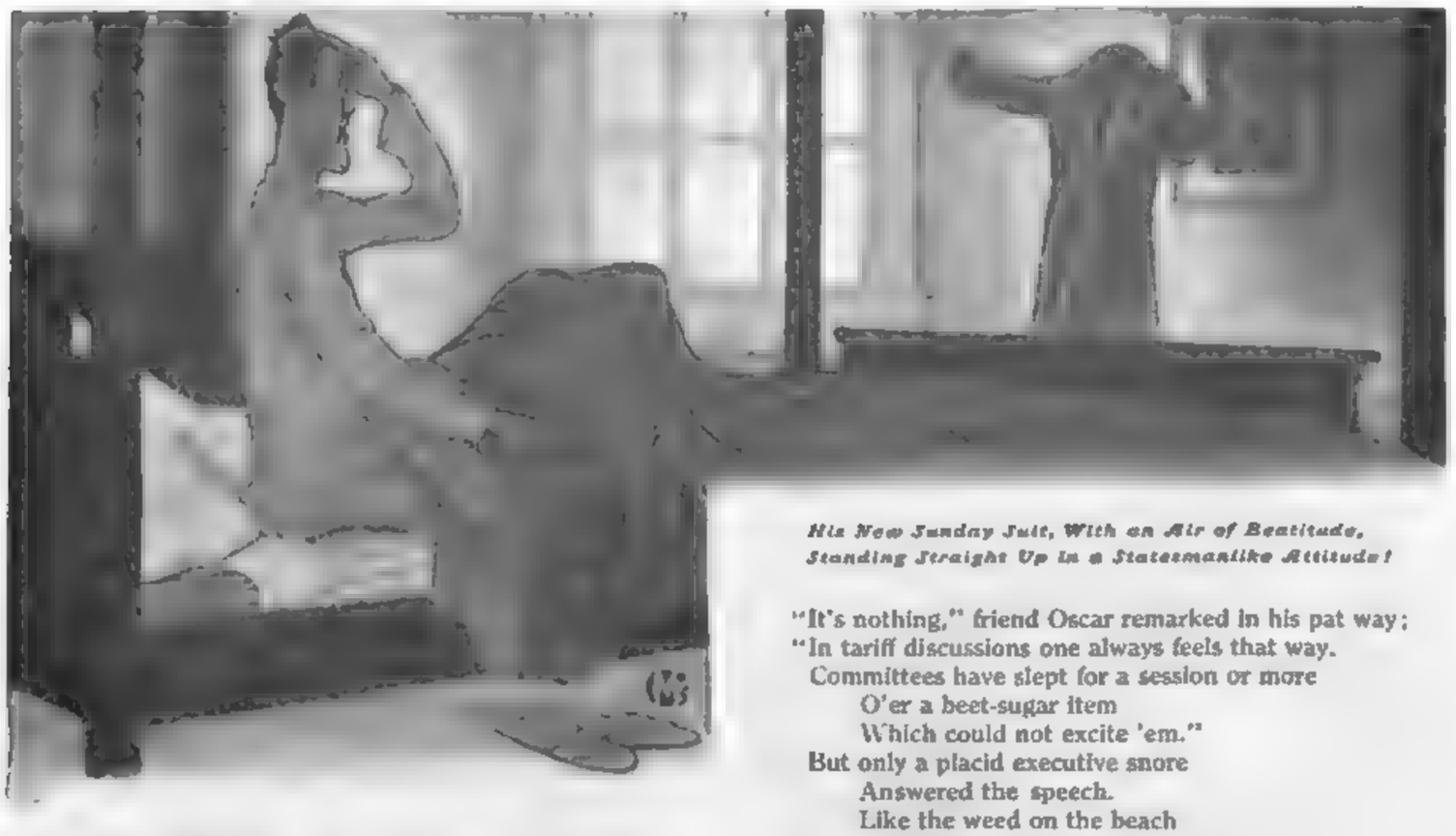
The worst of this dilemma is, too, that the buyers never dare slight any of the noted designers. If this year you fail to buy any of one man's charming creations, the next year, when he is probably on the very crest of popularity, you may be denied admission to his opening. The fact is that these designers are impregnable in their position, and one cross word from them will reduce the haughtiest alien to the meekness of a lapdog.

It must always be remembered that the selection of models is approached from a different angle by the different kinds of importers. The representative of the manufacturer of gowns searches, first of all, the models that may be reproduced successfully in cheaper materials; the fashionable dressmaker is guided by the wish to obtain conservative models that she can copy dozens of times throughout the season; the buyer for the great department store observes only one signpost: What will afford us the most

(Continued on Page 31)

WOODROWSBY LEGENDS

The Woolly Rebellion; or The Mormon's Curse



His New Sunday Suit, With an Air of Beatitude, Standing Straight Up in a Statesmanlike Attitude!

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

OH, BRING me a bottle of night-black ink,
Tumulty, my Jo, friend Jo!
And hurry, my lad, with the blotting pad
And a pen of a fluent flow!
Nor spell nor charm shall my good right arm
Rattle with blight and chill
Till I've written my plain John Hancock on
The Underwood Tariff Bill."

With a look of pride by Woodrow's side
Stands schedulous Oscar U.
"Oh, sire," quoth he, "you'd better hur-ree—
You can never tell what they'll do.
With magic vile they may cramp your style
In the old Republican way;
For Senator Smoot is willing to shoot
At the mention of Schedule K."

In the stately gloom of the grand East Room
King Woodrow, with right good will,
His pen hath took and the nib hath shook
Over the Tariff Bill—
But look! On the edge of the window ledge
Three villainous faces peep—
Senator Smoot and Senator Root,
And Warren, raiser of sheep.

Hand in hand the three of 'em stand
And swear by the bright horned moon:
"Oh, Woodrow, heed! If you sign you screed
Sorrow betake you soon!"
"By Sereno Payne," swears Senator Smoot,
"If you monkey with Schedule K
May the very wool in your Sunday suit
Turn turtle and walk away!"

This was the curse that the Mormon cursed;
But Woodrow, quite unheeding the worst,
Shook the pen
Again;
And then,
Flourishing twice, in a manner Spencerian,
Brought down the point on that document wearyin',
Which forty-eight Congresses' honor have pawned over,
Lobbyists bribed over, sycophants fawned over,
And whole generations of readers have yawned over.

"My lifework is done!" murmured schedulous Oscar—
"I feel like a carhorse deprived of his hosscar.
I love every item in that grand old bill
From absecon acid to zinc symophil;
And I hope ——"
Answered Woodrow, half yawning, half reeling:
"A curious feeling
Comes over me stealing!
My backbone is creepy
And yet I am sleepy.
I gasp as though choked by a stogy from Wheeling!"

"It's nothing," friend Oscar remarked in his pat way;
"In tariff discussions one always feels that way.
Committees have slept for a session or more
O'er a beet-sugar item
Which could not excite 'em."
But only a placid executive snore
Answered the speech.
Like the weed on the beach
Limply the president's head toppled o'er.
Oscar withdrew through a crack o' the door.

The moon scattered beams on Potomac's bright rill
Ere Joseph Tumulty, who entered the still
Room, at a loss,
Discovered his boss
Sleeping the sleep of a gluttonous dragon.
"Mercy!" he cried. "If he weren't on the wagon
I'd certainly swear he's been hitting the flagon
And gathered a solid Republican jag on!"

Tenderly, carefully, Woodrow he bore
To a bedroom reserved on the rear, second floor,
And laid him to rest on the Chippendale bed
Which has borne many monarchs, from Grover to Ted.
Swift he removed, with scarce effort or pull,
The best Sunday suit of solidified wool
And those intimate garments of opulent sheen-oh
Carefully labeled Imported Merino.

A Loosely and Nightly Clad Caucus of Shivering Statesmen He Spied

Thus disencumbered,
The president slumbered
As mystic and calm as a priest of the Brahmas
Seeking Nirvâna in pongee pajamas.

But just as the clock in the Treasury tower
Boomed o'er the city the witch-haggard hour,
Senator Smoot,
Out on the lawn,
Called from the soot
Pluto's fell spawn
With a curse that was magic and tragic and full:
"Flibberty-gibberty!
Now you're at liberty—
Rise, prankish Wool!
Show what a cute little brute you can be;
Show you don't care if
There ain't any Tariff—
You're free, Wool! You're free!"

II

The president woke from his trance with a yell
Like a Siamese cat jumping out of a well.
His hair rose in bristles
As prickly as thistles:
For, plain and distinct at the foot of his bed,
He saw in the glare that the moonlight had shed

"Show You Don't Care if There Ain't Any Tariff— You're Free, Wool! You're Free!"

His new Sunday suit, with an air of beatitude,
Standing straight up in a statesmanlike attitude!
Outswelling chest,
Sleeve in its vest—
Picture, indeed, of sartorial ingratitude!
And, under his look,
Off of its hook
Suddenly leaped like a wild Filipino
His best union suit of hand-carded merino.
Merry and vain
The bobgoblin twain
Marched round the bedroom, expressing disdain.
"Clothing!" the president chided in pain,
"You regular shockers,
Back to your lockers!
Is this a nice way or modest, in fact,
For a home-staying president's garments to act?"
But the best Sunday suit and the hand-carded "unnie"
Hollowly laughed: "Honest, mister, you're funny!
Though you manage your party, you cannot boss we —
Caloo, callay!
Oh, Schedule K!
We're Wool and we're free!"
And saying the same, with a wild, woolly shout,
They opened the window and gamboled straight out.

Reader, hast ever awakened from sleep
To witness your clothing, expensive or cheap,
Walking away with an insolent pose,
Expressed, as it were, with its thumb to its nose?
If you have you'll agree that the sight would annoy
A president, prelate or messenger boy.
Now Woodrow is human in spite of his culture:
So, venting a scream like an agonized vulture,
He hurdled the fire-escape, shouting: "The varmints!"
And took down the street in pursuit of his garments,
Which latter were seen by the moon's pallid gilding
Walking away toward the Capitol Building.
Into the Hall of the Senate they ambled;
Eager the president after them scrambled.

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THE TREASURE

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

V

IT HAPPENED a week or two later, on a sharp, sunshiny morning in early winter, that Mrs. Salisbury and Alexandra found themselves sauntering through the nicest shopping district of River Falls. There were various small things to be bought for the wardrobes of mother and daughter, prizes for a card party, birthday presents for one of the boys, and a number of other little things.

They happened to pass the windows of Lewis & Sons' big grocery, one of the finest shops in town, on their way from one store to another and, attracted by a pyramid of English preserves, Mrs. Salisbury decided to go in and leave an order.

"I hope that you are going to bring your account back to us, Mrs. Salisbury," said the alert salesman who waited upon them. "We are always sorry to let an old customer go."

"But I have an account here," said Mrs. Salisbury, startled.

The salesman, smiling, shook his head, and one of the members of the firm, coming up, confirmed the denial

"We were very sorry to take your name off our books, Mrs. Salisbury," said he, with pleasant dignity. "I can remember your coming into the old store on River Street when this young lady here was only a small girl."

His hand indicated a spot about three feet from the floor as the height of the child Alexandra, and the grown Alexandra dimpled an appreciation of his memory.

"But I don't understand," Mrs. Salisbury said, wrinkling her forehead. "I had no idea that the account was closed, Mr. Lewis. How long ago was this?"

"It was while you were ill," said Mr. Lewis soothingly. "You might look up the exact date, Mr. Laird."

"But why?" Mrs. Salisbury asked, prettily puzzled.

"That I don't know," answered Mr. Lewis. "And, at the time, of course, we did not press it. There was no complaint; of that I'm very sure."

"But I don't understand," Mrs. Salisbury persisted. "I don't see who could have done it except Mr. Salisbury, and if he had had any reason he would have told me of it. However," she rose to go, "if you'll send the jams, and the curry, and the chocolate, Mr. Laird, I'll look into the matter at once."

"And you're quite yourself again?" Mr. Lewis asked solicitously, accompanying them to the door. "That's the main thing, isn't it? There's been so much sickness everywhere lately. And your young lady looks as if she didn't know the meaning of the word. Wonderful morning, isn't it? Good morning, Mrs. Salisbury!"

"Good morning!" Mrs. Salisbury responded graciously. But as soon as she and Alexandra were out of hearing her face darkened. "That makes me wild!" said she.

"What does, darling?"

"That! Justine having the audacity to change my trade!"

"But why should she want to, mother?"

"I really don't know. Given it to friends of hers perhaps."

"Oh, mother, she wouldn't!"

"Well, we'll see." Mrs. Salisbury dropped the subject and brought her mind back with a visible effort to the morning's work.

Immediately after lunch she interrogated Justine. The girl was drying glasses, each one emerging like a bubble of hot and shining crystal from her checked towel.

"Justine," began the mistress, "have we been getting our groceries from Lewis & Sons lately?"

Justine placidly referred to an account book which she took from a drawer under the pantry shelves.

"Our last order was August eleventh," she announced.

Something in her unembarrassed serenity annoyed Mrs. Salisbury.

"May I ask why?" she suggested sharply.

"Well, they are a long way from here," Justine said, after a second's thought, "and they are very expensive grocers, Mrs. Salisbury. Of course what they have is of the best, but they cater to the very richest families, you know. Firms like Lewis & Sons aren't very much interested in the orders they receive from—well, from upper middle class homes, people of moderate means. They handle hotels, and the summer colony at Burning Woods."

"What's Struck Your Budget That You are So Proud of, Justine?"

Justine paused, a little uncertain of her terms, and Mrs. Salisbury interposed an icy question.

"May I ask where you have transferred my trade?"

"Not to any one place," the girl answered readily and mildly. But a little resentful color had crept into her cheeks. "I pay as I go, and follow the bargains," she explained. "I go to market twice a week, and send enough home to make it worth while for the tradesman. You couldn't market as I do, Mrs. Salisbury, but the tradespeople rather expect it of a maid. Sometimes I gather an assortment of vegetables into my basket, and get them to make a price on the whole. Or, if there is a sale at any store I go there and order a dozen cans or twenty pounds of whatever they are selling."

Mrs. Salisbury was not enjoying this revelation. The obnoxious term "upper middle class" was biting like an acid upon her pride. And it was further humiliating to contemplate her maid as a driver of bargains, as dickering for baskets of vegetables.

"The best is always the cheapest in the long run, whatever it may cost, Justine," she said, with dignity. "We may not be among the richest families in town," she was unable to refrain from adding, "but it is rather amusing to hear you speak of the family as upper middle class!"

"I only meant the—the sort of ordering we did," Justine hastily interposed. "I meant from the grocer's point of view."

"Well, Mr. Lewis sold groceries to my grandmother before I was married," Mrs. Salisbury said loftily, "and I prefer him to any other grocer. If he is too far away the order may be telephoned. Or give me your list and I will stop in as I used to do. Then I can order any little extra delicacy that I see, something I might not otherwise think of. Let me know what you need tomorrow morning and I'll see to it."

To her surprise Justine did not bow an instant assent. Instead the girl looked a little troubled.

"Shall I give you my accounts and my ledger?" she asked, rather uncertainly.

"No-o, I don't see any necessity for that," the older woman said, after a second's pause.

"But Lewis & Sons' is a very expensive place," Justine pursued; "they never have sales, never special prices. Their cheapest tomatoes are fifteen cents a can, and their peaches twenty-five ——"

"Never mind," Mrs. Salisbury interrupted her briskly. "We'll manage somehow. I always did trade there and never had any trouble. Begin with him tomorrow. And though, of course, I understand that I was ill, and couldn't be bothered in this case, I want to ask you not to make any more changes without consulting me, if you please."

Justine, still standing, her troubled eyes on her employer, the last glass polished to diamond brightness in her hand, frowned mutinously.

"You understand that if you do any ordering whatever, Mrs. Salisbury, I shall have to give up my budget. You see, in that case, I shouldn't know where I stood at all."

"You would get the bill at the end of the month," Mrs. Salisbury said, displeased.

"Yes, but I don't run bills," the girl persisted.

"I don't care to discuss it, Justine," the mistress said pleasantly; "just do as I ask you, if you please, and we'll settle everything at the end of the month. You shall not be held responsible, I assure you."

She went out of the kitchen, and the next morning had a pleasant half hour in the big grocery, and left a large order.

"Just a little kitchen misunderstanding," she told the affable Mr. Lewis, "but when one is ill ——! However I am rapidly getting the reins back into my own hands now."

After the episode with Justine, Mrs. Salisbury ordered in person, or by telephone, every day, and Justine's responsibilities were confined to the meat market and green grocer. Everything went along very smoothly until the end of the month when Justine submitted her usual weekly account, and a bill from Lewis & Sons, which was some three times larger in amount than was the margin of money supposed to pay it.

This was annoying. Mrs. Salisbury could not very well rebuke her, nor could she pay the bill out of her own purse. She determined to put it aside until her husband seemed in a mood for financial advances, and, wrapping it firmly about the inadequate notes and silver given her by Justine, she shut it in a desk drawer. There the bill remained, although the money was taken out for one thing or another change that must be made, a small bill that must be paid at the door.

Another fortnight went by, and Lewis & Sons submitted another bill. Justine also gave her mistress another inadequate sum, which was left from her week's expenditures.

The two grocery bills were for rather a formidable sum. The thought of them, in the desk drawer, rather worried Mrs. Salisbury. One evening she bravely told her husband about them, and laid them before him.

Mr. Salisbury was annoyed. He had been free from these petty worries for some months, and he disliked their introduction again.

"I thought this was Justine's business, Sally?" said he, frowning over his eyeglasses.

"Well, it is," said his wife, "but she hasn't enough money apparently, and she simply handed me these, without saying anything."

"Well, but that doesn't sound like her. Why?"

"Oh, because I do the ordering, she says. They're queer, you know, Kane; all servants are. And she seems very touchy about it."

"Nonsense!" said the head of the house roundly. "Oh, Justine!" he shouted, and the maid, after putting an inquiring head in from the dining room, duly came in.

"What's struck your budget that you were so proud of, Justine?" asked Kane Salisbury. "It looks pretty sick."

"I am not keeping a budget now," answered Justine, with a rather surprised glance at her mistress.

"Not? but why not?" asked the man good-naturedly. And his wife added briskly: "Why did you stop, Justine?"

"Because Mrs. Salisbury has been ordering all this month," Justine said. "And that, of course, makes it impossible for me to keep track of what is spent. These last four weeks I have only been keeping an account; I haven't attempted to stay within any limit."

"Ah, you see that's it," Kane Salisbury said triumphantly. "Of course that's it? Well, Mrs. Salisbury will have

to let you go back to the ordering then. D'ye see, Sally? Naturally Justine can't do a thing while you're "

"My dear, we have dealt with Lewis & Sons ever since we were married," Mrs. Salisbury said, smiling with great tolerance, and in a soothing voice "Justine, for some reason, doesn't like Lewis & Sons ——"

"It isn't that," said the maid quickly. "It's just that it's against the rules of the college for any one else to do any ordering, unless of course you and I discussed it beforehand and decided just what to spend."

"You mean unless I simply went to market for you?" asked the mistress in a level tone

"Well, it amounts to that—yes."

Mrs. Salisbury threw her husband one glance. "Well, I'll tell you what we have decided in the morning, Justine," she said with dignity. "That's all. You needn't wait."

Justine went back to her kitchen, and Mr. Salisbury, smiling, said:

"Sally, how unreasonable you are! And how you do dislike that girl!"

The outrageous injustice of this scattered to the winds Mrs. Salisbury's last vestige of calm, and after one scathing summary of the case she refused to discuss it at all, and opened the evening paper with marked deliberation.

For the next two or three weeks she did all the marketing herself, but this plan did not work well. Bills doubled in size, and so many things were forgotten, or were ordered at the last instant by telephone and arrived too late, that the whole domestic system was demoralized.

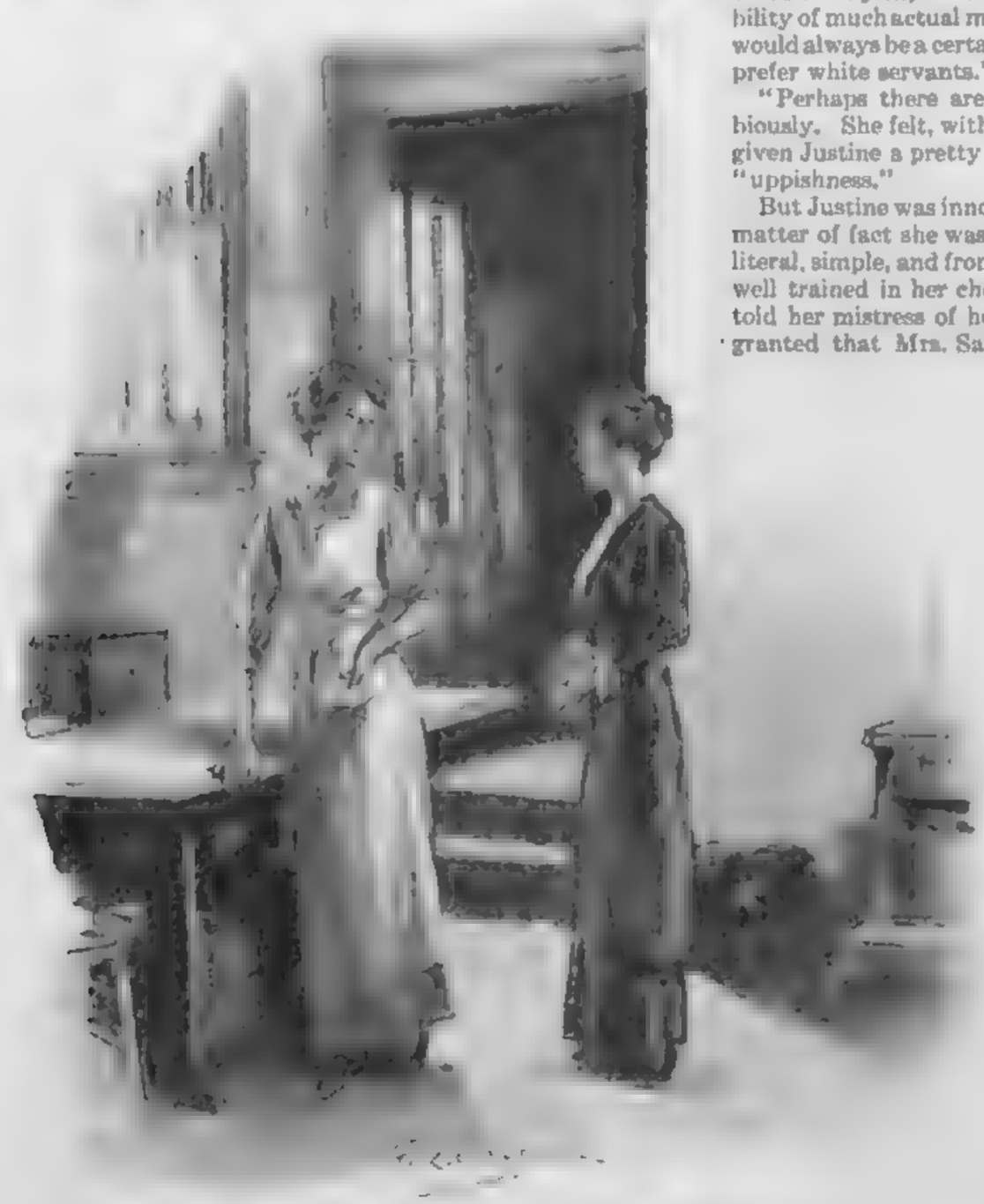
Presently, of her own accord, Mrs. Salisbury reëstablished Justine with her allowance and with full authority to shop when and how she pleased, and peace fell again. But smoldering in Mrs. Salisbury's bosom was a deep resentment at this peculiar and annoying state of affairs. She began to resent everything Justine did and said, as one human being shut up in the same house with another is very apt to do.

No schooling ever made it easy to accept the sight of Justine's leisure, when she herself was busy. It was always exasperating, when perhaps making beds upstairs, to glance from the window and see Justine starting for market, her handsome figure well displayed in her long dark coat, her shining braids half-hidden by her simple, yet dashing hat.

"I walked home past Perry's," Justine would perhaps say on her return, "to see their prize chrysanthemums. They really are wonderful! The old man took me over the greenhouses himself and showed me everything!"

Or, perhaps, unpacking her market basket by the spotless kitchen table, she would confide innocently:

"Samuels is really having an extraordinary sale of serges this morning. I went in and got two dress lengths for my sister's children. If I can find a good dressmaker I really believe I'll have one myself. I think ——" Justine would eye her vegetables thoughtfully, "I think I'll go up now and have my bath, and cook these later."



"While You are in My House You Will Do as I Say"

Mrs. Salisbury could reasonably find no fault with this. But an indescribable irritation possessed her whenever such a conversation took place. The coolness!—she would say to herself as she went upstairs—wandering about to shops and greenhouses, and quietly deciding to take a bath before luncheon! Why, Mrs. Salisbury had had maids who never once asked for the use of the bathroom, although they had been for months in her employ.

She could not attack Justine on this score. But she began to entertain the girl with enthusiastic accounts of the domestics of earlier and better days.

"My mother had a girl," she said, "a girl named Norah O'Connor. I remember her very well. She swept, she cleaned, she did the entire washing for a family of eight, and she did all the cooking. And such cookies, and pies, and gingerbread as she made! All for sixteen dollars a month. We regarded Norah as a member of the family and, even on her holidays, she would take three or four of us and walk with us to my father's grave; that was all she wanted to do. You don't see her like in these days, dear old Norah!"

Justine listened respectfully, silently. Once, when her mistress was enlarging upon the advantages of slavery, the girl commented mildly:

"Doesn't it seem a pity that the women of the United States didn't attempt at least to train all those Southern colored people for house servants? It seems to be their natural element. They love to live in white families, and they have no caste pride. It would seem to be such a waste of good material, letting them worry along without much guidance all these years. It almost seems as if the Union owed it to them."

"Dear me, I wish somebody would! I, for one, would love to have dear old mammies round me again," Mrs. Salisbury said with fervor. "They know their place," she added neatly.

"The men could be butlers and gardeners and coachmen," pursued Justine.

"Yes; and with a lot of finely trained colored women in the market, where would you girls from the college be?" the other woman asked, not without a spice of mischief.

"We should be a finer type of servant for more fastidious people," Justine scored by answering soberly. "You could hardly expect a colored girl to take the responsibility of much actual managing, I should suppose. There would always be a certain proportion of people who would prefer white servants."

"Perhaps there are," Mrs. Salisbury admitted dubiously. She felt, with a sense of triumph, that she had given Justine a pretty strong hint against her apparent "uppishness."

But Justine was innocently impervious to hints. As a matter of fact she was not an exceptionally bright girl; literal, simple, and from very plain stock, she was merely well trained in her chosen profession. Sometimes she told her mistress of her fellow-graduates, taking it for granted that Mrs. Salisbury entirely approved of all the ways of the American School of Domestic Science.

"There's Mabel Frost," said Justine one day. "She would have graduated when I did, but she took the fourth year's work. She really is of a very fine family; her father is a doctor. And she has a position with a doctor's family now, right near here, in New Troy. There are just two in the family, and both are doctors, and away all day. So Mabel has a splendid chance to keep up her music."

"Music?" Mrs. Salisbury asked sharply.

"Piano. She's had lessons all her life. She plays very well too."

"Yes; and some day the doctor or his wife will come in and find her at the piano, and your friend will lose her fine position," Mrs. Salisbury suggested.

"Oh, Mabel never would have touched the piano without their permission," Justine said quickly, with a little resentful flush.

"I Would Like to Put That Girl in Her Place, Once!"

"You mean that they are perfectly willing to have her use it?" Mrs. Salisbury asked.

"Oh, quite!"

"Have they *adopted* her?"

"Oh, no! No; Mabel is twenty-four or five."

"What's the doctor's name?"

"Mitchell. Dr. Quentin Mitchell. He's a member of the Burning Woods Club."

"A member of the *Club!* And he allows ——" Mrs. Salisbury did not finish her thought. "I don't want to say anything against your friend," she began again presently, "but for a girl in her position to waste her time studying music seems rather absurd to me. I thought the very idea of the college was to content girls with household positions."

"Well, she is going to be married next spring," Justine said, "and her husband is quite musical. He plays a church organ. I am going to dinner with them on Thursday, and then to the Gadski concert. They're both quite music mad."

"Well, I hope he can afford to buy tickets for Gadski, but marriage is a pretty expensive business," Mrs. Salisbury said pleasantly. "What is he? A chauffeur, a salesman?" To do her justice she knew the question would not offend, for Justine, like any girl from a small town, was not fastidious as to the position of her friends; was very fond of the policeman on the corner and his pretty wife; and liked a chat with Mrs. Sargent's chauffeur when occasion arose.

But the girl's answer, in this case, was a masterly thrust.

"No; he's something in a bank, Mrs. Salisbury. He's paying teller in that little bank at Burton Corners, beyond Burning Woods. But, of course, he hopes for promotion; they all do. I believe he is trying to get into the River Falls Mutual Savings, but I'm not sure."

Mrs. Salisbury felt the blood in her face. Kane Salisbury had been in a bank when she married him; he was cashier of the River Falls Mutual Savings Bank now.

She carried away the asters she had been arranging without further remark. But Justine's attitude rankled. Mrs. Salisbury, absurd as she felt her own position to be, could not ignore the impertinence of her maid's point of view. Theoretically what Justine thought mattered less than nothing. Actually it really made a great difference to the mistress of the house.

"I would like to put that girl in her place, once!" thought Mrs. Salisbury. She began to wish that Justine would marry, and to envy those of her friends who were still struggling with untrained Maggies and Julias and Chloes. Whatever their faults, these girls were still servants, old-fashioned "help"—they drudged away at cooking and beds and sweeping all day, and rattled dishes far into the night.

The possibility of getting a second little maid occurred to her. She suggested it tentatively to Sandy.

"You couldn't, unless I'm mistaken, mother," Sandy said briskly, eying a sandwich before she bit into it. The

ladies were at luncheon. "For a graduate servant can't work with any but a graduate servant; that's the rule. At least I *think* it is!" And Sandy, turning toward the pantry, called: "Oh, Justine!"

"Justine," she asked, when the maid appeared, "isn't it true that you graduates can't work with untrained girls in the house?"

"That's the rule," Justine assented.

"And what does the school expect one to pay a second girl?" pursued the daughter of the house.

"Well, where there are no children, twenty dollars a month," said Justine, "with one dollar each for every person more than two in the family. Then, in that case, the head servant, as we call the cook, would get five dollars less a month. That is, I would get thirty-two dollars, and the assistant twenty-three."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Salisbury. "Thank you, Justine. We were just asking. Fifty-five dollars for the two!" she ejaculated under her breath, when the girl was gone. "Why I could get a fine cook and waitress for less than that!"

And instantly the idea of two good maids instead of one graduated one, possessed her. A fine cook in the kitchen paid, say, twenty-five, and a second girl paid sixteen. And none of these ridiculous and inflexible regulations! Ah, the satisfaction of healthily imposing upon a maid again, of rewarding that maid with the gift of a half-worn gown as a peace offering! Mrs. Salisbury drew a long breath. The time had come for a change.

Mr. Salisbury, however, routed the idea with scorn. His wife had no argument hardy enough to survive the blighting breath of his astonishment. And Alexandra, casually approached, proved likewise unfavorable.

"I am certainly not furthering my own comfort alone in this, as you and daddy seem inclined to think," Mrs. Salisbury said severely to her daughter. "I feel that Justine's system is an imposition upon you, dear. It isn't right for a pretty girl of your age to be caught dusting the sitting room, as Owen caught you yesterday. Daddy and I can keep a nice home, we keep a motor car, we put the boys in good schools, and it doesn't seem fair ——"

"Oh, fair your grandmother!" Sandy broke in, with a breezy laugh. "If Owen Sargent doesn't like it he can just go *to!* Look at *his* mother, eating dinner the other day with four representatives of the Waitresses' Union! Marching in a parade with dear knows who! Besides ——"

"It is very different in Mrs. Sargent's case, dear," said Mrs. Salisbury simply. "She could afford to do anything, and consequently it doesn't matter what she does! It doesn't matter what you do, if you can afford not to. The point is that we can't really afford a second maid."

"I don't in the least see what that has to do with it!" said the girl of the coming generation cheerfully.

"It has *everything* to do with it," the woman of the passing generation answered seriously.

"As far as Owen goes," Sandy went on thoughtfully, "I'm only too much afraid he's the other way. What do you suppose he's going to do now? He's going to establish a little neighborhood house for boys, down on River Street, The Cyrus Sargent Memorial. And, if you please, he's going to *live* there! It's a ducky house; he showed me the blueprints, with the darlingest apartment for himself you ever saw, and a plunge, and a roof gymnasium. It's going to cost, endowment and all, seven hundred thousand ——"

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Salisbury said, as one stricken.

"And the worst of it is," Alexandra pursued, with a sympathetic laugh for her mother's concern, "that he'll meet some Madonna-eyed little factory girl or laundry worker down there and feel that he owes it to her to ——"

"My poor little girl, and break your heart ——" the mother began, all tender solicitude.

"It's not so much a question of my heart," Sandy answered composedly, "as it is a question of his entire life, and mine too! It's so senseless!"

"And you can sit there calmly discussing it!" Mrs. Salisbury said, thoroughly out of temper with the entire scheme of things mundane. "Upon my word I never saw or heard anything like it!" she observed. "I wonder that you don't quietly tell Owen that you care for him!"

And she rose from her chair, and went quickly out of the room, every line in her erect little figure expressing exasperation and inflexibility. Sandy, smiling sleepily, reopened an interrupted novel. But she stared over the open page into space for a few moments, and finally spoke: "Upon my word I don't know that that's at all a bad idea!"

VI

"MRS. SALISBURY," said Justine, when her mistress came into the kitchen one December morning, "I've had a note from Mrs. Sargent ——"

"From Mrs. Sargent?" Mrs. Salisbury repeated, astonished. And to herself she said: "She's trying to get Justine away from me!"

"She writes as Chairman of the Department of Civics of the Forum Club," pursued Justine, referring to the letter she held in her hand, "to ask me if I will address the club some Thursday on the subject of the College of Domestic Science. I know that you expect to give a card party some Thursday, and I thought I would make sure just which one you meant."

Mrs. Salisbury, taken entirely unaware, was actually speechless for a moment. The Forum was, of all her clubs, the one in which membership was most prized by the women of River Falls. It was not a large club, and she had longed for many years somehow to place her name among the eighty on its roll. The richest and most exclusive women of River Falls belonged to the Forum Club; its few rooms, situated in the business part of town and handsomely but plainly furnished, were full of subtle reminders that here was no mere social center; here responsible members of the recently enfranchised sex met to discuss civic betterment, schools and municipal budgets, minimum wage laws and child labor, library appropriations, liquor laws and sewer systems. Local politicians were beginning to respect the Forum; local newspapers reported its conventions and printed its communications.

"But, My Child! Can't You See What a Dreadful Thing You've Done!"

Mrs. Salisbury was really a little bit out of place among the clever, serious young doctors, architects, lawyers, philanthropists and writers who belonged to the club. But her membership therein was one of the things in which she felt an unalloyed satisfaction. If the discussions ever secretly bored or puzzled her she was quite clever enough to conceal it. She sat, her handsome face, under her handsome hat, turned toward the speaker, her bright eyes immovable as she listened to reports and expositions. And after the motion to adjourn had been duly made, she had her reward. Rich women, brilliant women, famous women chatted with her cordially as the Forum Club streamed downstairs. She was asked to luncheons, to teas; she was whirled home in the limousines of her fellow members. No other one thing in her life seemed to Mrs. Salisbury so definite a social triumph as her membership in the Forum.

Her election had come about after years of secret longing to become a member. Sandy, who was about twelve at the time, during a call from Mrs. Sargent had said:

"Why haven't you ever joined the Forum, mother?"

"Why, yes; why not?" Mrs. Sargent had added.

This gave Mrs. Salisbury an opportunity to say:

"Well, I have been a very busy woman, and couldn't have done so, with these three dear children to watch. But, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Sargent, I have never been asked. At least," she went on scrupulously, "I am almost sure I never have been!" The implication was that the Forum's card of invitation might have been overlooked for more important affairs.

"I'll send you another card," the great lady had said, at once. "You're just the sort we need," Mrs. Sargent had continued. "We've got enough widows and single women in now: what we want are the real mothers who need shaking out of the groove!"

Mrs. Sargent happened to be president of the club at that time, so Mrs. Salisbury had only to ignore graciously the rather offensive phrasing of the invitation and to await the news of her election, which duly and promptly arrived.

And now Justine had been asked to speak at the Forum! It was the most distasteful bit of information that had come Mrs. Salisbury's way in a long, long time! She felt in her heart a stinging resentment against Mrs. Sargent, with her mad notions of equality, and against Justine, who was so complacently and contentedly accepting this monstrous state of affairs.

"That is very kind of Mrs. Sargent," said she, fighting for dignity; "she is very much interested in working girls and their problems, and I suppose she thinks this might be a good advertisement for the school too." This idea had just come to Mrs. Salisbury, and she found it vaguely soothing. "But I don't like the idea," she ended firmly, "it—it seems very odd, very—very conspicuous. I should prefer you not to consider anything of the kind."

"I should prefer," was said in the tone that means "I command," yet Justine was not satisfied.

"Oh; but why?" she asked.

"If you force me to discuss it," said Mrs. Salisbury, in sudden anger, "because you are my maid! My gracious, you are my maid!" she repeated, pent-up irritation finding an outlet at last. "There is such a relationship as mistress and maid, after all! While you are in my house you will do as I say. It is the mistress' place to give orders, not to take them, not to have to argue and defend herself ——"

"Certainly, if it is a question about the work the maid is supposed to do," Justine defended herself, with more spirit than the other woman had seen her show before. "But what she does with her leisure—why, it's just the same as what a clerk does with his leisure, nobody questions it, nobody ever considers ——"

"I tell you that I will not stand here and argue with you," said Mrs. Salisbury, with more dignity in her tone than in her words. "I say that I don't care to have my maid exploited by a lot of fashionable women, at a club, and that ends it! And I must add," she went on, "that I am extremely surprised that Mrs. Sargent should approach you in such a matter without consulting me!"

"The relationship of mistress and maid," Justine said slowly, "is what has always made the trouble. Men have decided what they want done in their offices, and never have any trouble in finding boys to fill the vacancies. But women expect ——"

"I really don't care to listen to any further theories from that extraordinary school," said Mrs. Salisbury decidedly. "I have told you what I expect you to do, and I know you are too sensible a girl to throw away a good position ——"

"Mrs. Salisbury, if I intended to say anything in such a little talk that would reflect on this family, or even to mention it, it would be different; but, as it is ——"

"I should hope you *wouldn't* mention this family!" Mrs. Salisbury said hotly. "But even without that ——"

"It would be merely an outline of what the school is, and what it tries to do," Justine interposed. "Miss Holley, our founder and president, was most anxious to have us interest the general public in this way, if ever we got a chance."

"What Miss Holley—whoever she is—wanted, or wants, is nothing to me!" Mrs. Salisbury said magnificently. "You know how I feel about this matter, and I have nothing more to say."

She left the kitchen on the very end of the last word, and Justine perforce not answering, she hoped that the affair was concluded, once and for all.

(Continued on Page 35)

BEATING BACK

By Al J. Jennings and Will Irwin

Planning My Comeback

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

The Deputy Had Done the Unexpected by Coming Through the Chapel

PRISONERS in the Ohio penitentiary were divided into four classes, graded downward according to their privileges. After my attempt to escape, my month in Solitary, and my three weeks in the hospital, I was placed, as I have said, in the fourth class, which included rebels, incorrigibles and men undergoing heavy punishment.

The ordinary convict, upon entering the penitentiary, took his place in the second class. From there, if his conduct was good, he might work upward to the first class. The fourth-class men also rose in time if they showed a repentant spirit and were not caught disobeying the rules.

The only practical difference lay in the dress. We wore black-and-white canvas stripes with a blue panel down the back of the jacket; the third-class men wore gray suits with black stripes. We looked at a distance like Bengal tigers and they like African zebras.

We divided our time, without variation, between the workshop, the dining room and our cells. Alone among the prisoners we walked in lockstep. On Sunday, chapel broke the monotony for the first and second classes of the men. We were not allowed even that. Sunday dinner was supposed to be a special affair. We each received a plate of beans, blue with soda, a ration of fat pork—often rancid—and a piece of punk, or heavy prison bread. When we had finished we dug a hole in the remains of our bread, filled it with beans, and carried the whole mess to our cells for supper. The rest of the day we lived in solitude. We could send out no letters. We had no visitors.

The Meanest Man in Prison

THE fare at nigger-table—the prison name for our dining room—scarcely suited the needs of a man just recovering from starvation. Under it I continued thin and weak. Others more strongly constituted seemed to thrive. I had next to me for several weeks a prisoner named Barker—let us call him—who at Sunday dinner would grab up my untasted beans and bread, and tuck them into the breast of his shirt. If the guard looked away for a moment he would make another raid on the common supply. Often, in marching behind him, I have had to step sidewise to keep from slipping on the beans that rattled from his clothes.

Of Barker it used to be said that he never obeyed a rule. Once, during my term in the transfer office, I saw him standing on a box in the middle of the campus. He wore a sandwich-sign which read:

"I am the meanest man in the Ohio penitentiary! I have been whipped every day since I was committed."

The guards paraded the lines past him so that the other men could witness his disgrace. Then the warden approached him and said:

"You have been held up in the sight of your comrades as one who has disgraced them."

"Warden," said Barker, "it's the first time I've had a chance to see all the boys since I came in here."

Even his criminal record was unusual—he had been convicted three times for stealing the same horse.

As I worked along in the fourth class, watching everything convict fashion, getting my gossip by hints, gestures, brief conversations from the corner of a mouth, I learned for certain a few things about punishment that I had previously known only by rumor. The whippings scarred men for life, but never killed any one to my knowledge; but men died of the water.

In this form of torture they took the culprit to the cellar and stripped him. One or two guards in mackintoshes would hold him from behind while another turned on his breast and arms a stream from a big hose at sixty pounds' pressure. It stung like a million needles. Then they would turn it on his face. He would hold his mouth shut as long as he could, but in time he had to gasp. Then the stream would go—swish!—into his mouth, filling his lungs and stomach. It always bowled him over. He would lie on the floor until the doctors revived him; after which it was usually a term in Solitary. One little, rebellious negro who worked next to me in the bolt shop got the water twice in succession. When he came back from the second dose he looked weak and shaky; and suddenly he spoke to me against orders.

"Boss, Ise mighty sick!" he said, and immediately the blood gushed from his mouth. They took him to the hospital, and there he died. This is the only case to which I can witness personally, but I know of others on information I cannot doubt.

I found out also the uses of that high-hanging pair of handcuffs I noticed in my dark cell. By them the guards strung up especially vicious prisoners. The man was suspended until his toes just touched, and sometimes he endured this position for forty-eight hours. When let down he always collapsed.

From time to time exposés of such conditions in American prisons reach the press. They always come from convict sources; and the wardens and guards always deny them. The average respectable citizen hears the word of a convict against the word of duly appointed officials—and you know which he believes. There is a little whitewashing—the local color of a penitentiary is whitewash—and things proceed as usual. I am speaking now of conditions during my prison term. I have taken very little interest in the Ohio state penitentiary since 1901.

My work lay in the contract department of the bolt shop. That was illegal. According to law, Federal prisoners, in which class I belonged, could not be worked on contract; but in the general system of Ohio the authorities overlooked that. The contractors paid thirty cents a day for the services of each convict and made what they could. The very hell of the institution was the foundry, where men labored ten or twelve hours a day at steel-work. It killed a good many and wrecked the health of others. Constantly men turned ladles of hot metal over their own feet in order to get into the hospital.

I am aware that the steel companies work their men—on certain processes—twelve hours a day, and that the workers live through it; but the conditions are very different. The free laborer is fitted by constitution for the work, or he would never stay by it. He can take a day off now and then. In his leisure he can get open air and recreation. He can buy food that suits him. Finally, and most important of all, is the mental attitude—he does not have to do it.

My size and weakness saved me from the foundry. The bolt shop was then, I understand, the largest factory of its kind in America. For six months I worked there eleven hours a day at various jobs. First, I separated faulty wagontire nuts from perfect ones. The product came hot from the boiling water employed to cut the grease, and my fingers got very sore. Then they put me on the header machine. A guard who liked me transferred me to the shipping room as a bookkeeper. It was against the rules for a fourth-class man to do clerical work. The deputy discovered this irregularity and put me back.

I ended my term in the bolt shop as operator of an automatic nut machine. This was the finest piece of mechanism I had ever seen. I came to have for it a queer personal affection.

The men on piece price—an institution devised to beat the statutes—received a certain allowance for all work above a certain assigned task. Some made as much as eighty cents a day—though this was uncommon. The convict must deposit these earnings at the warden's office against his release; but he was allowed, as I recall it, a dollar a month, which he could spend for tobacco, or leather pies from the restaurant, or newspapers. We contract men had no wage allowance of any kind.

One day, as I was driving my machine, a well-dressed man stepped up beside me and watched the nuts hammering out into the box. I recognized him; he had an interest in the contract.

"What is the capacity of this machine?" he asked.

"Fourteen pounds an hour, sir," I replied. I quote this and the following figures from memory.

"How many pounds an hour do you turn out?" he proceeded.

"Sometimes only eleven; sometimes as much as thirteen," I replied.

The Contractor's Dirty Trick

"IF YOU'LL speed this machine up without breaking it I'll give you a quarter of a cent a pound for every pound you make over eleven," he said. That meant perhaps ten cents a day—only a little, but it gave me an object in life. No free man understands what that means to a fourth-class convict.

The nut machine was a delicate thing and must be sped up cautiously. Twisting a screw a sixtieth part of an inch too far might smash all the tools on the headblock. I nursed it like a baby and ran it almost to capacity. By the end of the month I had earned—if I remember correctly—something more than two dollars. On payday I presented myself in line for the money. The clerk stared at me—he could not find my name on the list.

I complained to the general manager of our shop. He looked sorry for me as he said:

"I don't want to hear any more about that! He did it to prove that you could speed up the machine. It's an old trick!"

I worked on languidly now, my one object in life gone. I looked up on one depressed day, and there stood the subcontractor who had worked this trick on me. I saw him suddenly—before I had time to get myself under control. We eyed each other for a moment. And I spoke first—against the rules.

"Where's that money you promised me?" I asked.

"You're entitled to nothing!" he said. "You've proved that you can run your machine to capacity. Now do it, or I'll send you to the cellar and have you punished!"

I heard a movement at my back and knew the guard was closing in on me. He started too late. I grabbed my hammer and struck to kill. The contractor dodged and ran down the steps, the hammer after him. The guard grabbed me and an uproar followed.

"You'll go to the cellar!" he said in an undertone. "I hate to do it, but too many saw this."

I turned sick. I knew what I had suffered in the cellar before. I was surprised when I reported for trial next morning to find myself charged simply with talking without permission. The guard, however, had made a verbal

report to the deputy. Things were sometimes done that way in order to keep the offense off the records. A full investigation would have brought out the contractor's little trick.

Deputy Dawson looked at me a long time in his cool, determined way before he said:

"You have an awful temper! Maybe you're not to blame this time. That man had no business there." I remember that he sputtered for a moment before he added: "I wish I were boss here! I'd cut those damned contracts out of this place. They make most of my trouble with the prisoners."

So I returned this time without punishment or reprimand. When Deputy Dawson had a free hand he could be depended upon to deal out justice. I would have trusted him much sooner than the average police magistrate; but he, like the prisoner, was confronted by the system which controlled Ohio politics.

That trick of the contractor appeals to me now as the most despicable thing I ever knew! And I was not the only victim of this device for increasing profits. A few weeks later the fire-bell rang in the night. The guards took their places along the cellar tier in order to get us out if the fire should reach our block; and they told us that the shops were burning. The fire, as we learned later, started in the bolt shop. Perhaps I was the only man—besides the incendiary—who understood its origin. Even then the evidence was circumstantial. A life-termer, who had been sped up in some such manner as I, had asked me in passing snatches a few days before whether I knew how long it would take an inch of candle to burn.

While they were rebuilding the bolt shop, six or seven hundred of us loafed in the idle house. In a month they had the new building roofed over, and we returned to our jobs. Nearly six months had passed since I first put on the fourth-grade stripes. My health was failing fast, owing to my trouble with prison food, and the silent routine had begun eating into me.

A Long-Deferred Promotion

BESIDES the hope of escape, the only interest of a fourth-class man is the attempt to break that killing, deadening routine. For example, our prison consumed twice as many drugs as the prisoners ever took. A fourth-class prisoner would put in an order for quinine or pills just to make the clerk come to his door in the evening for a chat or a spat. When the visitor had gone he would throw away the drugs.

I could write a chapter on the malingering by which men imitated the symptoms of tuberculosis or chronic digestive troubles in order to get pardons. There was just as much malingering to get a day in the hospital, with leisure and special food. Every morning the doctors thrust thermometers into the mouths of the sick line. Unless one could show a high temperature the prisoner usually returned to work. To produce this effect the men would put cayenne pepper under their tongues—an agonizing process which, however, usually brought results. In this connection I once broke routine myself by a practical joke.

She Had Thrown Her Arms About His Neck and They Were Both Crying

A little negro worked next to me in the shops. One morning he got a chance to say from the corner of his mouth:

"Boss, how does those fellows git sent to hospital? I'd pow'ful like to rest up an' eat some good grub."

"Jack, I'll tell you," I said. "Tomorrow morning report yourself sick; then steal a piece of ice from the watercooler and, just before the croaker takes your temperature, put it under your tongue."

Next morning I reported myself sick and followed the negro to see the fun. The doctor took the thermometer from the negro's mouth and looked it over carelessly until he caught the figures. Then his eyes popped out of his head.

"Gee-meny crickets, nigger!" he exclaimed. "You're dead!"

At that the negro's mouth flew open with surprise and out came the piece of ice. Doctors, convicts and guards joined in the laugh.

"Get into bed!" said the boss doctor. "You've sprung a new one on me and you deserve a reward!"

The time had long passed when, according to custom—there was no rule in the matter—I should have been promoted out of the fourth class; and still I wore stripes and worked in the bolt shop. By this and various other signs I realized that instead of being one of the pet convicts I had become a star sinner, with a reputation for trying to escape.

Had they only known it, my main driving motive for escape was gone. Frank, Bud and Bill had been sent to the penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth under circumstances which, when I heard of them, made me almost happy with gratitude and admiration. The authorities had a hard time getting enough evidence to convict them of the Chickasha robbery. Finally an underofficial made them an offer, which they accepted: If they would plead guilty to a minor degree and take five years the authorities would see that my sentence was commuted from life to five years. Had they stood pat they might have gone clear; they took a sentence to release me. The authorities acted in bad faith again. Once Frank, Bud and Bill were safely landed at Fort Leavenworth they made not the slightest move for my release.

The Guard Grabbed Me and an Uproar Followed

A lucky circumstance brought my promotion from fourth class. Before my attempt at escape I had played the tuba in the prison band. When I went into stripes, with no privileges, the band stopped for want of a tuba player. Some special entertainment was coming in the prison chapel and the guards who arranged the program wanted a band. Moreover, a real bandmaster, a thorough German musician, had just entered the prison. So there came a sudden order transferring me from the bolt contract to the state shop, and from fourth grade to second.

That night the guards took me over to the schoolroom and we had band practice. I was enjoying myself mightily with my new liberty and my instrument when Warden Coffin entered the room. He cheered our rehearsal and seemed in high spirits to know that the band was playing again—until he got sight of my face. Then he stopped like a pointer dog on a quail.

"Who brought you out?" he asked.

I did not know, and I so informed him. The guard in charge explained that I was the only tuba player in the prison. Again, as it turned out, I owed gratitude to the gruff but just deputy. He had seen other men—no better than I—promoted from fourth class over my head, and he had taken the first chance to raise me. I understand the warden and the deputy had high words that night; but it was done and could not be undone without trouble.

The New Warden Arrives

NOW Ohio had elected a new governor, which meant a change in administrative offices and a new warden—Darby. The news went through the prison, followed by suppressed excitement. The transfer of office was to be made and the new warden to take charge during chapel services of a Sunday. Not a heart in the institution but beat a little quicker as the time approached. In this man lay all our individual hopes of easy berths and perhaps of release.

Yet, as it happened, I was perhaps the only man among us who did not see the new warden enter the chapel that morning. The band had prepared a special overture and I played a tuba solo. I had groomed that solo to the last hair. Also I felt like playing. I put my whole heart into the music; and when I finished the men called me back three times to repeat. Applause during chapel was one thing the guards could never stop. The boys used even to applaud the chaplain's sermons. So I grew a little drunk with the cheering, as all dramatic stars do, and forgot to watch the vacant chair on the platform. As I turned to my seat I faced it. No longer was it vacant. A big, pleasant-faced man sat there, clapping vigorously. I acknowledged his applause by a bow.

Prisoners grow very observant. They are always scrutinizing faces for the little, unconsidered turns of expression. Especially do they watch their superiors for any signs of mercy or severity or personal attention. During the sermon I had a corner of my eye on the two wardens as they sat covertly whispering. I saw that they were in earnest conversation; and presently the new warden, Mr. Darby, turned and looked straight at me.

The thermometer of my expectations went down forty degrees, for I knew that the retiring warden was loading him up with information. If I had been called upon to repeat my solo it would have gone flat. Then I saw the new warden settle back with a strange, determined look that I did not understand. They went on talking and the old warden seemed to be excited. His face took on a heightened color; he even forgot the place and the eyes on him, and made gestures

I left the platform in doubt, which did not last long. After chapel service the other musicians remained in

the hall while I was locked up—a special mark of disfavor. So plain was the sign that other convicts, passing my grating that afternoon, asked me from the corner of the mouth what in blazes I had done this time! Let me say, before I dismiss him, that Warden Coffin had a pretty good heart. He felt, though, that I had betrayed him when I took advantage of my special privileges to attempt an escape; and for such a performance he had little admiration.

On Monday morning I went back to the bolt shop with the feeling that another hope had died. That afternoon I was working mechanically when a warden's messenger, distinguished by a red stripe on his trousers, handed my guard an order. The guard turned to me.

"You are wanted out front, by order of the warden," he said.

Now if at this moment the President of the United States, say, should send for me, I should think at once of something pleasant—I would go to him expecting good luck; but when a prisoner is summoned by the authorities he thinks of nothing but bad luck. That is one great difference between a free man and a prisoner. In prison all the lines run downward.

At Last They Dumped Him Into the Demon Cage

As I left my machine I wondered what I had been discovered doing. I had smoked two or three cigars surreptitiously. I had talked against orders. Yet these offenses would take me to the cellar—not the warden's office.

Then I got a shock like a flood-wave, which left me, in my underfed weak condition, as limp as a rag. I remembered that a summons to the warden's office generally meant bad news from home. A prisoner has nothing but his imagination to work on. Mine ran so vividly that I was staggering when I reached the guardroom. That big, broad-shouldered, kindly-faced man, who was the new warden, met me at the door.

"Sit down!" he said, and his voice was kind.

In my dirty, oil-soaked, working suit I sank into a chair. Never in my life have I been in a more uncertain state of mind.

"I had a very good account of you from Warden Coffin yesterday," he said. Then it was not death in the family!

"I'm surprised," I said. "Warden Coffin hasn't reason to say anything good of me, for I violated his confidence by trying to escape," I went on, I remember, and explained just why I had sawed the bars.

"I was a little surprised myself," said the new warden, "at the kind words he used. He said you were the stubbornest son-of-a-gun in the institution!" We both laughed; then we fell to talking freely.

"When I came into this place I made up my mind that no one should prejudice me against a soul in here. After all, we're just men!" said Warden Darby.

Good Fortune in Disguise

HE WENT on frankly to tell of his first impressions. The things he had seen in the nut house and the foundries had pretty well sickened him. He led me to give my own impressions and to suggest remedies. He seemed impressed by two of my ideas—first, that most of the prison mutinies, murders and disturbances came from inconsiderate treatment in little things; and second, that it was a crime to work light and weak men on heavy contracts. All this time a place in the back of my head was at work wondering what this man would do for me; and hope grew. Suddenly he broached that subject and spoke about as follows:

"I know about your history. I've had it from both sides. You have been handled roughly and again you've been treated pretty humanely. You're in delicate health. You can't live long on the bolt contract. I'm going to give you a chance, for I believe you are all right."

You can imagine how happy I felt for a moment—but he hadn't finished talking. He went on:

"I know that a guard gave you the saws with which you tried to escape. A man who does that isn't fit for a place in this institution. He was prompted by kindness, and for that I'll be merciful. He could get ten years; but if you'll tell me who he was I'll send him home without further punishment, and I won't mention your name."

The world went black again; and never in my life was I so tempted as in that moment! By now every one knew who gave me the saws. He had made the mistake of keeping away from me. If he had maintained his friendly attitude no one would have suspected him so much; this made certainty of suspicion. He'd lose his job eventually—it would not hurt him very much if I did tell. I wondered, too, how long I could live on the bolt contract and the food of the common dining room. I had to get up all my resolution to answer: "Warden, I expected something better from you than that. I've never betrayed a trust, whatever else I've done. I can't now."

Warden Darby turned abruptly to a guard.

"Take him back to the bolt contract!" he said.

If I had possessed the weapon I should have killed myself on the spot. I remembered that there were knives and dangerous machines in the bolt shop. I went back with the firm intention of ending my life sentence then and there; but as I crossed the yard a whistle blew. The men came out of the shops and a guard shoved me into line.

We marched to the dining room, where we sopped up molasses with chunks of bread—no knives, no tools of any kind. After that it was my bare cell; and when I had thought all night and got a little sleep, I was willing to take another chance with life.

Before I had settled down to my machine, however, the warden's runner came in with another order—"Send 31,539 to the state shop." The state shop was the place where they changed a man's clothes when he went from one grade to the other. I did not begin to understand until I saw them coming with a shirt and tie. I ventured to ask the superintendent what had happened.

"An order from the warden to dress you in first-class uniform is all I know," he said.

Then a patrol guard led me to the chaplain's office and explained. I was promoted to the first class and given a position as chaplain's clerk.

I suspected then what I knew afterward—Warden Darby had been merely testing me. He knew that a man who stood by his word had manhood in him, even though he were "the stubbornest son-of-a-gun" in the Ohio State Penitentiary. When I refused to betray the guard I laid the way for my liberty. We never know our luck when we see it, I suppose.

I laugh now when I remember that I got into trouble on my first day with the chaplain. I had been appointed over his head; naturally he preferred to pick his own men from among his sincere or insincere converts. The first morning he held prayers in the office. I was then a skeptic of skeptics, though I have changed my views concerning religion since. Therefore I refused to kneel. He reported me. I went to the cellar. The deputy, after hearing both sides, ruled that no man could be punished for his religious convictions.

Part of my duty was to interrogate incoming prisoners concerning their private lives, and enter the answers on the proper blanks. Then and there I had light on prison statistics. One of the questions ran: "To what do you attribute your downfall?" In nine cases out of ten the experienced prisoner answered: "Drink." Men who never tasted liquor, because they did not like it, returned that answer just the same. To begin with it was a good, easy, conventional reason, which stopped further questioning; and then it gave the burglar, the murderer and the counterfeiter an excuse to work up sympathy. Men who had served many terms used to smile as they said it; and I grew so tired of putting down this insincere answer that I used to write "Natural depravity" or "Common thief," which were just as near the truth.

In time they transferred me to the post-office. There I served under the Honorable Tom Brannan, postmaster of the institution—a state appointee, not a convict. He was one of the most sincere Christians I had ever known. My fellow assistant was Billy Raidler, a train robber doing a ten-year sentence, from Oklahoma. The marshals shot him, crippling him for life, when they captured him. We had with us also a murderer doing a life term. There are conversions in prison—and again there are other conversions. Some convicts sincerely embrace religion; others do it from policy. I will not say in which class he belonged; but, since Mr. Brannan was religious, a little religion did not hurt the chances of an assistant. This man made a great parade of hymn-singing and prayer, so that Billy and I would throw weights at him. Then Mr. Brannan would interfere saying that, though the boy might shoot a few craps now and then, it was a great thing to be on the Lord's side. When Billy and I started swearing in the office Mr. Brannan would only whistle and say: "Boys, this is awful!" We respected his feelings so much that we cured ourselves of the habit.

The post-office was one of the interesting departments—you can't appreciate how interesting and how touching unless you yourself have lived within stone walls, eating your heart out for a word from home. My duty, besides helping address letters on writing day, was to deliver mail on the ranges. Under the rules all the letters that came into the prison post-office were opened by the postmaster or his clerks, and spread out in great stacks on the desk for reading and inspection.

Sometimes they contained money ranging in value from ten cents to ten dollars. That was always taken out and deposited to the prisoner's account. More often forbidden things were said in the text, owing to the writer's ignorance of prison rules—such as abuse of officials, plans for escape, and information of measures on foot for release. This last class of news is supposed to come only through the warden.

The penalty for these offenses fell not on the writer but on the convict, who, upon being reported, lost his writing permit. When such matters came to his attention Uncle Tom Brannan would undergo a struggle between Christian duty and Christian mercy. He always made the same decision. He would put the letter in his pocket, find occasion to have a quiet talk with the prisoner about it, and officially overlook the incident.

Handling the Prisoners' Mail

SOMETIMES we found little bits of fancy work, like embroidered handkerchiefs, done by the prisoner's womenfolks. To confiscate these articles—which we must do according to the rules—gave my heart the greatest wrench of all.

Sometimes letters would go astray. Then the prisoner would write to the warden accusing Mr. Brannan and his clerks of every crime from larceny to highway robbery. The investigation always proved that we had exercised the strictest honesty. I used to think that no man, unless he was devoid of every principle, would think of holding out a penny or a line of writing under such circumstances.

However, it had happened. One of my predecessors put away several hundred dollars by appropriating loose money whenever it was not mentioned in the text. Billy Raidler learned this; and for the first time in his life, he told me, he had to fight temptation to turn state's evidence. The exposure came from other sources and this man went back to work on the contracts.

I have returned from my nightly rounds with the tears starting in my eyes—the men were so pathetically eager and so often disappointed! Almost universally the friends and relatives of a new man fail to write during that first month which is the hardest of all to bear. I recognized these new men by the serial numbers on their doors. They would creep to the bars and whisper—for they are generally timid when they first go in—"Ain't there a letter for me?" I knew there was none, but I would stop and run through my pack to satisfy them.

Though prisoners were supposed to have no money, except the little tobacco allowance for overtime, the old and experienced among them knew ways of keeping cash about their cells for emergencies. And I had not served long in the post-office before they began offering me bribes to get out extra letters. The first-class men could write on two Sundays a month; the second-class only on one. That made Sunday and Monday busy days for us. I would deliver the paper, pen and ink, without envelopes, to each privileged man. Then I would help out the illiterate.

On Monday morning we collected these unsealed letters, stacked them in the post-office for reading, and finally addressed, stamped and sealed them. Now some men with many friends wanted to write more than one or two letters

a month, and others wanted to send out information that would not stand inspection. They would poke a silver coin or sometimes a bill at me; I would profess not to see the motion.

On the other hand, I did help certain friends or certain others who gave an especially appealing reason. Every prison, I suppose, has this transmission of contraband mail. It is vulgarly called the sewer route.

Before I had been in the post office long my brother Frank, in the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary, himself connected with the sewer route. Using some old associations as an entering wedge, he became friendly with a guard. This man went home for a visit every fortnight. I sent my letters for Frank to this guard at his home address. He would pass them to Frank when a good opportunity came. He also smuggled out Frank's letters to me. From my position in the post office I had little trouble in preventing the inspection of my incoming or outgoing mail.

During my term an escape was arranged by the sewer route. We had among us an old professional burglar, whom I will call Charlie. He belonged to a famous gang, which, as soon as he went up for a long term, began planning his escape. The subsequent plot involved a guard, who passed the letters in and out. It was arranged to have Charlie called into court at Cleveland as a witness. He went under guard, of course.

On his return trip the train was packed with his confederates. Just as the train stopped one man threw red pepper into the guard's eyes and pulled a gun. The rest of the gang grabbed the nearest passengers by the shoulders, yelling: "Sit down! You'll be shot! Don't take chances!" Charlie and his confederates got away without pursuit, and friends in Columbus hid him until he could be smuggled into Canada. I was to see Charlie again years later under curious circumstances.

Though, as I have said, I took no bribes, Billy and I did have a form of graft which we considered perfectly legitimate at the time. The office allowed one two-cent stamp to each privileged prisoner on each writing day. Some of the men had no friends outside and some had fallen into a state of bitter despair in which they hated the world. Their unused stamps belonged by custom to us. Sometimes Billy and I each made as much as four dollars a week by this method. This served to buy a few little comforts and luxuries, such as contraband beefsteaks from the commissary department.

It served, too, another purpose: Often when a patrol guard entered the post office to mail a letter he would throw down the money for the stamps. Billy and I would shove it back at him and stamp his letter from our private stock. When next that guard saw us with contraband goods he would turn his head and look the other way. Only two or three could not be corrupted by this small bribe—notably one laced-backed Puritan whom the men hated for his severity. Billy Raidler, on account of his disability, was a privileged character in the Ohio penitentiary. One day he said to this guard.

"What makes you so mean?"

The guard's face turned purple; then he said:

"I am just as strict with my own children at home."

"Then God pity your children!" said Billy.

Perhaps because of the reaction from the bolt shop and the dark cell those post-office days were the happiest I knew in prison. We slept in the office. On Sundays, when our writing-day business was over, we had the freedom of the offices and the yard; we were even allowed to play checkers or dominoes and pitch quoits. We could also gamble at penny-ante—surreptitiously. This was an offense punishable with great severity.

That we sometimes took the chance shows what men will do just to beat a prohibition. We found at last a little nook over the chapel study. There on Sunday nights we could be pretty safe from discovery; and that became the Monte Carlo of the first-class clerks. The stakes were high, considering circumstances. To lose twenty-five cents might mean the loss of tobacco for a week. When a jackpot mounted as high as forty cents there were some anxious faces.

One cold, sleety Sunday night Ikey, a clerk in the construction office, helped me carry Billy Raidler up to our nook over the chapel study—for Billy could not walk alone. The party included only men holding important jobs. I was dealing when one of my old intuitions, which so often saved me on the plains, made me look up at the transom.

Suddenly, there was the deputy!

We had sprinkled ashes on the steps so that the crunching would warn us of an approach, and we kept the dominoes ready to sweep into the place of the cards; but the deputy had done the unexpected by coming through the chapel. The look on my face was sufficient warning to the crowd. I got up as nonchalantly as I could and opened the door. The deputy looked us over pretty thoroughly and his first words reassured me.

"Who brought little Billy Raidler out this cold, dark night?" he asked.

"I was one of them, deputy," I said.

"Boys, don't you know better than to play poker?" he asked unexpectedly.

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The Butterfly

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

X

SINCE long trousers I have often been warned against that greatest of all perils to male humankind, the designing woman. I have read about her in novels, heard her mocking laughter over the plight of her victims upon the stage. All the way from Balzac to the Sunday funny page literature bristles with her. I have been alertly on the lookout for this calculating coquette, whose heartless cajoleries, false caresses, flattering pretenses are either mercenary or wantonly mischievous. With all the devices of an actress' art—and usually she is an actress—she disguises herself as a bright particular angel, entices you into a heart-whole belief in her, and when you turn your back grins at you like a vampire.

Now, if ever I meet this lady, I am confident that all these warnings will avail. I shall bow to her politely and pass by on the other side. I have never met her yet and I am becoming skeptical about her existence.

But no one had ever warned me against a person like Elaine. Yet I must admit, in spite of a warm affection for her, that she strikes me as about the most dangerous sort of woman there is. And the danger of her springs from a set of qualities exactly opposite to those which characterize the supposititious harpy.

Elaine wasn't designing, bless you! She never made a design in her life, except in her dancing. When a situation confronted her she plunged into it, joyously or tragically as the case might be, and got, I really believe, an equal satisfaction out of either sort. The chips fell where they might, and somebody, it seemed, was always following along behind with a basket, to pick them up and see whether or not they could be glued together again.

And as to feigning an emotion, Elaine never had time to do that, even supposing she had the inclination. She had so inexhaustible a supply of real emotions that it took all her time, and an amount of energy amounting to genius, to get them out of her system.

This leads me to remark that if Thomas Carlyle, or whoever it was who defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains, had only come to a full stop after the word "capacity" he would have struck off a real definition instead of one of the most glaring counterfeits that ever got currency.

Elaine Finally Acquired the Equipage for One Hundred and Seventy-Five Dollars

Elaine is the only genius I have ever known close to, and the essential quality about her, at least, is that of being inexhaustible. Any of us humdrum folk can burn up into a fairly good bonfire once in a lifetime perhaps. It is the people who always have fresh tinder for a new blaze, even before the coals of the last one have faded, whom we try to define under the name of genius, as a race apart.

And as a well-meant word of warning, when you meet any one like that, remember that it will be dangerous to try to come too close. I do not say, Don't do it. Getting really well lit up for once may be an experience worth the cost. But don't court it expecting to get off scot-free.

Why I was not burnt to a crisp myself—why Elaine's brief visit to Monroe did not leave an ashen simulacrum of a man, like an incandescent mantle, teaching drama at Monroe University—is something of a mystery. Do you know, though, I sometimes find myself half wishing it had. How one could have fallen in love with her!

But I was never further from doing it than I was that night as we trudged along the Shore Road in the direction of Marysville at the beginning of an adventure which amounted to a temporary elopement and would seem to have offered, to any one with a spark of romance about him—well, possibilities.

I must have given, during the first mile or two anyway, a distinctly pettish exhibition of ill temper, and I am convinced that one of the chief causes of it was this very inability to rise to the situation. Elaine was willing enough, goodness knew, and it exasperated me to think how much better almost any one else would have played my part.

"I don't blame you for being cross," said Elaine after a long silence. "You've a perfect right to be, poor dear, me getting you into a fix like this."

"Not at all," I said with a vicious kind of jocularity. "I shouldn't have had any reputation to lose if you hadn't just saved me with President Van Dyck."

"That is a nasty thing to say," observed Elaine judicially. "Look here!

Can't you really lose your temper, and begin calling me names and—slap me, or something, to get it out of your system?"

"I never struck anybody in my life," I said indignantly.

I didn't need Elaine's chuckle to convince me that I was making myself ridiculous.

"And I'm not going to begin now," I went on. "But—— Can't you see! It isn't the risk I mind, nor the trouble. I'd do anything for you—and you know it!"

Elaine growled then, exactly like a belligerent pup, and made me all the madder.

"It's the perfectly piffling foolishness of the whole affair. There's sure to be an entirely simple way of doing the business, if you'd only tell me what it's all about. If you'd just tell the truth for about five minutes."

"I would if I could," said Elaine mournfully.

"All right then," said I. "I'll tell you a few things. I've done something during the last half-hour besides nurse a grouch. I've been putting two and two together." I counted off ten paces in silence before I went on. Then: "In the first place, didn't you ——"

"That's a question!" Elaine interrupted.

"Well, then, you did. You told me that the very reason why you couldn't tell Maurice Carrington your secret was because he was in love with you. That makes it plain enough what kind of secret it is. There's only one thing that a girl finds it impossible to tell her lover."

"What is that?" asked Elaine; and for a moment her question left me floundering.

"Why, the polite way to talk about it," I said finally, "is to call it a Past. There's been some one else, some one you don't love any more who's still got some sort of hold on you. And you'll run any risk, submit to any condition, rather than let Maurice Carrington find out about him."

Elaine said nothing. What she did was to walk a little closer to me and slip her arm through mine.

Now what did she mean by that, I wondered! Was it an admission that I had hit upon the truth? I wished I could see her face, or read her mind in the dark the way she could mine.

Dorgan wouldn't have wasted his opportunities this way. He'd have staged the conversation with Elaine seated in the merciless glare of a strong light, and his eagle eyes would have fished her secret up from the very depths of her soul.

A story-book detective of the newer sort would have taken her round to the psychological laboratory at the University, attached her to a sphygmograph and a galvanometer, and from her pulse and the amount of moisture in the palms of her hands would have found out the whole, ultimate truth. But I couldn't be sure. I was getting over my grouch anyway.

"Telegraph to Carrington to come back," I urged. "Tell him everything. I know how he'd take it. He's not a jealous person. Why, look! He wasn't in the least jealous of me!"

Elaine choked over a suppressed laugh at that, and my wrath returned fourfold.

"I'm aware," I said icily, "that it's ridiculous for me to assume that I am the sort of person who could excite jealousy in anybody."

"It isn't that," she protested. "You could, but"—and here she stumbled again over a chuckle—"but you don't do anything."

Somehow it made me madder than ever to find myself consigned to the Chaperons' Union like that. And I was not mollified when she added, "You are a dear, you know."

I released my arm and walked on in what I meant for a dignified silence.

"I can tell you some more," I burst out at last, when it became clear that Elaine could keep quiet as long as I: "It was to meet this—this former lover of yours that you came to Monroe. You'd lost track of him somehow; never expected to see him again. But he did turn up and that is why you wouldn't let Carrington go on planning your marriage. You couldn't marry him until the other man was out of the way. You did see him. He was round all day Friday here in Monroe, and that's the day you got here. That's why you were so anxious that I should take charge of Carrington. You did go for a walk with him. He's the man Mrs. What's-Her-Name saw you going to the station with. Maybe you thought he was going to leave town and that you were through with him. But afterward you saw him going up in the hotel elevator, and that's what you went so white about. He had some connection with Mrs. Robinson, and that's why you wrote her a note."

"If you'd just tell all this to Mr. Dorgan," observed Elaine, "he'd be your friend for life."

"I don't care," I said. "You told me to get it off my chest, and I'm going to."

"Oh, it's all right," said Elaine, "only—only I didn't realize you were so terribly clever. Have you figured out anything more?"

As a matter of fact I hadn't. But just at that moment I did think of something. I made a silent calculation of hours and distances.

"There's this," I went on—and I'm afraid I did sound a little like Dorgan, doing it: "It was about twenty minutes past two, as nearly as I can figure it, when Carrington and I left you and Henriette in my rooms. There's nothing to have prevented you from going down to the station after that and seeing your man off on the two-forty-five northbound express. That would account for Dorgan's having the information that you had left town with him." And then I thought of something else that fairly made me jump.

"*Of* course!" I cried. "I've been a fool not to see it all from the first. Your man—the man with the scar on his cheek—got off that train at a town called Musgrove, about forty miles from Monroe. The train is an express, but it has to stop there on account of the junction. And the road it makes a junction with is the road that runs through Marysville, where we are going. Elaine, you're on the way to see him now!"

There is a quality to silences, but it is often of rather a negative sort. I knew Elaine was not offended, although Heaven knew she had cause enough to be. Hadn't I been calling her a liar, directly and by implication? Hadn't I hinted—well, rather more than hinted, if it came to that—at a discreditable episode of the sort that constitutes a Past? Now, though Elaine had not spoken a word all the time, there was nothing of anger about her silence. But what was the quality of it? Did it give assent, as silences are said to do? Had I solved Elaine's mystery—told her the true story of her first twenty-four hours in Monroe?

It checked up remarkably well anyway, and the glowing consciousness that I had made a case drove away the last of my sulks. I groped for Elaine's other hand in the dark.

"My dear child," I said, "can't you just admit that it's all true, and then let me help you?"

"If I did tell you it was true," said Elaine plaintively, "that would only make you think it wasn't."

And there I admit she had me. I could go on being sensible and severe and sulky, or I could laugh. I am glad to say I did the latter.

This, it seemed, was what Elaine had been waiting for from the beginning. She cuddled her arm through mine and quickened her pace a little.

"Do you know how far it is to Marysville?" she asked.

"I do," said I. "It's exactly eight and a quarter miles. I know, because Marysville is the students' standard excursion. There's a little inn there that is a regular objective for hayrides, sleighrides, and so on. And —— By George!" Here I stopped short in some consternation. "I believe they're having one of their fraternity dances out there tonight. It's Friday, isn't it? Yes, of course!"

"A dance!" cried Elaine as eagerly as if I had just told her we were invited. "I wish we could go!"

I think it must be very easy to write a romance. There is nothing then to prevent you from making yourself no end of a hero. Tall and strong and beautiful, you know, and with a kind of pantherlike quickness, so that you can box and fence and all that sort of thing better than anybody else.

If I had been that kind of man, think of the things that could have happened during our walk—adventures with automobile bandits and what-not. At the very least, Elaine could have got tireder and tireder and weaker and weaker, perhaps have turned her ankle on a pebble, and I could have picked her up lightly in my arms and carried her for miles and miles.

This veracious narrative, on the contrary, seems to consist in just one damaging admission after another. The fact was that, as we drew near Marysville, Elaine was swinging along at a good four miles an hour, with breath enough left to hum a tune whenever she happened to feel like it, and it was I who turned my ankle and limped along beside her, panting.

I managed to conceal this state of affairs from her until we reached the crest of the last hill and got, simultaneously, the sight of the lighted windows of the inn and the sounds of a popular turkey-trot tune. At these phenomena Elaine stopped and pricked up her ears like a young colt. For fifty yards, just there, the road would have been a credit to Massachusetts. She turned to me and held out her arms.

"Dance!" she commanded.

"Good Heaven!" I cried. "It's all I can do to walk. Here we've been racing along for miles and miles, and I've turned my ankle and I'm about dead. And now you ask me to dance! Haven't you any limit?"

Well, I suppose the definition of Elaine is that she hadn't. But she was so vividly concerned about my ankle, offering me her shoulder to lean on, wanting to take off my shoe and investigate the extent of the damage, and all, that I instantly regretted my outburst.

"What a perfect baby you must think me anyway," I said disgustedly.

"That's a silly thing to say," said Elaine, "just because you're tired and I'm not. I'm in training all the time. I practice six hours a day."

Do you know, it was the first time I had thought of that. Elaine's dancing had always seemed to me a sort of gift from Heaven. The fact that it involved a virtuosity as high as that of Elman or Godowsky had never occurred to me.

"Why, I'm just as hard as whipcord all over," she concluded, and held up her arms as if offering me the opportunity for a tentative poke or two.

I didn't take it, nor avail myself of the shoulder she wanted me to lean on.

"The railway station's just beyond the inn," I said, "across a little park, but I guess we'd better take some less conspicuous way of getting there."

The music came to a stop just then and we saw a little trickle of couples coming out of the inn. It was a fine night. An old moon was just getting up over the tops of the trees. The trapezoidal acre between the inn and the station—not too well lighted and with green benches placed about in it—was sure to be an attractive place for waiting out the intermissions between the dances. Going down the road involved too great a chance of meeting people who might recognize us. So, in my innocence, I pointed out a path through the grove behind the inn which appeared to offer a safe detour.

A person more sophisticated in the ways of fraternity dances would hardly have chosen it at that particular moment as a place where he could safely count on not encountering anybody. I don't know how many stumps, boulders and fallen logs there were in that grove, but I am sure there wasn't one that hadn't a pair of occupants. In the path itself there was a standing waiting list.

The man who put the "co" (I thought that night it ought to be called the "coo") into co-education is responsible for a good deal more than he foresaw. It is not that these boys and girls flirt. Flirting is a healthful exercise that it is dangerous for young people to grow up without. But at Monroe, so far as I can see, they don't flirt. They are serious, even solemn about it. They fall in love, they get engaged, they even—after graduation—marry! I won't pretend that there are not exceptions. We encountered one before we got to the end of the path.

What saved Elaine and me from detection was not so much the darkness, although it was dark in there, as the etiquette of the place, which seemed to be that every couple should ignore every other couple's existence.

The Man Was Going to Change to a Disguise Perhaps

So we picked our way along quite unremarked, and were almost out of the woods when, right at our feet, from a black-and-white patch that Elaine could have reached out and touched from where she stood, some one spoke.

The words were, "Do you really care?" or something silly like that, that we should have paid no attention to, but the voice stopped us dead and almost betrayed Elaine into an identifiable chuckle. We had found the exception!

There was a peculiarly brassy quality to that voice, though it had spoken just now in its most honeyed accents, a little like a muted cornet, that neither of us could have mistaken in Timbuctoo. The giant intellect of the new district attorney was enjoying a perhaps well-merited relaxation, but his vocal cords were on the job.

Elaine hung back a little as I started her on, evidently wanting to hear more. I had no scruples against eavesdropping in the circumstances. The copyright on Dorgan's line of talk expired a long time ago. But I reflected that any amusement that we might get at his expense was nothing to what he could have at ours if he happened to identify us.

So we escaped from the grove as expeditiously as we could without attracting attention, came out into the road below the inn, skirted the far side of the little park and brought up, safe at last, at the station.

It was not an imposing edifice. There was a roof which covered a small walled-in space for waiting room and ticket office and extended on down the platform over a milk-shed and a section house. The waiting room was locked and deserted, but the hospitalities of the platform and the milkshed were open to all.

Up to this time it had not occurred to me to inquire when the train we expected was due. Now I asked Elaine.

"About half past two," she said casually, and wandered off investigating the premises. When the orchestra began to play again she drifted about the platform in a sort of vague suggestion of a dance. Like the late lamented Bill Simmons, she could not, it seemed, when the music played, keep still.

But I was dog-tired, so I sat down on what seemed to be the softer end of a baggage truck and made myself comfortable. I have just been trying to figure out a way of getting through that part of my chronicle without admitting that I fell asleep, but I'm afraid it can't be done.

If I had been awake all the time I should have had a clew to what lay behind the question that Elaine waked me up by asking.

She vaulted up to a place beside me on the truck. "What are Mr. Dorgan's initials?" she asked.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes and made her say it again. The fact that she seemed neither amused nor contrite over having wakened me made it appear that the question was not an idle one.

"J. G. B.," I told her. "James Gillespie Blaine Dorgan. That tells the story," I added.

But she didn't seem to care about hearing a disquisition on political history, so I asked her why she wanted to know.

"There's a bag over there," she said, nodding toward the far corner of the shed. "A big dress-suit case; and it's got those initials on it."

At that information I really did wake up. "Great Scott!" I cried. "That must mean he's going to take the train. Where do you suppose he's going on it?"

"He's going to Musgrove, all right," said Elaine with conviction. "It doesn't go any farther. Only I don't see why he left his bag here."

"I suppose," I reflected, "it's because he's a great detective. There's something Napoleonic about it, don't you see? He goes to a dance—like the eve of Waterloo, you know—and then at the last minute he slips away under the very eyes, perhaps, of the spies who are watching his every movement, dashes down the line on a freight train, and catches a murderer."

Just here I made a pause for long enough to look round at her. "That's all very well for Dorgan," I said, "but it spoils our party, doesn't it?"

I asked it rather tentatively. To tell the truth, I couldn't make Elaine out at all. If Dorgan was going to Musgrove the person he was after could be no other than our mysterious young man with the scar. And if that young man had such a hold over Elaine that he could compel her to run the risk she was running now to go to see him, one would expect her to view his prospective arrest with a little more alarm. Why wasn't she, for instance, frantically imploring me to break into the station and telegraph a warning to him? Not that I could have done it.

But she didn't seem panicky a bit. She was sober enough, but in a thoughtful, calculating way; and when I added that we'd have to imitate the grand old Duke of York and tramp back to Monroe, she only nodded rather absently and said: "Well, perhaps we would."

"Only he may not take the train after all," she concluded.

"What else is the bag for?" I started to say; but her sudden grip on my arm checked me.

There came Dorgan. And not across the park either, but the way we had come, strategically, round the far side of it; his Inverness overcoat buttoned up to keep the white of his shirt-front from showing too much.

"What's he in such a hurry for?" I whispered. "They're still dancing and he's got fifteen minutes before train time. I just heard a clock strike."

"Wait!" Elaine whispered back. "I think I know."

Well, we were in a position where we could wait safely enough—that is, unless Dorgan's equipment comprised a dark lantern. No one, at least, who wasn't looking for us could make us out back there in that dark corner on the baggage truck. On the other hand, we could not have moved away without running some risk of his seeing us.

But in two minutes I found myself wishing we'd taken a chance. By the way Elaine shook, I judged she was amused. For my part, I found myself uncomfortably embarrassed.

Dorgan carried his suitcase out of the corner to where there was a little more light and, after peering down the platform to see if any one was coming, opened it up and took off his coat and waistcoat. I couldn't suppress a gasp at that. I had underrated Dorgan's resources as a detective after all. The man was going to change his clothes, to a disguise perhaps, and so far as I could see there was nothing for Elaine and me to do but sit there and look on.

She was quicker-witted than I though. Into the silence there suddenly escaped a silvery little, juvenile giggle, compounded about equally, one would have thought, of embarrassment and amusement.

The effect of it was instantaneous. Dorgan gave a panic-stricken leap into the air, clutched his gaping suitcase in the frantic embrace of one arm and his coat and waistcoat in the other, and fled down the platform and round the end of the station.

"I wish," said Elaine calmly, "that you'd follow him and see what he does. You see he may not be going to take the train after all. That's the last dance they're playing now. He may just be going to drive that girl back to Monroe in his motor-car. If that's it, then we can take the train."

Ten minutes later I came back. The rails were already beginning to sing with the approach of the train.

"He's going after the murderer all right," I said. "The others are all piling into a couple of big busses to go back to Monroe. But he's here at the other end of the station, dressed in a blue serge suit, waiting for the train. Come along! He can't see us if we go back the way we came."

"Wait," she whispered. "Let's see him off."

I didn't mind, so I clambered up beside her on the truck. The train came in, crashing and jolting down to a stop—a long string of freight cars, an express car, a single passenger coach, and a little caboose at the end. The coach stopped just opposite where we sat and presently we saw Dorgan come along, his equanimity, it seemed, quite recovered, and get aboard with his suitcase. The coach was dimly lighted with a couple of kerosene lamps, and we watched him turn a seat over to put his feet on and make himself comfortable for the journey.

I was in the act of reflecting that it was lucky there weren't two passenger coaches, because if there had been Elaine might have insisted on going along in the one Dorgan wasn't in, when she slipped down from the truck and held out a hand to me.

"Come along," she said. "We've seen him off."

She interlocked her fingers with mine and led me down the platform. I might have suspected something from that, but I didn't; not until she stopped at the pair of steps by which one climbed into the caboose.

"It was nice of them to have a private car for us, wasn't it?" said Elaine as she swung herself up on the steps. She sat down on the top one and patted the place beside her, invitingly, for me.

XI

I MUST admit that there was a fine economy of effort, a high efficiency, to use a word that even college professors can't seem to get on without these days, about the way Elaine managed the affair. She might have spent an hour squabbling with me, listening to my arguments upon the folly and the risk of going to Musgrove on the same train with Dorgan, and she would have gone in the end, just as she had meant to go from the beginning.

I ought to have been grateful to her for allowing me an hour of the pleasant confidence that, for once, she was going to be sensible and prudent and all that. But I am afraid that instead of gratitude the thing that seized me was a sort of wild exasperation. The worst of it was it rendered me speechless. I wanted to tell her she was being an incredible little fool, but somehow I couldn't bring the words to my tongue in the face of her deprecating smile, deprecating but mischievous at the same time. She knew well enough what I wanted to call her, and wickedly hoped to tempt me into doing it.

"Elaine," I managed finally to say, "this car is not for passengers. It's for the train crew. They won't let you ride in it, and you couldn't stand it if they would. Not even the air—to say nothing of the language."

(Continued on Page 57)

We Jogged Along for About Three Hours on That Little Back Platform

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1913

Taking the Cheerful View

UP TO the moment the Underwood Tariff Act was signed textile utterances were generally of the gloomiest nature. Since that moment we detect a new and more cheerful note. Here, for example, is an expert speaking to cotton manufacturers:

"Tariff revision will compel manufacturing and distributing economies drastic and far-reaching in their nature. . . . I shall show how long-standing extravagances may be replaced by efficiency and economy. . . . That we can become important factors in world trade is conclusively proven by Canadian statistics. Our trade with Canada has practically doubled in three years. Our sales of cotton cloth to Canada in three years have risen from three-quarters of a million to two and a half million dollars in spite of a twenty-five per cent preferential to England. Doing so much across our northern border with unusually strong odds against us—not only the British preferential tariff, but a 'dumping duty' which prevents us from using Canada as a bargain counter—what might we not do in other countries by proper organization and effort?"

Surely this makes far more cheerful reading than those midsummer declarations that a lowering of duties would irrevocably ruin the industry. Also, far more truthful.

The Turk Reconsidered

IN COMPARISON with what has succeeded it Turkish rule in Eastern Europe now appears to have been highly humane and enlightened, with quite a tender regard for the well-being of the subject masses. First the Balkan Allies defeated Turkey; then the rest of them combined and defeated Bulgaria with vast slaughter—thereby enabling the hated Turk to regain, fairly without a blow, fully half the territory which Bulgaria had conquered from the Crescent earlier in the year. At this writing Albania is fighting Servia, while Greece is doing a little bloodletting on her own account, and Bulgaria is suspected of secret negotiations with Turkey for the purpose of humiliating her Christian conquerors of last summer. European diplomacy seems to have given up the situation, and who will be fighting whom next week is beyond conjecture.

Meanwhile we have a miniature reproduction of the desolation wrought in Germany by the Thirty Years' War, and as in that delectable case it looks as though the fighting would stop only when nothing more was left to burn and kill. Probably a few months of liberation from Turkey have brought more death and destruction in the Balkans than the Unspeakable One accomplished in a generation. We begin to look upon the Turk as a fine character, especially distinguished for intelligence and benevolence.

Money and Ideas

PROBABLY you would say offhand that a man's honestly acquired money belongs to him by natural right. He has earned it with his labor, and no government can take it away from him without outraging inherent justice. But what, by way of a natural right, could more properly belong to a man than his own ideas? If the four dollars that you got by the labor of your body naturally belongs to you and your heirs and assigns forever, what is your natural right of ownership in the idea that your brain conceived and elaborated?

Well, whatever it may be naturally, it isn't much legally. If the creation of your brain happens to take the form of literary art the law says you may claim a strictly circumscribed ownership in it for a few years—provided you comply with various provisions, some of which you may never have heard of until too late to do you any good—and after that your ownership entirely ceases. If it takes the form of an invention you may claim ownership under certain conditions for a few years, after which your property is handed over to the public. And a bill now before Congress provides, in effect, that if you are not using your idea in a way that Congress deems to be for the public good you shall loose all control over it forthwith.

Not that we believe either in perpetual copyright or perpetual patent right. In point of fact we do not believe anybody has a right to use anything in a way inimical to the general good. But the contrast shows how deeply ingrained is the concept of private property right when applied to a tangible thing, like a dollar bill or a piece of land, and how lightly it sits when applied to ideas.

Why Wait on Politics?

WE DEPEND too much, in our opinion, upon political action. For example, those coöperative credit societies which have done so much for rural Germany have been often explained and recommended in this country the last year or so. But all the recommendations that we have seen are predicated upon the idea that political action is necessary before there can be any coöperation in rural credit here—that the Federal Government or the states or both must pass various laws and probably set up various institutions. Now with all the laws permitting incorporations and voluntary associations of many sorts, it would be very strange if the way were not open in some states at least to institute coöperative credit societies without the addition of a syllable to the statute book. Cannot a hundred men in a given community agree to lend one another credit without a formidable campaign at the state capital and a complicated enactment for the courts to worry over during several ensuing years? We wish some devoted friend of coöperative credit would study the statutes of his own state on this point.

Political action is usually for the purpose of enforcing the will of a majority upon a minority, but coöperation means mutual consent as well as mutual helpfulness. We should like to see the idea developed outside the field of political action, as far as may be. The national habit is to wait for a new law before doing anything. We think a good deal could be done coöperatively, independently of politics.

Guarding Our Morals

BY PROFESSION, at least, we are a very moral people. Not only the law, but public opinion as well, we think, enjoins a certain censorship over the stage and over literature and art. In a free country the most valid reason for any sort of censorship must be to protect the young. All intelligent people realize that if mature men or women choose what is immoral, no censor can help them.

Now both law and public opinion also require a certain censorship over private actions. Our professed devotion to morals leads us to make statutory crimes of some delinquencies that are passed by as a matter of course among less moral people. And right here we fall into a melancholy confusion, because in enforcing our censorious standard with regard to actions we continually do gross violence to our standard with regard to words.

Take that California episode: To safeguard morals we prosecute a couple of libertines, and immediately all over the land on a thousand printed pages, which any child can obtain without question for one or two cents, appears a story which, if put on the stage—where, by the way, practically no child would ever see it unless accompanied by an adult—would be deemed a scandalous affront to morality. This continually happens, as reference to newspaper files will show. As censors of actions we continually purvey literature, readily accessible to children, which, as censors of words, we say is most corrupting.

City Bookkeeping

CLEVELAND is a hundred and seventeen years old and sixth city in size in the United States; also, it has begun to keep books. "I have the honor to present, for the first time in the city's history, a general and detailed balance sheet taken from our general ledger," writes the auditor in transmitting his annual report.

Until very recently an intelligible annual report of a city's business was hardly to be found in the United States. There were reports, of course—bewildering mazes of unrelated, uncompared and generally meaningless figures. You got page after page of detailed expenditures, but nowhere any such concise yet comprehensive marshaling of assets and liabilities, and summary of income and outgo, as every private business feels it absolutely necessary to have. And without intelligent bookkeeping there can be little intelligent criticism of a city's business.

We might wish to see Cleveland's report prefaced by a compendious statement of revenue and disbursements; but on the whole the report is good. And, having adopted a good form, we hope the city will stick to it. The real value of a good report lies largely in its comparableness year after year, and whenever the form of the report is changed that value is impaired.

Back to Spoils System

THE above heading appears over a Washington dispatch to the New York Evening Post, which was an "original Wilson man" and has been very friendly to his administration. The dispatch begins: "Slowly but surely the Democrats in Congress are working into the foundations of the civil-service structure. The Urgent Deficiency Bill, as reported by the Senate, contains a provision removing from the classified service United States deputy marshals and deputy collectors of internal revenue."

The significance of this lies in the circumstance that it appeared coincidentally with reports that Mr. Wilson is considering a plan to embark the Government extensively in the telephone business.

The two things never will work together. The Government can operate telephones and telegraphs—and railroads, for that matter—on business principles. It cannot operate them on spoils principles, except at a cost that would make the experiment a national calamity. The busy little grafters in both Houses of Congress, who distribute public offices as rewards for political service, fairly foreclose the Federal Government from some fields that it might enter successfully but for them. So long as the public service is burdened with this patronage graft an extension of that service to new fields may well be viewed with alarm.

An Example of Assessments

ASSESSED valuation of real estate in New York increased this year by one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars, but of this increase one hundred and forty million dollars was due to added improvements—that is, to new buildings—and that addition was taxed at the same rate as the land itself.

In Manhattan the value of land alone, exclusive of new buildings, increased seventeen million dollars. In Brooklyn there was an increase of twenty-six million dollars due wholly to new buildings which numbered nearly twenty-four hundred—showing that they were mostly comparatively small, inexpensive residences in the outlying portions of the borough. A great many of them, we may safely assume, were homes built by persons of modest means. Now the twenty-six millions of value that was created in Brooklyn by the effort of men was taxed at substantially the same rate as the seventeen millions that was created for the landlords in Manhattan with no effort or abstinence whatever on their part. Certainly that's no way to tax.

Here are ten vacant lots worth a thousand dollars apiece, and the tax rate, say, is two per cent. Nine men buy a lot each and build homes costing five thousand dollars apiece. That improvement makes each of the lots worth three hundred dollars more. The improvers are taxed a hundred and twenty-six dollars each and the non-improver, who has had three hundred dollars' value given to him, is taxed twenty-six dollars. City real-estate taxes must be overhauled.

The Breaking Point

A CRISIS has developed in the British cotton industry which is described by the president of the employers' association as the gravest in many years, and in consequence the employers have voted to close all mills in the Lancaster district. Now this portentous crisis ostensibly has nothing to do with wages, hours of labor or physical conditions in the mills. The employees of a single mill, at Bolton, objected to a single overseer on personal grounds. For reasons sufficient to themselves they did not like him, and demanded that he be discharged. When this demand was refused they struck; and the employers' association then voted to close all mills unless the Bolton strikers receded from their demand and returned to work.

That seems terribly trivial ground upon which to paralyze a huge industry and stop the earnings of thousands of hands. Nearly all the big English strikes in recent years have seemed to proceed from terribly trivial ground. In several other instances it has been a quarrel over only one or two individuals. The fact is, of course, that British capital and labor are struggling for control, and almost any pretext is good enough for putting in a blow. The real question at issue—in a more acute form over there than on this side of the water—is as to how far capital shall run the business. Capital likes a particular foreman; labor doesn't like him. Shall he go or stay? And if the question is raised as to a foreman, why not as to a general superintendent or a president? Probably Sir Charles Macara is right in describing the crisis as a grave one.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Implacable and Imperial Nebraskan

THOSE Roman emperors were stern old boys—all historians agree on that point; but, curiously enough, American parents who have sought to add class to the family by christening their offspring after them usually have picked out the mildest scions of the house for the distinction, and have called the boy Pompey whose name should have been Percy.

We observe this in public life now and again. For example, there is Cato Sells, Indian commissioner, who is a genial and soft-spoken person, though we should not expect too much in the way of implacability from a man who splits his cognomen fifty-fifty between a Roman emperor and the title of a circus; but, to go further, Julius Cæsar Burrows has a deep bass voice and considerable whiskers, and he is as pleasant as a spring morning, albeit now somewhat grieved over the loss of his toga. And no man can truly say Augustus Octavius Bacon is aught but an agreeable and affable statesman, and also oratorically abundant in a gracious manner, if there should be inquiry on that point. And so it goes. Christening parents take little heed of what they are doing when they label their infants for life. They choose a name because it sounds well, or because a rich relative has it, or for any other reason except a real one, tack it on the blameless child, and all his life he goes about with a designation that suggests battle, murder and sudden death, and a physique and voice and general appearance and character that fit well into the occupation of floorwalker in a candy store; or with a handle that implies the ribbon counter and the general demeanor and aspect of a white hope.

I am led to these observations by the consideration of Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, not knowing what the W. stands for—unless it should be Willie; but realizing full well that George is no fitting appellation for the man. George is all well enough in its way. It is a name that signifies George—just that. But if full knowledge of the predominating characteristics of the senator had been parentally obtained before the baptism certainly he would now be Nero Norris at the very least—Nero Norris, of Nebraska, which would be an epic and euphonic denomination.

To be sure Senator Norris is not so imperial in his bearing as to cause surprise at his misnomer, unless his case is studied in all its bearings. The fact of it is he is short and may one day be chubby; but when one comes to delve into his predominating characteristics it is at once discovered how admirably he was designed for august titulary attention.

Here is a man who is so implacable and imperial in his aversions that he has his thumbs turned down all the time against standpatters, predacious plutocrats, high financiers, and others who are supposed to have more than the price of a week's board concealed about them. If he could have his way he would sit high above the arena and show no mercy to any millionaire brought out to be sacrificed. Thumbs down! Thumbs down! Carve off their protruding fortunes, and, gathering the bulk of the wealth for the general good, let them go their mangled ways with a small remnant of their millions to comfort them.

Was it not the senator, when the John Jacob Astor fortune was being discussed in the public printa, who insisted that, say, forty-six million dollars of it was enough for any heir or series of heirs to receive, and that the remaining thirty-six million should be removed from the Astor strongboxes and placed in the Treasury? Maybe it was the other way about and the Astors were to get the short end of it; but, whichever slant the senator took on it, he was convinced the Government should have a large chunk on the theory that forty-six millions is enough for anybody—which, by the way, has elements of truth in it, except when viewed from the rather personal angle of the man who will be divorced from the money if the plan goes through.

Oh, for a Few More Thumbs!

THE senator in his attitude against the unearned increment is pitiless and irreconcilable. I may go further and state that he is relentless, inexorable, merciless, unforgiving and unappeasable. Tie fifty—or more—or less—million dollars on a man, and that man becomes the original undesirable citizen, as the senator looks at him; and if there is any way to amputate thirty or forty or sixty per cent of this swollen fortune and place it to the credit of the people the senator is for that amputation, and, if necessary, will perform the operation himself.

Every time the name of an Astor or a Vanderbilt or a Gould or a Carnegie is mentioned within the hearing of the senator he instinctively turns down his thumbs; and if there should be a conversation about John D. Rockefeller the senator's eyes would light with a passionate fire and he would cry for a contribution to the Treasury from that eminent but prudent plutocrat.

It is amazing how pitiless Norris can be! There was that sacrificial afternoon a few years ago when they were dismembering Uncle Joe Cannon in the House; when they sat there and tore him limb from leg, removing from him the last vestige of his power as a czar and leaving him nothing but his whiskers and his vocabulary.

Right down in front, in full view of those who came to see the venerable statesman from Danville, Illinois, butchered to make an insurgent holiday—right down in front was George W. Norris with both his thumbs turned down and an expression on his face that plainly showed how ardently he wished he might have been blessed with eight or ten more thumbs, so he could turn those down too.

George W. Norris was so implacable it made one's head ache. Neither pleas, protestations, prayers nor profanity could move him.

"Kill him!" he said sternly, ever and anon. "Spare not a hair of his old gray head! Put the rollers under him!"

And so they did. Uncle Joe looked at him pleadingly. Uncle Joe looked at him cussingly. Uncle Joe hurled anathema and argument at him. Uncle Joe put on the tremolo, and so did Uncle Joe's friends; but all to no avail. Inexorable as fate, or any other classily inexorable thing—such as a bald head—George W. Norris looked straight ahead, thumbs turned down, and remarked: "Nothing stirring! Let the headsmen do their work!"

There was an exhibition of implacability that must be awarded all ribbons and medals in the contest for honors in irreconcilability. Himself a Republican, George W. Norris was deaf to all entreaty. He would not be moved. You could not have moved him with a derrick. Leading the insurgents, he had decided to abstract the czarish epidermis from Uncle Joe; and he not only took it but he hung it on the outer wall so all might see, first inscribing his own initials neatly thereon.

Norris was born in Ohio in 1861, and had a hard time of it when he was a boy. His father died soon after the boy was born, and his only brother was killed in the Civil War. He worked on neighboring farms in the summer to help support his mother and went to the district school in winter. He was admitted to the bar in 1883 and removed to Nebraska in 1885. He was prosecuting attorney and was twice elected a district judge. He came to Congress about ten years ago and remained in the House of Representatives until he was chosen senator in a statewide primary election. His opponent was former Governor Shallenberger, whom he defeated by some twelve or fourteen thousand votes. The Nebraska Legislature elected him unanimously to the Senate last January and he moved across to the other end of the Capitol, where he will remain until 1919—and maybe longer.

No senator takes a more serious view of his responsibilities than Norris, and few take themselves more seriously. He is an earnest, hardworking, studious, grave man, of considerable ability. His keen eye always discerns rocks and reefs ahead and from time to time he emits clarion calls of warning and advice. He has no intention of allowing the Ship of State to go on the shoals; and as soon as he can arrange it he will make the designation of multimillionaire obsolete by removing the multi from as many of them as he can mulct—not for himself, you understand, but for the general good. He has no mercy where a millionaire is involved.

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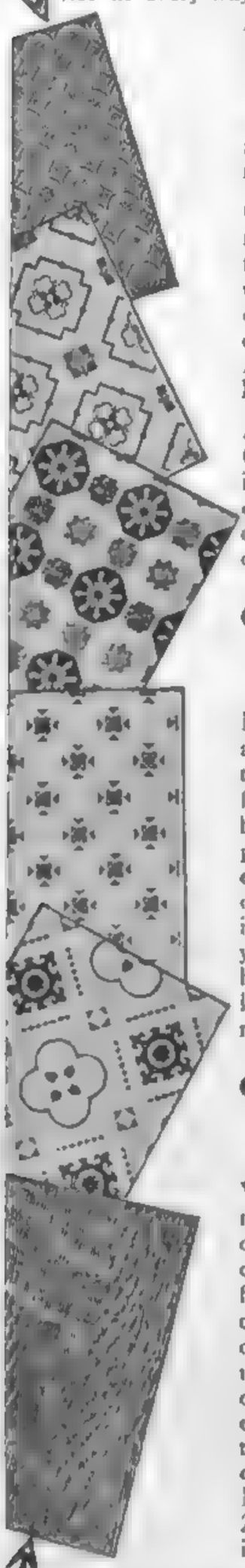

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Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Last time I wrote you, Oscar Underwood had just kissed the tariff bill a fond but hopeful and extremely chaste kiss of farewell in the House of Representatives, and had passed it along to the Senate, there to be ministered to or manhandled as the gentlemen who legislate in the upstairs department of our Congress saw fit.

Since then a long and arid spell of hot weather has intervened, and a long and arid spell of cold debate. Now the new tariff is a law and everybody is sitting back wondering what the harvest will be. We speak of the new law as the greatest piece of constructive legislation—or instructive—since the last greatest piece of similar legislation was enacted; and for a year or so nobody will know whether, in addition to being constructive and instructive, it is also destructive; but everybody is hoping for the best.

The fact is, Jim, the making of a new tariff under our present system of construction is about as much of a gamble as playing nine-nineteen-twenty-nine on a roulette table because you dreamed of a one-legged man dancing the tango. We hope it will work, using the we in the strictly legislative and executive sense; but until it does work we shan't know whether it will work or not. Same way with stringing your chips on nine-nineteen-twenty-nine. If the ball stops on one of those numbers you derive a certain profit; but there are a heap of other numbers—more usually than seems necessary.

Still the Democrats had to do it, and nobody but Reed Smoot and Boies Penrose was of the opinion it should not be done; so, one night not long ago, President Wilson, summoning to the White House various and sundry statesmen, signed the bill with two pens but with one brand of ink. Now they are snatching the aigrets out of the hats the ladies bought in the Rue de la Paix, and thus are the beneficences of a free government exemplified. The Democrats, who under the spur of popular demand revised the tariff, are putting in about ten hours a day scanning the financial and business horizons for evidences of approval from the people. Maybe they will get them. Maybe they will not.

There never has been a moment in our political and legislative history, from first to now, when fussing with the tariff was not an occupation that was an extra hazardous political risk. Nobody knows what will happen. There will not be a complete demonstration until the congressional elections of 1914. Meantime the Democrats are endeavoring to hold the thought that all will be well.

The Joker in the Tariff Bill

Of course this tariff business, which has occupied almost six months of the time of Congress, has proved again the necessity for a tariff commission; but, of course also, that makes no difference, for next time the tariff is revised it will be revised by the same or similar intellectual giants who revised it this time, and with the same end in view, which end, I may as well tell you, Jim, is politics.

Also, if this revision, which has caused so much business uncertainty and has fostered a considerable conservatism in the markets of the country—if this revision is not satisfactory there will be re-revision, and so on, until the people wake up to what is done to them every time a tariff bill is made. Then we shall have a tariff commission, organized on scientific and economic lines, instead of a haphazard bill produced under geographical and political necessities.

Students of the new bill will find jokers, plenty of them; but there are not many people who know yet that, in addition to having jokers in it, the bill also contains one large, effulgent joke. You could not establish the identity of that joke by any process known to jest justification; but it is there. No more could you get the Democrats of the House of Representatives to admit it, for the joke is on them.

Inasmuch as they—all of them—have to go before the people next year, and only some thirty-two senators must submit themselves to the same clarifying process, the House Democrats were a bit keener about the political effect of things in the bill than they let on. They had to revise—and had to revise downward; and they went resolutely at their task. However there were various places where they revised a trifle farther downward than they really thought was necessary; and they figured on the Senate's pushing those schedules back to where they should be, in shoving them up to a position that would be less than in the old bill—but not so much less as to hurt much.

Whereupon the Senate, laughing heartily at the childlike trust reposed in them by the House, gayly cut schedule after schedule lower than the House level and refused to play the game. Hence, if you observed any of the news that trickled out of the conference, you no doubt noticed the repeated assertions that the House conferees insisted on the rates established by the House. They had been double-crossed by their colleagues in the Senate. Having sent over a bill cut almost to the bone they had expected the Senate Democrats to put back some of the juicy flesh they had carved off; and the Senate Democrats did no such neighborly thing, but cut deeper and produced what is a fairly good bill—from their viewpoint.

The Secret Conference System

The most important thing about it all is not the revision of the tariff or the imposition of an income tax or any other feature of the bill. The jockeying and juggling that went on served to call rather acute attention to the evils of our present conference system. A bill passes the House. It is changed and amended in the Senate and passes there. Then it goes to conference and picked men from House and Senate meet in secret and do what they dad-blamed please with it. If any person took the trouble to look into the matter that person would find that most of the crooked legislation of this country was not put over in the open in the House and Senate, but was shoved into measures when those measures were in conference.

There has been a lot of yowling about the Democratic caucus, where Democrats discussed their measures and then put on the caucus shackle and forced every Democrat who participated in the caucus to vote for the measure considered whether he liked it or not.

There is no doubt that a secret caucus can do a lot in the way of stifling independence of thought and action; but no Democrat need go in unless he wants to, and there is a valid excuse for such a manner of threshing out differences and getting the party representatives on a common basis.

The greatest evil in our present system of legislation is not the secret caucus. It is the secret conference. When attempts are made to amend a bill after it has been reported out those attempts must be made on the open floor of the Senate or House. On the other hand, after the bill has gone to conference the conferences are held in secret, behind locked doors, with no one present save the half dozen or so able seamen who do what they please and get away with it; who manipulate, and write in new sections, and change phraseology, and play politics, and generally maladminister things for such ulterior motives as may be paramount among them.

This new tariff bill may be a good tariff bill or it may be a bad tariff bill. That is to be determined. The point is, Jim, that, however good it may be, it would be a great deal better if it had been considered in open instead of in secret conference; and, however bad it is, it is exactly that bad because there was no publicity given the meetings of the conferees.

If conferences were open, so reporters could sit in and hear the proceedings, instead of being the most secret of all our legislative proceedings, there would not be so much iniquitous legislation—not a quarter so much political shystering in our laws. The secret conference is where they put over the swag stuff, Jim, and play the sectional politics, and nullify many plain intentions of the Congress, and generally bedevil things if so be bedevilment is the cue at the moment.

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We shall have much cleaner laws if we can get open conferences; but it will be reasonably difficult to get them. As nearly as I can figure it, the chances for skullduggery in the Congress are about sixty per cent less than they were twenty years ago. The secret conference is the biggest graft left. Listen to their howls when a concerted effort is made to do away with that star-chamber asset of theirs! It will be robbing them of a constitutional prerogative and accelerate the tots in the totters of our Republic on the brink of ruin.

The only reform I can think of that compares in viciousness—to adopt the congressional view—that even approximates this assault on the foundations of our legislative procedure, is to take the tariff out of politics. Either of these propositions, they will tell you up on the Hill, is certainly calculated to bring about a deplorable condition, whereby our legislators would be compelled to do some legislating for the benefit of the people instead of legislating exclusively—as they do now—with nothing in view save their own political careers.

Did you observe, Jim, that none of our great organs of public opinion presented to their readers on the day after the signing of the tariff bill by the president, or since, a picture of that historic event? Did you observe that there has appeared no flashlight of that impressive scene, with Oscar Underwood and Furnifold Simmons clasping hands, Champ Clark glowering in the background, and President Wilson using two gold pens to affix his name to the document? Has it occurred to you that, unless some painter paints—from memory or from description—the picture of this momentous moment, as J. K. Vardaman might say, there never will be a picture of it?

Well, whether it occurred to you or not, such is the fact. No photograph was taken—not that there were not a hundred applications for permission to take a photograph of the scene, but that the President of the United States, having, in his opinion, posed for enough pictures to supply any reasonable demand, has shut down on the picture business. He has had enough.

It has been, in and about the White House for the past ten or twelve years, such a common occurrence for the president to have his picture taken that Presidents Roosevelt and Taft instinctively pulled a smile and stood at attention every time a man with a camera came round. We have had photographs of everything connected with the White House, from the cook making soup to the president falling into the same; and we started quite briskly with the Wilson outfit.

The president was patient and complaisant until such time as he figured that every picture-vending association in the country had an ample supply of pictures of him—shaking hands, presenting things, walking, riding, playing golf, eating his dinner, writing letters, going automobiling, and such like, and then he quit. When W. Wilson quits, he quits! That is all there is to it! He has a way of saying No! with a finality that gives you the cold shivers—it is so tremendously final.

"But, Mr. President," the new photographers and others protested, "this is a great historical event. It must be preserved to the people."

"No!" he said, with a short n and a long o; and that settled that.

Of course he cannot escape photographers when he is making an address or appearing in public, but he seems to have a definite idea that he can escape them when he is in the White House and thereabout; and a definite idea with him is frightfully definite, oh, frightfully so! He really seems to think he has a perfect right to eat his eggs of a morning without being photographed in the act; and maybe he has—maybe he has—though several of our former presidents were under no such stress of feeling, and could and did eat an egg or a beefsteak in a perfectly natural manner while the cameras clicked. But it is a strange White House that has no photographers in the foreground. For the past ten years photographers have been part of the set scenery in that vicinity.

Another interesting presidential development is the theatergoing of Mr. Wilson. Of course Mr. Taft went to the theater and so did Mr. Roosevelt; but they went as presidents, not as playgoers. Mr. Wilson drops in, refuses to have any fuss made over him, sits in the balcony or in a rear row, and has a lot of fun. He went to his first vaudeville show a time ago. Maybe going to see variety turns had not seemed to him just the right thing to do when he was president of a university; but now that he is the president of a nation there appear to be no reasons why he should not. Anyhow he goes regularly; and he is a fine asset to the theater he attends, for he has seen none of the performers and the old stuff gets him just as hard as the new.

Mr. Wilson had never seen the congressional vaudeville, either, before he came here; and they have been putting on some old stuff up there for him, but they have not been getting it over so well as the regulars. A man—even a president—may laugh heartily at an ancient jest when he would not crack a smile at an ancient jester. And some of those congressional vaudevillians are not the men they used to be. Moreover they never were.

Yours for currency reform,

BILL.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

BEAR in mind that some element of risk attaches to every security. No such thing as an absolute security is known to man. The best securities are not proof against every adverse contingency that may possibly arise. They are best simply because the least risk attaches to them—a risk so slight that for all practical purposes it is negligible.

All sorts of securities are recommended as "good as a Government bond"—as though that settled every possible question. But, in the first place, no other security is as "good as a Government bond"; and, in the next place, it was only fifty years ago that some wise men seriously doubted whether United States bonds were good. A great quantity of Government bonds issued by the Confederate States about that time turned out to be worthless; and one can, if he tries, imagine a situation within the next fifty years when bonds issued by the United States may be subject to doubt.

Municipal bonds, taken as a class, have long been loosely spoken of as "good as Governments", but strictly speaking they very decidedly - taken as a class—are not anything of the kind.

All bonds issued by the political subdivisions of a state are generally called municipals, and these bonds do form the highest class of securities—next to Governments—that are available to the general investor to any important extent; for state issues are so small as to be fairly negligible.

Last year something over three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of municipals were issued, the bulk of them going at about four and a quarter per cent. Considering the condition of last year's bond market, this rate shows that municipals rank next to Governments. In an easier bond market three-quarters of all the municipals issued went at four per cent or lower.

This low rate of interest proves that the risk was slight; yet the risk was there—as was strikingly illustrated the other day when the city of Atchison, Kansas, calmly defaulted on two hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars' worth of four per cent bonds. There was no question of the city's actual ability to pay, for its assessed valuation is seventeen million dollars, its total debt only seven hundred and forty thousand, and its tax rate about fourteen dollars and a half on each thousand dollars of valuation. But the old bonds bore four per cent.

In the present condition of the bond market it would be impossible to float new four per cent bonds at par, and the mayor wrote: "As a representative of the taxpayers I cannot increase their obligations, on account of a temporary stringency in the money market." So the city defaulted. Any municipality may do the same if it chooses.

In view of the fact that by common consent state and municipal bonds are, next to Governments, the very first chop of the security market, and in view of the readiness with which investors take them at very

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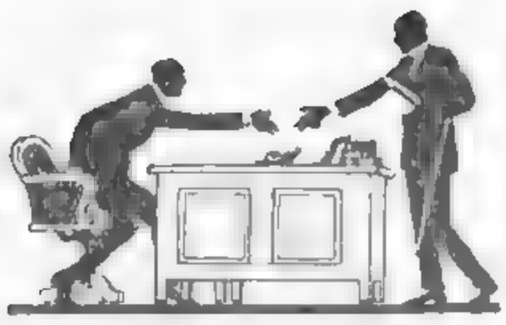
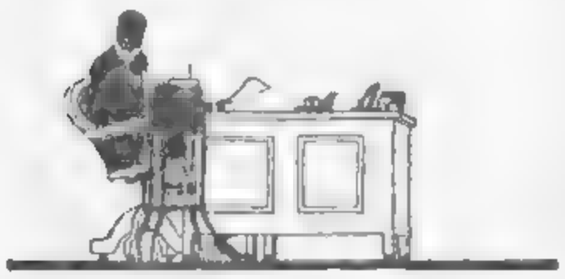


Just when you finish reading a letter, suppose the writer of that letter walked into your office and you talked your reply to him.



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low interest rates, you may be surprised to know how extensively such bonds have been subject to default and repudiation.

Lawrence Chamberlain, in his Principles of Bond Investment, recounts defaults by Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan in the hard times following the panic of 1837; while in the same period Mississippi and Florida not only defaulted but repudiated their debts. In 1860 Minnesota refused to pay the principal or interest of bonds issued in aid of railroads—compromising twenty years later at fifty cents on the dollar. After the Civil War nine Southern states repudiated bonds—being, no doubt, actually unable to pay them.

Directly after the war immense quantities of county and other municipal bonds were issued in the West and Southwest to aid railroads. A vast confidence game was practiced on communities eager for transportation. After the bonds were duly issued and sold, the railroads in some cases were not built at all; in other cases they were constructed in the flimsiest possible manner. The taxpayers were swindled and an orgy of repudiation followed.

Estimates of the total amount of municipal bonds that were repudiated during this period vary; but it seems to have amounted to several hundred million dollars. More than a hundred municipalities in Illinois refused to pay duly issued bonds. Nine-tenths of the municipalities in Missouri defaulted. A great many of these bonds had been sold to innocent purchasers.

It is worth remembering that the very best securities in the world—Government bonds—rest entirely upon good faith. There is no mortgage behind them and the holder has no means whatever of enforcing payment. A simple act of Congress withholding appropriations for interest would make United States bonds worthless, and the holder would have no recourse unless he could muster an army and navy sufficiently powerful to whip the country into subjection.

This is equally true of state bonds, for the states are sovereign. Under the Constitution as originally adopted a citizen of one state could sue another state in a United States Court; in fact, a citizen of North Carolina did sue the state of Georgia in 1792. This offended the believers in state rights and resulted in the Eleventh Amendment, providing that the judicial power of the United States shall not extend to any suit brought by a citizen of one state against another state. So if a state chooses to repudiate its bonds there is practically no appeal. As to the best bonds in the world, the investor depends simply upon the good faith of the debtor.

A Bondholder's Rights

The case of municipal bonds, however, is different; for all the political subdivisions of a state are merely public corporations, created by the legislature and may be sued very much as a private corporation may. The courts too have been strict in holding municipal corporations to their obligations.

Yet, even when a bondholder's rights are backed by a United States Court, it is sometimes possible for the debtor to avoid payment. There is the celebrated case of St. Clair County, Missouri, which issued two hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth of bonds in aid of a railroad over forty years ago. The road, in fact, was never built; yet the bonds had been duly issued and duly sold. The bondholders brought suit and secured judgment, but the county officials heroically refused to obey the mandate of the court by making a tax levy to pay the bonds. Some of the officials have gone to jail and spent their entire terms there in contempt of court. Others have taken to the woods and remained practically fugitives during their terms; in fact, year after year, officials have been elected on a distinct pledge to disobey the court's order—that being the prime local issue at elections.

It should be noted, however, that the assessed valuation of the county is only about four million dollars, and the bond judgment with accrued interest amounts to nearly six hundred thousand dollars—a tremendous burden! There are other instances of successful repudiation.

For any live, ambitious community, however, the penalty of repudiation is so heavy that the bondholders' risk in that direction is very slight. It is amazing, indeed, to find a live city like Atchison even defaulting—a course that can apparently be accounted for only on the ground of excessive official obtuseness. The real penalty is not in a court decree, but in injury to the community's credit. To repudiate is to destroy the community's borrowing power—to default is to cripple that power; and borrowing power is the instrument by which counties and cities get practically all permanent improvements.

In the thirties, and again soon after the Civil War, there was a great deal of reckless state and municipal financing in aid of turnpikes, canals, railroads, and so on. Both periods, as we have seen, resulted in many defaults. Nowadays the debt-incurring power, both of states and of municipalities, is almost always strictly limited by constitutions and statutes. It is noteworthy that some Western states which are usually called radical—Texas and Oklahoma being examples—have gone so far in the safeguarding of municipal credit as to require that no political subdivision of the state shall offer a bond issue without having submitted it to the state auditor and the secretary of state, and without having secured from them a certificate that the bonds have been lawfully issued and are within the debt-limit prescribed for the subdivision issuing them.

Opportunities for Investors

No intelligent precaution to safeguard municipal credit can be amiss. Turning to last year's issues, you find that sixty million dollars—roughly—were for water supply; ninety million for streets and bridges; twenty-six million for sewers and drainage; forty-five million for school buildings; thirteen million for parks and museums; eight million for gas and electric lights—and so on.

These things, you see, are the very bone and marrow of a city's proper growth. Bad credit finally means bad streets, bad water, bad sewerage, bad school buildings; and the first thing the bond dealer wants to know respecting any municipal issue is the record of the municipality with regard to paying its debts. If the record is not spotless the bonds are immediately under suspicion. The mutual savings banks put millions into municipal bonds, and a single default will shut a municipality out of that market for years.

Default by the United States can be imagined only as the result of a war that absolutely prostrates the country, and our liability to such a war is very remote. Hence the Government three-per-cents sell a little above par even now.

Default by a state is also a very remote possibility; yet not so remote as in the case of the Federal Government; so you find New York state four-per-cents, for example, selling a little under par—more than a full one per cent in interest-yield below the Government bonds. And New York City four and a quarter per cent bonds sell a little lower than New York State fours—because the possibility of default, though actually very remote, is comparatively nearer.

So it is not true that any security is absolutely sure against all possible loss, or that any other security is as "good as a Government bond."

By common consent, excluding the state issues, municipal bonds, as a class, come next. The basis on which they sell shows that default is a very rare thing; and almost always when it does occur the bondholder has a prompt remedy. In the Atchison case mentioned above the bondholders at once applied to the State Supreme Court and within a week that tribunal issued a mandamus requiring the city to make provision for the payment of the bonds and forbidding any future tax levy which does not include such provision.

And the bond market has now worked into a condition so favorable to the investor that a man can get very fair returns on his money among municipals. Last year more than one-quarter of all the state and municipal issues put out bore interest at the rate of five per cent or higher. Ten years ago only a twelfth of the total issue bore five per cent or better—indeed, ten years ago almost two-thirds of all the state and municipal bonds issued bore only three or three and a half per cent interest. Last year there was not a single issue at three per cent and only a little over one per cent of the total was issued at three and a half.

In the current year municipal bond issues, on the whole, have gone at a higher rate of interest than in 1912. In short, the small investor can now find excellent pickings in this field paying four and a half to five per cent.

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52

THE GRAND STRATEGY OF STYLE

(Continued from Page 15)

spectacular feature at our opening? In spite, however, of these divergent aims the various importers manage to bring back pretty much the same styles.

From the box of our dress troubles one winged word of cheer escapes to the American public: We do not buy the worst models that are shown us. Startling as are many of the Parisian creations, they are still not so startling as any number left at home.

Last September, for instance, one heard everywhere between homing buyers exclamations like the following:

"Wasn't that one costume at So-and-So's the worst Welshrabbit dream you ever saw in your life? That weird laundryman's shirt and that terrible coolie hat! Who in the world would ever buy a thing like that?"

Speaking of the fall openings in Paris she had recently attended, a woman confided to some of her friends:

"The décolletté gowns shown everywhere abroad were simply shocking. Not since the insolent filminess of the *merveilleuse* costume—the dressing in the early part of the nineteenth century that shocked the whole world—has there been anything so daring. Naturally enough we do not try to sell gowns like that in America. The women here wouldn't stand for them."

It is, indeed, only natural to suppose that Yankee shrewdness is barbed enough to defeat the most sinister intention of the big dressbreakers' league. They are not guileless, these American importers, and they do not walk into an opening without a little preliminary looking about. Before the great events take place they are, in fact, pretty sure to have made a study of the modes.

They go to the fashionable restaurants of Paris. They attend the big races. They make a flying excursion to the clothes-gardens of the Riviera. And always they keep under observation the clothes worn by those plumaged birds of play—Madame la Duchesse This; Madame la Comtesse That; Mademoiselle Suzanne, the charming actress of the Comédie Française—who set the styles not only for Paris but for the civilized world. They know all these tinseled mondaines by sight; and even if they have not seen them wear any of the models they select for importation they know absolutely the manner of clothes they might wear.

A French Monopoly

We have always got to remember, however, that we Americans lack one quality possessed, so the legend runneth, by every woman in Paris. We have not got *chic!* Just what this mysterious *chic* really is cannot be bound down by mere crude words. If you ask a Frenchman he merely shrugs his shoulders and looks pained. From his whole manner, though, you are led to suppose that *chic* is a wondrous chemical that reduces absurdity to charm and permits a woman to don even one of those clipped poodle-tail feathers, with the tuft on the end, with an infinite assurance that it becomes her. Perhaps, indeed, *chic* is a kind of mortar that fills in slashed skirts. At any rate we have not got it.

One was reminded of this touching national defect in a recent conversation with a young Frenchman who had just come over to America from his father's shop in Biarritz to weep over this barren land. At the question as to whether women of the highest fashion in Paris wore the slashed skirt, he replied in the affirmative.

"But," he added inevitably in his shredded English, "they have *chic.*"

Testy at this constant allusion one made a last desperate attempt to locate any possible alleviation of the slashed skirt.

"Tell me what it is," demanded one bluntly. "We American women are well groomed, we carry ourselves well. What is the matter with us anyway?"

"Mademoiselle," responded the Frenchman solemnly, "*chic* is the ineffable manner French women are born with, and which American women try unsuccessfully to get at boarding schools."

That is the worst about these French, they have not only *chic* but epigrams.

To go back, however, to the propagation of modes in America, there can be no doubt that the department store takes on itself the greater burden of this task. These organizations are, indeed, the great cheerleaders of the national game of getting the

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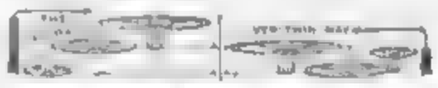

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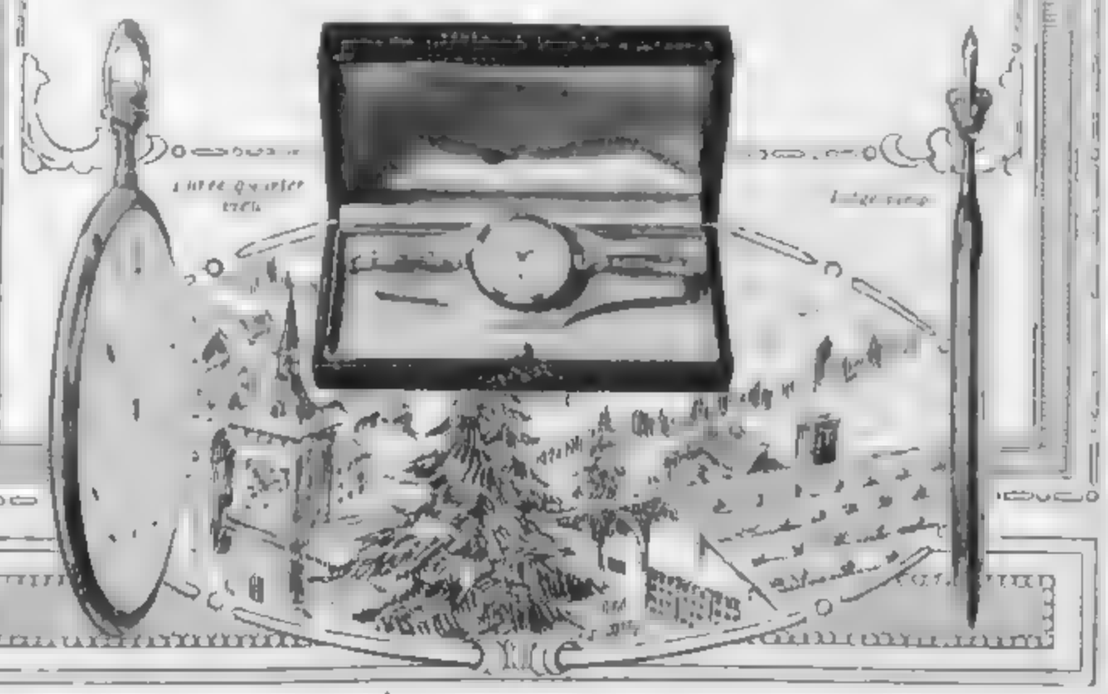

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"I always play by the new *instinctive* method. So I closed the panel in front of the roll; shut my eyes and started the music.

"The first tranquil chords made me imagine I could see [illegible] Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the shadowy evening star scene upon it; the green flowery wooded valley, the pilgrims' monastery on the hill afar off, the path down which come the pilgrim monks with deep voices singing "The Pilgrims' Chorus"—that glorious melody which makes you want to cry with happy emotion.

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"And, then, out of the Virtuolo drifted the drowsy chords of the harp—the harp of old Wolfram sitting there on the roots of a tree, his face uplifted, his fingers stroking the strings, his rich bass voice singing "Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star"

"No painter ever painted a picture of evening so real, so spell-binding as the soothing tones of this music painted on your feelings. It is strange, it is beautiful—this playing on the Virtuolo by instinct."

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CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

dress over. To their openings of spring and winter clothing, at which are brought out the models culled from the great Parisian ateliers, and to the big full-page advertisements that accompany these openings, we must attribute the first mighty shock of a national clothes awakening. And to the efficient megaphone work they keep up all through the season the clothing manufacturers undoubtedly owe the enthusiasm with which they put the Paris styles over the American goal.

Even before the French models she has selected are on the homeward-bound boat, the department-store buyer is thinking up advertisements by which she can stimulate popular interest. As a first necessity for these the buyer demands some feature, some refrain, by which she can bind together all the models for her display. Styles must be "like a page from the Arabian Nights"; or "echoing the rich embroideries of Nippon"; or "waking the dainty shepherdesses of Watteau from their ancient slumber." Always there must be for the department-store opening some big talking point.

What is more than this, the department-store buyer is mortally afraid the other stores will do their talking first. Her one ambition is to have an advance story on the new modes, and, if possible, to rob the other shops of their advertising thunder. To this end she generally sends cables from the fashionable French races; and, as a rule, she follows these communications with other cables regarding the trend of styles shown at the Paris openings.

Sometimes, indeed, the department-store representative's strategy is worthy of a Dumas hero. One example of ingenuity is supplied by the case of a young and brilliant woman connected with one of the great New York department stores, who returned from a survey of foreign modes the first of last September.

Ingenious Press Work

"Mary," confided this young woman to her traveling companion the day before they landed in New York, "I'll bet Elizabeth X——"—the buyer of a rival New York store—"is going to feature Persian stuff in her opening; and I'm going to beat her to it. I've got to see the reporters tomorrow morning."

"Modest Violet!" commented the traveling companion. "What reporter is going to bother with you?"

"Wait and see!" responded the other.

Now it happened that this young woman had with her a replica of a very famous emerald necklace which she had brought with her for exhibition purposes. Necklaces, it will be remembered, have always played an important part in feminine adventures, and this one was forced to live up to legendary obligations. That night the young woman did something to the string The next morning when the custom-house officer picked up the ornament the jewels went splashing over the pier.

In the crowd that gathered about the young woman after this incident all the New York reporters were conspicuous. And as the heroine coolly remarked, "Those jewels are not real—I brought them back to the —— store for exhibition," they pressed eagerly forward.

"Are you a buyer?" questioned one.

"No," replied the young woman, "an advertisement writer."

"But you have been at the Paris openings? You can tell us what they are going to wear this year?"

Stealthily but triumphantly the young woman nudged her traveling companion.

"Oh, yes," drawled she indifferently; "I can give you some photographs—provided you mention the name of my firm in your story."

With the easy grace of their class the reporters all promised.

"Well, then," said she, "it's pantaloons—came from the Minaret influence. Here, you can see for yourselves!" And with strict impartiality she dealt out to each reporter photographs of the imminent trouserettes.

That evening and the next morning the papers were bleary with the photographs and headlines like this. "Yes, We're Going to Wear 'Em. What? Why, Persian Pantaloons. So Says No Less a Person Than Miss Blank."

They did not mention the name of Miss Blank's firm; nevertheless this young person felt a certain thrill of triumph.

"I guess," remarked she, "I've taken a little of the starch out of Elizabeth X——'s fall opening."

The man with 15 pipes and what he said—

A man who owns fifteen different styles of pipes and keeps them hanging on a carved rack in his home asked us a question the other day. He said:

"I have been smoking pipes since the year Ruth Cleveland was born in the White House. I've smoked from sack, jar, tin and box; I have smoked long green right from the warehouse and I have turned my coat pocket wrong side out and smoked the nameless blend that gathers there. But Edgeworth carries for me a kind of satisfaction that keeps it my favorite year after year.

"Why don't you give away a few thousand dollars' worth of it? Get it into the hands of the smoker—don't pass it out to him at ball games and county fairs and conventions when his mind is on something else, but invite him to ask for a sample package. You'll never regret it and the fellow who tries Edgeworth in his pipe once or twice is going to be as well pleased with it as I am."

Well, it was a question *which* to sample, for Edgeworth, made from the finest Burley that grows on the ground, comes both in the Sliced Plug and in the Ready-Rubbed.

Finally, we decided on sending out Ready-Rubbed and all you have to do to find out what Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is like is to send us a post card and tell us to send your package along.

The idea of your asking for this free package is not that you get so much tobacco without paying anything for it, but that you find out what Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is like, so that, like our friend whose words we quote above, it will be your *favorite*. If you let us know your dealer's name we will then be able to arrange for you to keep supplied thereafter by him.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

Guard the Winter Health of your Boys & Girls with

Perfect protection in chill, wind and drizzle. Our process preserves natural Lanolin of Northern Wool Shrunk three times original thickness. Modernized Scandinavian [illegible] method gives greatest warmth and wear with least weight [illegible] texture. You get [illegible] only in *Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Garments* for men, women & children. [illegible] for sample of cloth and book of directions [illegible]

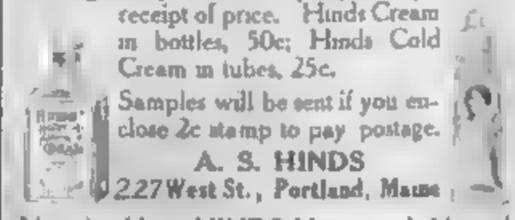
It is the daily use of

Hinds
HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream

that keeps the complexion in such splendid condition at all times. But only a small amount should be applied to make the skin clear, soft and more youthful. There will be no roughness or chapping if you use Hinds Cream regularly. It is absolutely pure, and free from greasy, sticky or any injurious properties.

Guaranteed positively not to cause hair to grow on the face, arms or hands.—Soothes babies' skin troubles. Relieves men's tender skin after shaving.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.



Samples will be sent if you enclose 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS
227 West St., Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP; highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.

KREMENTZ

on the back of a Collar Button means the best workmanship, the most perfect shape, and more gold than you'll get in any other plated collar button made.

Guaranteed Forever

A new one free in exchange for any genuine Krements Collar Button that is broken or damaged from any cause.

14K Rolled Gold Plate	$ .25
10K Solid Gold	1.00
14K " "	1.50

Leading dealers sell them *Booklet on request*

Krementz & Co.
40 Chestnut St. Newark, N. J.

Manufacturers of the Bodkin-Clutch Studs

As has been said, the great department-store openings represent the first toss of the fashion ball. To this event are bent all the talents of the organization. Advertisement writers get out their most penetrating adjectives and drug the imagination with romantic associations of the mode. The gowns are displayed on living models, and are given strange names, like L'Aviette and La Pompadour. Bands play behind potted foliage and very often a stage setting appropriate to the character of the style is supplied.

This fall Minaret-Persian things afforded us all sorts of a good time. The advertisement writers, turned out in such rich pasturage as "barbaric colors, the fretted spires of Bagdad, the rich and harmonious tints of a prayer rug," went through their best vocabulary paces. Pictures of the original Minaret costumes vied with French poster-work in engaging our attention. Beyond doubt there was a big feature to this autumn's style story.

They are still at it—these fashion writers; and not until next spring may we expect surcease from sorrow. Meantime, however, there will probably be any number of new names thought out for the old, original Minaret combinations.

This matter of naming suits and gowns and accessories is probably the very most important feature of putting over a style. Everything in the way of clothes must now be called something or it fails to sell. The tango garter will go when the fringed garter would fall flat; the Minaret gown will be asked for when the gown with the wired tunic would languish forever; the Eiffel Tower feather will wave supreme over a mere high feather. Any number of style successes in this country may, in fact, be traced to some catchy ragtime name.

Speaking of this feature of modern style projection a very successful young advertisement writer in a New York department store dogmatized in this way:

"The public wants something it can ask for by name. If I call a blouse after some actress and can get a photograph of the actress in this garment the garment goes like wildfire; or if I name a silk after some popular play the fabric department doubles its sales.

"Further than this, the American public has just enough British prudery to accept a daring style if it has some ingenuous name. Now there are the pantaloons of this present year—I don't believe that we can ever get our people to wear them—as pantaloons; but if we call them the Aladdin skirt, or something like that, why, then, I'm sure they'll walk right over."

Taking the sting out of Parisian styles does not, however, consist merely in finding an innocuous name. As has been said before, French costumes go through a deal of modification before they are universally accepted in this country.

Even with much conscientious clipping of the modes, however, the clothes they put us into are still bad enough to make the cartoonist's work absolutely literal. Nor does there seem to be the slightest prospect of ever being able to import any of that *chic* to wear with them.

Lifeboat Wireless

WIRELESS telegraphy is now being adapted to lifeboats, so that in the event of an ocean disaster the shipwrecked passengers will have still another aid to quick succor. The idea of using wireless for lifeboats is simple, but the actual application of it has been found very difficult.

The trouble is to suspend high in the air the antennæ or wires from which the wireless waves go out. As lifeboats are launched from davits, and usually launched already loaded with passengers, fixed masts are hardly feasible. Kites to carry the wires were suggested, but found to be unsatisfactory, because the height of the kites varied rapidly and this varied the strength of the signals so much that sending and receiving were poor.

Another plan was to have a buoy, carrying a mast, towed by the lifeboat; and this might be tried. Masts that will fold down over the seats can be used, but in a crowded lifeboat it would be difficult to set them up and their presence might decrease the capacity of the boat.

Telescopic masts, composed of metal tubes that fit into one another like a telescope, will probably be the method adopted. Two lifeboats on each big vessel could be fitted with instruments having a range of about one hundred miles.

We pick them at sunrise—

Red-ripe solid Jersey tomatoes with the dew standing on them, and flashing out among the vines.

The fruit at that hour is cold and firm. When you open it the juice glistens temptingly; and the delicious flavor is like nothing else in the world.

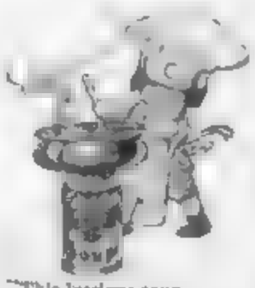
That is what you get in

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

We make these perfect tomatoes into soup the day they are picked. The Campbell process retains all their native quality and freshness and their delightful aroma.

All the other ingredients are equally choice and tempting. And our exclusive blending-formula produces a result so inviting and so wholesome that experts agree in classing Campbell's as the standard of perfect tomato soup.

Wouldn't your family enjoy it again *today*?



"This luscious soup
Just hits my taste.
It keeps me strong and steady
No work, no waste.
No fuss or haste
I feed on tomatoes — and it's ready

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
Vermicelli Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

Manning-Bowman Electrics

The widespread demand for electrically heated cooking utensils has been most adequately met with the line of Manning-Bowman Electrics, comprising Percolators, Chafing Dishes, Tea Ball Tea Urns, Water Heaters, Toasters, and many other utensils. Every article has been designed to secure the greatest utility and durability and to operate at a minimum consumption of current.

The neatness of the electric application makes all M-B Electrics especially attractive. There is an absence of cumbersome and awkward wiring, the connection being made by patented detachable plug. In every article with enclosed heater there is a small fusible nut which acts as a safety device. Should the current be left on and the vessel boil dry, the nut melts and automatically shuts off the heat, preventing any damage to the utensil.

MB Ware a Quality Standard

The name Manning-Bowman has long identified a line of cooking devices for use with alcohol burner or on ordinary coal or gas range. With the addition of the Manning-Bowman Electrics, whose quality and durability are in keeping with Manning-Bowman standards, this line is most complete, and the most satisfactory selections can be made from it. On sale at jewelry, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

We have an instructive and attractive booklet which will be sent upon request. Write for booklet L-22, "Manning-Bowman Electrics."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

What Next?

Fooling the Cat

MILK powder has now been made so successfully that some of it dissolved in water deceived a fastidious cat which had steadily refused to eat any kind of milk preparation and displayed a keen discrimination between fresh milk and substitutes. In this new process the milk is sprayed in a hot chamber and all the water in the milk goes off as steam, while the milk solids float down in tiny particles like snow.

This milk powder, dissolved in water, looks like milk and tastes like milk; and even has cream on the top. Dried milk, or milk powder, has had many uses, though not to much extent for food; but tests are now being made to determine whether or not the new kind is a satisfactory food in all respects.

An Improved Searchlight

NEW value has been given to searchlights for ocean liners by a device which controls the direction of the rays from a telescope. The observer can look through the telescope, swinging it from side to side seeking icebergs or any other objects, and the searchlight mounted near at hand, or perhaps high above, will make the same swings, keeping the light always directed at the point toward which the telescope is directed. The control of the searchlight is entirely by electrical mechanism.

In the Face of Fire

DOORS that will slam themselves shut when fire comes along, and throw pans of water over the oncoming flames, are the latest devices for stopping the terrible dust-explosion fires in coal mines. The real marvel of the doors is that they do not wait until the fire gets to them, but promptly go into action while there is still time to shut off the flames.

The doors, placed at intervals along the mine passages, are ordinarily kept swung back against the walls; and on them are balanced several pans filled with water. A dust explosion in a coal mine rushes rapidly through all the open passages, but the flames are preceded by a sudden draft or air pressure. This draft will shut the doors in time to head off the flames; and, as the doors slam, the water from the pans is thrown in the direction from which the fire is coming.

The same principle of utilizing the precursive airwave is the basis of most of the systems now rapidly being applied in coal mines to check the dust explosions.

One method that has had much attention of late is to keep all the passages well sprinkled with stonedust, with piles of it stored on shelves along the passageways. When the airwave comes along ahead of the fire this stonedust is stirred up into the air and acts something like a blanket in smothering the coaldust flames.

Cooking With Cold

THAT meat can be cooked by extreme cold as well as by extreme heat is the contention of a German investigator. He has taken the familiar phenomenon that extreme cold seems to the touch like extreme heat and applied it to meats. His tests have revealed the fact that a temperature of sixty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, seems to do the work best; and he contends that meat cooked in this way is equal to meat cooked with heat. He recommends, however, that the meat be kept in tightly sealed jars after being cooked with cold.

A Model Village

A CITY that wants to stay small, and is already looking forward to the day when it will have to take measures to keep its population from going over an agreed figure, sounds queer to an American, but it really exists.

The city is Letchworth, in England, established fifteen years ago under the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire to be a model village. When it was first opened it had one hundred inhabitants, but its pleasant parks and streets, prosperous shops and small but handsome buildings have been drawing well and it now has eight thousand. It is the purpose of Letchworth not to grow beyond thirty-five thousand people, and when that limit is about reached new industries will be frowned upon.

GUESS—WHICH HAND?

TASTE GOOD BECAUSE THEY ARE GOOD

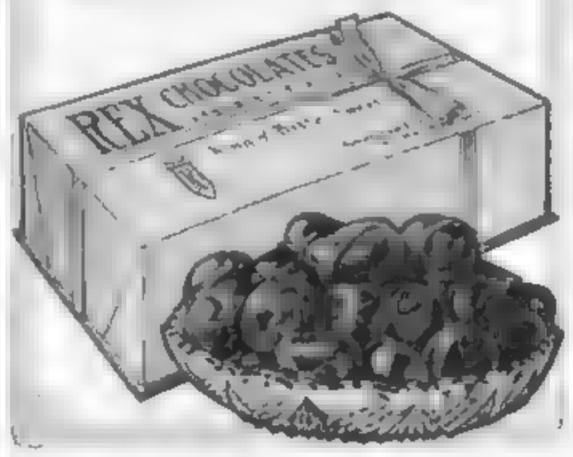
REX

"KING OF BITTER SWEETS"
35c, 60c and $1—the Box

Milady CHOCOLATES
"The American Candy"
50c, 85c, $1, $2, $3—the Box

At your dealers or sent direct on receipt of price

AMERICAN CANDY CO., Milwaukee



COLGATE'S
RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

A quick lather—a clean shave. Trial box *(size shown)* sent for four cents postage.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton St., N.Y.

THE BEST LIGHT

200 styles—carry a brilliant illumination into homes that have had to struggle along on oil, gas or candles. Brighter than acetylene or electricity and costs only two

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 East 5th St., Canton, O.

THE TREASURE

(Continued from Page 19)

"For Mrs. Sargent may think she can exasperate me by patronizing my maid," said Mrs. Salisbury guardedly, when telling her husband and daughter of the affair that evening; "but there is a limit to everything, and I have had about enough of this efficiency business!"

"I can only beg, mother dear, that you won't have a row with Owen's dear little vacillating, weak-minded ma," said Sandy cheerfully.

"No; but seriously, don't you both think it's outrageous?" Mrs. Salisbury asked, looking from one to the other.

"No-o; I see the girl's point," Kane Salisbury said thoughtfully. "What she does with her afternoons off is her own affair, after all; and you can't blame her, if a chance to step out of the groove comes along, for taking advantage of it. Strictly you have no call to interfere."

"Legally perhaps I haven't," his wife conceded calmly. "But, thank goodness, my home is not yet a court of law. Besides, daddy, if one of the young men in the bank did something of which you disapproved you would feel privileged to interfere."

"If he did something wrong, Sally; not otherwise."

"And you would be perfectly satisfied to meet your janitor somewhere at dinner?"

"No, not exactly; he isn't the type one meets. But if he qualified otherwise I wouldn't mind meeting him just because he happened to be the janitor. Now young Forrest turns up at the club for golf, and Sandy and I picked Fred Hall up the other day coming back from the river." Kane Salisbury leaned back in his chair and watched the rings of smoke that rose from his cigar. "It's a funny thing about you women," he said lazily. "You keep wondering why smart girls won't go into housework, and yet, if you get a girl who isn't a mere stupid machine you resent every sign she gives of being an intelligent human being. No two of you keep house alike, and you jump on the girl the instant she hangs a dish towel up the way you don't. It's you women who make life so hard for each other. Now if any decent man saw a young fellow at the bottom of the ladder who was as good and clever and industrious as Justine is, he'd be glad to give him a hand up. But, no; that means she's above her work and has to be snubbed."

"Don't talk so cynically, daddy dear," Mrs. Salisbury said, smiling over her fancy work as one only half listening.

"I tell you, a change is coming in all these things, Sally," said the cynic, unruffled.

"You bet there is!" his daughter seconded him, from the favorite low seat that permitted her to rest her mouse-colored head against his knee.

"Your mother's a conservative, Sandy," pursued the man of the house, encouraged; "but there's going to be some domestic revolutionizing in the next few years. It's hard enough to get a maid now; pretty soon it'll be impossible. Then you women will have to sit down and work the thing out, and ask yourselves why young American girls won't come into your homes and eat the best food in the land and get well paid for what they do. You'll have to reduce the work of an American home to a system, that's all, and what you want done that isn't provided for in that system you'll have to do yourselves. There's something in the way you treat a girl now, or in what you expect her to do, that's all wrong!"

"It isn't a question of too much work," Mrs. Salisbury said. "They are much better off when they're worked hard. And I notice that your bookkeepers are kept pretty busy, Kane," she added neatly.

"For an eight-hour day, Sally; but you expect a twelve or fourteen hour day from your housemaid ——"

"If I pay a maid thirty-seven and a half dollars a month," his wife averred, with precision, "I expect her to do something for that thirty-seven dollars and a half!"

"Well, but mother, she does!" Alexandra contributed eagerly. "In Justine's case she does an awful lot! She plans and saves and thinks about things. Sometimes she sits writing menus and crossing things out for an hour at a time."

"And then Justine's a pioneer, in a way she's an experiment," the man said. "Experiments are always expensive. That's why the club is interested, I suppose. But in a few years probably the woods will be full of graduate servants—everyone'll have one! They'll have their clubs and their plans together, and that will solve some of the social side of the old trouble. They ——"

"Still, I notice that Mrs. Sargent herself doesn't employ graduate servants!" Mrs. Salisbury, who had been following a wandering line of thought, threw in darkly.

"Because they haven't any graduates for homes like hers, mother," Alexandra supplied. "She keeps eight or nine housemaids. The college is only to supply the average home, don't you see? Where only one or two are kept—that's their idea."

"And do they suppose that the average American woman is willing to go right on paying thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a month for a maid?" Mrs. Salisbury asked.

"For five in family, mother! Justine would only cost thirty if three dear little strangers hadn't come to brighten your home," Sandy reminded her. "Besides," she went on, "Justine was telling me only a day or two ago of their latest scheme. They are arranging so that a girl can manage two houses in the same neighborhood. She gets breakfast for the Joneses, say; leaves at nine for market; orders for both families; goes to the Smiths and serves their hearty meal at noon; goes back to the Joneses at five, and serves dinner."

"And what does she get for all this?" Mrs. Salisbury asked, in a skeptical tone.

"The Joneses pay her twenty-five, I believe, and the Smiths fifteen, for two in each family."

"What's to prevent the two families having all meals together," Mrs. Salisbury asked, "instead of having to patch out with meals when they had no maid?"

"Well, I suppose they could. Then she'd get her original thirty and five more for the two extra. Perhaps families will pool their expenses that way some day. It would save buying, too, and table linen, and gas and fuel. And it would be fun! All at our house this month, and all at Aunt Mat's next month!"

"There's one serious objection to sharing a maid," Mrs. Salisbury presently submitted, "she would tell the other family all your private business."

"If they chose to pump her she might," Alexandra said, with unintentional rebuke, and Mr. Salisbury added amusedly:

"No, no, no, mother! That's an exploded theory. How much has Justine told you of her last place?"

"But that's no proof she wouldn't, Kane." Mrs. Salisbury ended the talk by rising from her chair, taking another nearer the reading lamp and opening a new magazine. "Justine is a sensible girl," she added, after a moment. "I have always said that. When all the discussing and theorizing in the world is done, it comes down to this: a servant in my house shall do as I say. I have told her that I dislike this ridiculous club idea, and I expect to hear no more of the matter!"

There came a day in December when Mrs. Salisbury returned from the Forum Club in mid-afternoon. Her face was a little pale as she entered the house, her lips tightly set. It was a Thursday afternoon, and Justine's kitchen was empty. Lettuce and peeled potatoes were growing crisp in yellow bowls of iced water, breaded cutlets were in the ice chest, a custard cooled in a north window.

Mrs. Salisbury walked rapidly through the lower rooms, came back to the library and sat down at her desk. A fire was laid in the wide, comfortable fireplace, but she did not light it. She sat, hatted, veiled and gloved, staring fixedly ahead of her for some moments. Then she said aloud, in a firm but quiet voice: "Well, this positively ends it!"

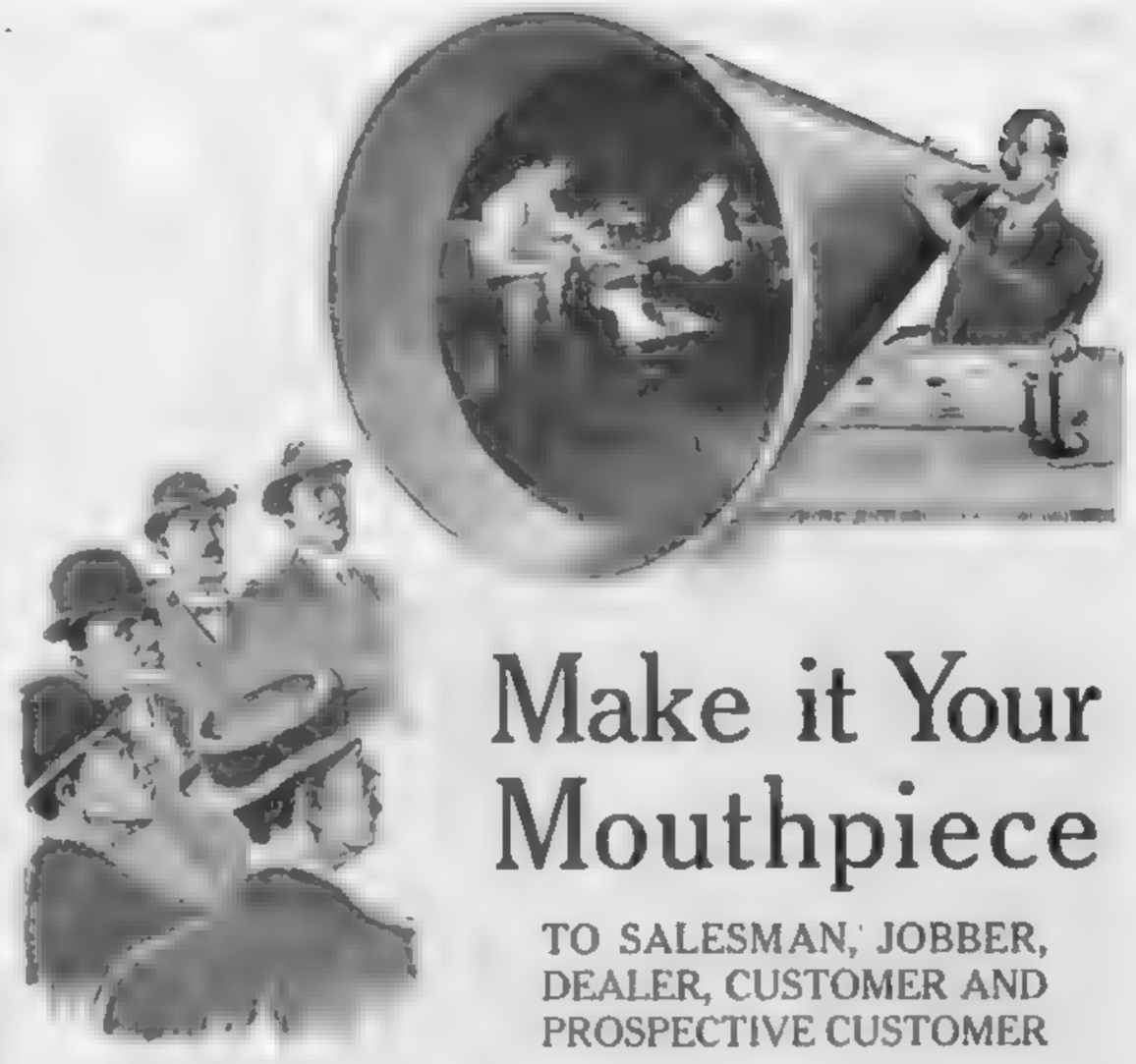
A delicate film of dust obscured the shining surface of the writing table. Mrs. Salisbury's mouth curved into a cold smile when she saw it; and again she spoke aloud.

"Thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, indeed!" she said. "Ha!"

Nearly two hours later Alexandra rushed in. Alexandra looked her prettiest; she was wearing new furs for the first time; her face was radiantly fresh, under the sweep of her velvet hat. She found her mother stretched comfortably on the library couch, with a book. Mrs. Salisbury smiled with a certain placid triumph.

"Here you are, mother!" Alexandra burst out joyously. "Mother, I've just had the

(Continued on Page 38)



Make it Your Mouthpiece

TO SALESMAN, JOBBER, DEALER, CUSTOMER AND PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER

Many an executive is bottled up.

He has ambitions; he has dreams; he has great selling inspirations that might mean growth, expansion, new markets, profits.

But he lacks the *medium of expression*.

He has no quick, handy means of getting his thought over to salesman, jobber, dealer, customer and prospective customer.

But there is a way out—a way that has been tried and proven by thousands of users of Multigraph System.

First—Never let inspiration grow cold

Have some one at your elbow to seize upon the idea, whip it into shape, and send it speeding to the point where it takes effect.

Dictate it *now*—or better, call in the Advertising Manager, or the head of your Multigraph Department, and start something.

If your business is small and you haven't capable subordinates, make your message more specific and turn it over to your Multigraph operator.

It may be that a letter, intimate, convincing, sincere and business-like, will turn a difficult trade situation into a great sales opportunity.

It may be that a clever idea for a folder, stuffer, or booklet will boost the waning enthusiasm of many dealers. It may be that an idea for a weekly sales letter, a trade or internal house organ, a quota plan, a salesman's contest, or a selling plan for dealers will transform your sales force and work a profitable revolution in your business.

Second—Use the Multigraph

To carry out the above suggestions—and hundreds like them—means turning ideas into typewriting and printing.

For many men, ordinary typewriting and printing are too expensive, often they are too slow, generally they are too inconvenient. But the Multigraph is right there in your own office. There need not be a moment's unnecessary delay. Your own employee operates it. The cost of the finished work is so far below the printer's that you *can afford to give expression to your best ideas*—as well as having the constant inspiration of quick work, good work and convenience.

Look into the application to your business of the Multigraph as a great Salesman—and while you are doing it, ask us about the Multigraph Folding Machines and the Markoe Envelope Sealer. You are safe in investigating—for *you can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it.* Mail the coupon.

THE MULTIGRAPH

Produces real printing and form-typewriting equally economically private [illegible]

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES 1800 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Krausenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.; Paris, 24 Boulevard des [illegible]

WHAT USES ARE YOU MOST INTERESTED IN?

[illegible]

American Multigraph Sales Co
1800 E. Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Printing:

[illegible]

Typewriting

[illegible]

—shop early, wisely. Give the gift-i

GIVE serviceable gifts this season. More than mere "presents"—gifts which will constantly remind the recipient of you and your regard.

Hotpoint electrical appliances are everything one could wish for in a gift. Their very usefulness typifies the "lasting and useful" friendship.

Only one question need concern you—

"Is So-and-So's home equipped with electric lights?"

Answered in the affirmative, it is merely a matter of deciding which appliance would be most acceptable.

—They give lasting and efficient service, and are designed with an eye to the beautiful.

—They lessen the labors of housekeeping by half, and make it a most pleasant task—almost no task at all!

—There's a fascination in their use that makes erstwhile work seem more like "play."

—Such a gift will stand out among all others—for the very reason that it is electrical, and does things—does them so easily, so quickly, so daintily!

Imagine your gift in use on the Christmas morning breakfast table—El Perco brewing clear, rich coffee, El Tosto browning luscious, toothsome toast or El Grillo crisping a rasher of bacon and frying eggs!

And so, day by day—morning, noon and evening—your gift will go on repeating this service, always suggesting you and your thoughtful remembrance.

—now $5.00

El Grillo reduced from $6.50 to $5

—new price in effect today. Dealers please notice.

El Grillo fries, broils, toasts and boils, both above and below its glowing coils! Attaches to any lamp-socket.

(Canadian price, was $8.50—now $6.50.)

The best proof in the world, of WORTH—is the world's acceptance of it. More than a million Hotpoint appliances are in active service in all parts of the world—demonstrating their superior worth. Such significant approval should surely command your favorable consideration.

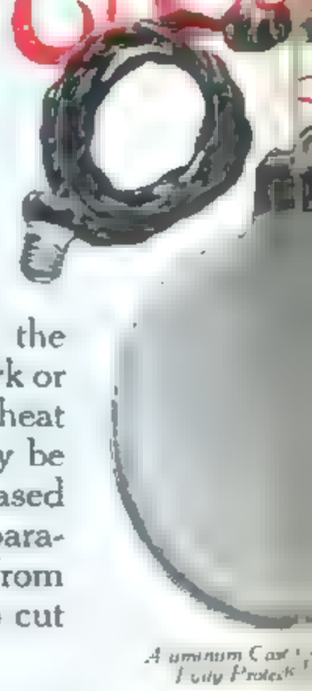
Introducing a marked development—a

ALUMINUM EL COMFO is in all probability the "last word" in a device for applying localized heat to the human body. It is one of the greatest strides ever taken in the development of electrical appliances.

Some of us remember the long-handled coal pot that grandmother used to take the chill out of the bed clothes; most of us remember the soapstones, the bricks, flat irons, salt bags and other devices used in health and sickness. Then came the hot-water bottle—a big advance. An equal advance was made when the flexible electric pad was introduced.

Now comes the all-metal, fireproof El Comfo that gives complete heat control at any desired temperature from 100 to 200 degrees.

The user can easily control the heat with one hand, in the dark or under the bed clothes. The heat is even and sustained or may be started high or low and increased or diminished at will. A separable connection three feet from El Comfo makes it easy to cut off the current.



Aluminum Case Fully Protected

—also new! A cooking set to use with the Hotpoint electric iron

TWO dishes and a stand for inverting the Hotpoint Iron which enables you to use your iron as a stove. Both boiling and frying operations can be successfully accomplished *(See illustration)*

Fully Protected by Basic Patents

The large dish holds more than one quart, and will bring water to a quick boil. Does all stewing operations; and poaches, scrambles or boils eggs

Seamless aluminum dishes. Stand is pressed steel, blued. Interchangeable ebonite handle. Legs of stand fold up, and stand telescopes into dish.

Using the Hotpoint Iron as a stove does not interfere with the regular 10 year guarantee.

Cooking set, complete: $2; in Canada, $2.50. Stand .50; in Canada, .60. Dish, $1.50; in Canada, $1.90. Iron, $3.50; in Canada, $4.50

HOTPOINT ELECT

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electrical

NEW YORK, 46 West Street ONTARIO, Ca

TORONTO, 25 Brant Street

deal—a Hotpoint electrical appliance

This exceeding popularity is a logical consequence of thorough excellence: combining utility, quality, guaranteed durability and beauty, with convenience, efficiency and economy of operation, in household electric appliances—at popular prices!

a new device necessary in every home

No home is equipped for maximum comfort in health and sickness, which does not have its Aluminum El Comfo. The first cost is low and the operating expense trivial—on a 10c rate—only 1c for 5 hours of continuous service!

El Comfo is a disc, 8 inches in diameter, ¾ inch thick. It is concave on one side and convex on the other, to comfortably fit the body curves. Flannel or other soft material may be placed between El Comfo and the body, as the user pleases. Being entirely of metal it can be safely used in a wet pack and cleansed in a sanitary manner. Ten feet of flexible cord connects it to any available lamp socket. Not necessary to turn off at lamp socket as there is a separable switch within easy reach of the user.

Aluminum El Comfo warms the bed quickly—keeps baby's crib warm—heats baby's milk—makes cold feet comfortable, and soothes all aches and pains. El Comfo is guaranteed for 5 years. If it proves unsatisfactory for any cause, mail it to our nearest factory and a new one will be sent you free of charge without quibble or question. Price $4.50. In Canada, $6.00.

RIC HEATING CO.

-Heated Household Appliances in the World

ifornia CHICAGO, 1001 Washington Blv'd

VANCOUVER, 365 Water Street

Another interesting innovation! this miniature electric disc-stove

THIS small disc-stove is only 4½ inches in diameter, but is highly efficient, and heats up very quickly. Requires much less current than the larger, heavier discs; nevertheless gives excellent results. The cooking plate is made of pressed steel, blued. The heating element is clamped closely against the under side of this disc. Deflecting plates below the element prevent waste radiation.

Does all light cooking; especially useful for travelers and in the sick-room.

Base and legs are of pressed steel; the feet, fiber-tipped. A one-foot extension cord with separable plug and socket is permanently attached.

Seven feet of flexible cord for connecting to any lamp socket

Price, $3.50; in Canada, $4.50

Heating Element Guaranteed 2 Years

HOTPOINT DISTRIBUTERS are coöperating with us in this national "shop-early" campaign by displaying our goods so that you can do your holiday shopping in November.

Hotpoint appliances are different from other things—they are so new and novel—you are so anxious to learn how they are operated and to see what quick and charming results you secure, that you should visit the dealer while his stock is complete and while he has time to give you a thorough demonstration. He will be glad to do this and it is the most practical way for you to become "electric-wise."

It will enable you to give electrical gifts intelligently, knowing the pleasure, comfort and satisfaction the recipient will derive from them.

Ask especially about the Hotpoint guarantee. And about the three new appliances which your dealer will probably have by the time you read this advertisement. Note also the reduction in prices we are making on El Grillo and El Tostovo, made possible on account of the extremely heavy demand and increased production, which means decreased cost. We are passing this saving to you.

Look for the store with the Hotpoint sign and the display of Hotpoint appliances. But if you do not find a dealer convenient we will ship any of these appliances at advertised prices, charges prepaid.

El Tostovo reduced from $4 to $3.50

—new price in effect today. Dealers please notice.

A combination electric toaster and stove. Toasts two slices of crisp, delicious toast in less than a minute; also boils and fries.

(Canadian price, was $5.25—now $4.50.)

Up One Step
It Waits You

There's just one step between you and the greatest of cereal delights. That step is *Tell your grocer to send you Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice*

Then corn, porous grains—eight times normal size—will greet the folks at your table.

Grains that are steam-exploded—filled with a myriad cells. Bubbles of grain, airy, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

And you'll all agree that no ready-cooked cereal one-half so delightful ever came to your morning table

Some serve with cream and sugar.

Some mix the grains with fruit.

They are used like nut-meats in home candy making or as garnish to ice cream

Between meals, children eat them dry, or sometimes crisped in butter.

And the supper dish in countless homes is Puffed Grains served in milk. These whole-grain morsels are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

No Other Such Food Creation

And please remember this:

There is no other way to get cereal food with all the food granules broken. These grains are steam-exploded—shot from guns—by Prof. Anderson's process. Each granule is blasted to pieces.

Thus digestion acts instantly, and all the food elements in the grain are made available.

The result is delicious—grains unique and inviting—grains with an almond taste. But the great fact is that this patent process makes whole grain wholly digestible. And that never was done before.

A thousand meals will be made more enjoyable by Puffed Wheat and Rice when you know them. You'll find them both foods and confections. You'll serve in a dozen ways.

And the only step necessary is to telephone your grocer to send you a package of each.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(3414)

(Continued from Page 35)

most extraordinary experience of my life!" She sat down beside the couch, her eyes dancing, her cheeks two roses, and threw off her furs and flung her gloves aside. "My dear," said Alexandra, catching up the bunch of violets she held for an ecstatic sniff and then dropping it in her lap again, "wait until I tell you—I'm engaged!"

"My darling girl ——" Mrs. Salisbury said rapturously, faintly.

"To Owen, of course," Alexandra rushed on radiantly. "But wait until I *tell* you! It's the most awful thing I ever did in my life, in a *way*," she interrupted herself to say more soberly. Her voice died away and her eyes grew dreamy.

Mrs. Salisbury's heart, rising giddily to heaven on a swift rush of thanks, felt a cold check.

"How do you mean awful, dear?" she asked apprehensively.

"Well, wait and I'll tell you," Alexandra said, recalled and dimpling again. "I met Jim Vance and Owen this morning, at about twelve, and Jim simply got red as a beet, and vanished—poor Jim!" The girl paid the tribute of a little sigh to the discarded suitor. "So then Owen asked me to lunch with him—right there in the Women's Exchange; so it was quite *comme il faut*, mother," she pursued; "and, my dear! he told me, as calmly as *that!*—that he might go to New York when Jim goes—Jim's going to visit a lot of Eastern relatives—so that he, Owen I mean, could study some Eastern settlement houses and get some ideas ——"

"I think the country is going mad on this subject of settlement houses and reforms and hygiene!" Mrs. Salisbury said with some sharpness. "However, go on!"

"Well, Owen spoke to me a little about—about Jim's liking me, you know," Alexandra continued. "You know Owen can get awfully red and choky over a thing like that," she broke off to say animatedly. "But today he wasn't—he was just brotherly and sweet. And, mother, he got so confidential, you know, that I simply *pulled* my courage together and I determined to talk honestly to him. I clasped my hands—I could see in one of the mirrors that I looked awfully nice, and that helped!—I clasped my hands, and I looked right into his eyes, and I said quietly, you know, 'Owen,' I said, 'I'm going to tell you the truth. You ask me why I don't care for Jim; this is the reason: I like you too much to care for any other man that way. I don't want you to say anything now, Owen,' I said, 'or to think I expect you to tell me that you have always cared for me. That'd be too *flat*. And I'm not going to say that I'll never care for any one else, for I'm only twenty and I don't know. But I couldn't see so much of you, Owen,' I said, 'and not care for you, and it seems as natural to tell you so as it would for me to tell another girl.'"

Mrs. Salisbury had risen to a sitting position; her eyes, fixed upon her daughter's face, were filled with utter horror.

"You are not serious, my child!" she gasped. "Alexandra, tell me that this is some monstrous joke ——"

"Serious! I never was more serious in my life," the girl said stoutly. "I said just that. It was easy enough after I once got started. And I thought to myself, even then, that if he didn't care he'd be decent enough to say so honestly ——"

"But, my child—my *child!*" the mother said, beside herself with outraged pride. "You cannot mean that you so far forgot a woman's natural delicacy—her natural shrinking ——! Why, what must Owen think of you! Can't you see what a dreadful thing you've done, dear!"

"Now wait!" Alexandra interrupted, unruffled. "He put his hand over mine, and he turned as red as a beet—I wish you could have seen his face, mother!—and he said—but," and the happy color flooded her face, "I honestly can't tell you what he said, mother," Alexandra confessed. "Only it was *darling*, and he is honestly the best man I ever saw in my life!"

"But dearest, dearest," her mother said, with desperate appeal, "don't you see that you can't possibly allow things to remain this way? Your dignity, dear, the most precious thing a girl has, you've simply thrown it to the winds! Do you want Owen to remind you some day that *you* were the one to speak first?" Her voice sank distressfully; a shamed red burned in her cheeks. "Do you want Owen to be able to say that you cared, and admitted that you cared, before he did?"

Alexandra, staring blankly at her mother, now burst into a gay laugh.

"Oh, mother, aren't you a *darling*—but you're so funny!" she said. "Don't you suppose I know Owen well enough to know whether he cares for me or not? He doesn't know it himself, that's the whole point; or rather he *didn't*, for he does now! And he'll go on caring more and more every minute, you'll see!"

"Oh, Alexandra, what are you *made* of? Where are your natural feelings? Why, do you realize that your Grandmother Porter kept your grandfather waiting three months for an answer, even? She lived to be an old, old lady, and she used to say that a woman ought never let her husband know how much she cared for him, and Grandfather Porter *respected* and *admired* your grandmother until the day of her death!"

"A dear, cold-blooded old lady she must have been!" said Alexandra, unimpressed.

"On the contrary," Mrs. Salisbury said quickly, "she was a beautiful and dignified woman. And when your father first began to call upon me," she went on impressively, "and Mattie teased me about him, I was so furious—my feelings were so outraged that I went upstairs and cried a whole evening, and wouldn't see him for *days!*"

"Well, dearest," Alexandra said cheerfully, "you may have been a perfect little lady, but it's painfully evident that I take after the other side of the house! As for Owen ever having the nerve to suggest that I gave him a pretty broad hint ——" the girl's voice was carried away on a gale of cheerful laughter. "He'd get no dessert for weeks to come!" she threatened gayly. "You know I'm convinced, mother," Sandy went on, more seriously, "that this business of a man's doing all the asking is going out. When women have their own industrial freedom, and their own well-paid work, it'll be a great compliment to suggest to a man that one's willing to give everything up and keep his house and raise his children for him. And if for any reason he *shouldn't* care for that girl, she'll not be embarrassed ——"

Mrs. Salisbury shut her eyes, her face and form rigid.

"Really, mother, Owen did every bit of this except the very first second, and, if you'll just *forget it*, in a few months he'll be thinking he did it all! Wait until you see him; he's walking on air. Now he's gone to tell his mother, but he's coming back to take us all to dinner. Is that all right? And, mother, that reminds me: we are going to live in the new Settlement House and have a girl like Justine!"

"*What!*" Mrs. Salisbury said, smitten sick with disappointment.

"Or Justine herself, if you'll let us have her," Sandy went on. "You see, living in that big Sargent house ——"

"Do you mean that Owen's mother doesn't want to give up that house?" Mrs. Salisbury asked. "I thought it was Owen's."

"It *is* Owen's, mother; but fancy living there!" Sandy said, vivaciously. "Why, I'd have to keep seven or eight maids, and do nothing but manage them, and do just as every one else does!"

"You'd be the richest young matron in town," her mother said bitterly.

"Oh, I know, mother; but that seems sort of mean to the other girls! Anyway, we'd much rather live in the ducky little Settlement House, and entertain our friends at the club, do you see? And Justine is to run a little cooking school, do you see? For every one says that management of food and money is the most important thing to teach the poorer class. Won't that be great?"

"I personally can't agree with you," the mother said lifelessly. "I have spent all my life since your babyhood trying to make friends for you among the nicest people, trying to establish our family upon an equal basis with much richer people, and you, instead of living as you should with beautiful things about you, choose to go down to River Street and drudge among the slums."

"Oh, come, mother; River Street is the breeziest, prettiest part of town, with the river and those fields opposite. Wait until we clean it up, and get some gardens going ——"

"As for Justine, I am *done* with her," continued the older woman dispassionately. "All this has rather put it out of my head, but I meant to tell you at once, she goes out of my house *this week!* Against my express wish she was the guest of the Forum Club today. 'Miss J. C. Harrison,' the program said, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Justine! She had on a black

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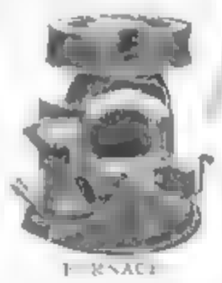
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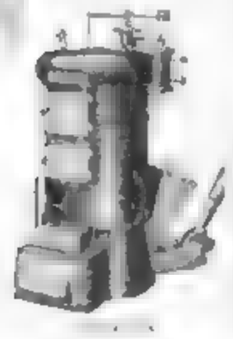

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Mr. L. C. McMillen, Fort Atkinson, Wis., writes: "Underfeed far better than I had my hardest call from the coldest of weather. I pay $4 a month less than before, which means a saving of $8.50 this year. Best of all you can say, I have had one fire out for three days without looking after heater."

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shows the result of our 20 years' experience and experiments in its *permanency*—in blue or black its copies never fade. In its *neatness*—Multi-Kopy carbons rival the original in cleanness and clearness. In its *uniformity* and in its *economy*—one sheet of MultiKopy will make 100 clear copies, or you can manifold 20 at one writing.

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charmeuse gown, black velvet about her hair and I was supposed to sit there and listen to my own maid! I slipped out; it was too much. Tomorrow morning," Mrs. Salisbury ended, "I dismiss her!"

"Mother!" said Alexandra, aghast. "What reason will you give her?"

"I shall give her no reason," Mrs. Salisbury said sternly. "I am through with apologies to servants! Tomorrow I shall apply at Crosby's for a good, old-fashioned maid who doesn't have to have her daily bath, and who doesn't expect to be entertained at my club!"

"But listen, darling," Alexandra pleaded. "*Don't* make a fuss now. Justine was my darling *belle-mère's* guest today, don't you see? It'll be so awkward, scrapping right in the face of Owen's news. Couldn't you sort of shelve the Justine question for a while?"

"Dearie, be advised," Mrs. Salisbury said, with solemn warning. "You *don't* want a girl like that, dear. You will be a *somebody*, Sandy. You can't do just what any other girl would do, as Owen Sargent's wife! Don't live with Mrs. Sargent if you don't want to, but take a pretty house, dear."

"Well, nothing's settled!" Alexandra rose to go upstairs, picking up her furs. "Only promise me to let Justine's question stand," she begged.

"Well," Mrs. Salisbury consented.

"Ah, there's dad!" Alexandra cried suddenly, as the front door opened and shut. With a joyous rush she flew to meet him, and Mrs. Salisbury could imagine, from the sounds she heard, exactly how Sandy and her great news and her furs and her father's kisses were all mixed up together. "What—what—what—what—why, what am I going to do for a girl?"

"Oh, dad, darling, say that you're glad!"

"Luckiest fellow this side of the Rocky Mountains, and I'll tell him so!"

"And you and mother are to dine with us every week, promise that, dad!"

Mrs. Salisbury heard them settle down on the lowest step, Sandy obviously in her father's lap; heard the steady murmur of confidence and advice.

"Wise girl, wise girl," she heard the man's voice say. "That keeps you in touch with life, Sandy; that's *real*. And then, if some day you have reasons for wanting a bigger house and a more quiet neighborhood"—several frantic kisses interrupted the speaker here, but he presently went on—"why, you can always move! Meantime you and Owen are helping less fortunate people, you're building up a lot of wonderful associations——"

Well, it was all probably for the best; it would turn out quite satisfactorily for every one, thought the mother, sitting in the darkening library, and staring rather drearily before her. Sandy would have children, and children must have big rooms and sunshine, if it can be managed possibly. The young Sargents would fall nicely into line as householders, as parents, as hospitable members of society.

But it was all so different from her dreams of a giddy, spoiled Sandy; the petted wife of an adoring rich man; a Sandy despotically and yet generously ruling servants, not consulting Justine as an equal, in a world of working women!

And she was not even to have the satisfaction of discharging Justine! The maid had her rights, her place in the scheme of things.

"I declare, times have changed!" Mrs. Salisbury said to herself involuntarily. She mused over the well-worn phrase; she had never used it herself before; its truth struck her forcibly for the first time.

"I remember my mother saying that," thought she, "and how old-fashioned and conventional we thought her! I remember she said it when Mat and I went to dances after we were married; it seemed almost wrong to her! Dear me! And I remember ma's horror when Mat went to a hospital for her first baby. 'If there is a thing that belongs at home,' ma said, 'it does seem to me it's a baby!' And my asking people to dinner by telephone, and the Fosters having two bathrooms in their house; ma thought that such a ridiculous affectation! But what *would* she say now? For those things were only trifles after all," Mrs. Salisbury sighed, in all honesty. "But *now*, why, the world is simply being turned upside-down with these crazy new notions!" And again she paused, surprised to hear herself using another old, familiar phrase. "Ma used to say that very thing too," said Mrs. Salisbury to herself. "Poor ma!"

(THE END)

THE L SYSTEM OVERCOAT WEEK

November 1st to 8th

A special style event, held by leading retailers everywhere for the display of America's most authentic styles and patterns in Young Men's overcoats.

We urge you to visit THE L SYSTEM Dealer nearest you to inspect and try-on our many different models. If you desire the correct—in style and pattern—you must see THE L SYSTEM overcoats, before purchasing.

Send 2c for THE L SYSTEM Magazine and 24c for set of College Posters.

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Can it Be Done?

ONE big motor car dealer said when he saw this Jeffery Four: "It can't be done. You can't build it to sell for $1550—it's too good."

We proved to him that it can be done—by a manufacturer with the experience, capital and equipment. Three days later he wired us an order for eight hundred cars.

Now we have done it, and here it is. The highest grade car in all its elements, and sold at $1550.

This is the first public announcement of this astonishing car. We know it's astonishing, because when the dealers heard of it and saw it they placed orders for more than fifty per cent of the output of this factory for the next twelve months. It's a manufactured car—produced in a plant backed by forty years of manufacturing experience and five million dollars in assets.

It would be impossible to build a car like this to sell for $1550 without the factory, capital and equipment to produce in great quantities.

The Jeffery Four is the product of the best European experience—therefore a little in advance of the best American practice. Watch for the attempts to imitate this car.

We have given it the name of Jeffery because we want the world to know that Jeffery built it. The world already knows the reputation behind that name.

The Jeffery Four, $1550

If it's in the Jeffery it's High Grade

Fifteen Features of the Jeffery Four

THE Jeffery high speed mono-bloc motor is powerful, light and economical. It will travel, without vibration, twenty miles per hour on low, forty on second, fifty on direct and fifty-five on fourth.

The oiling system is the latest—combination force feed and splash. Oil is carried in the crank case and pumped to the bearings with dips for lubricating the cylinders.

We made this car light in weight and light running to reduce fuel consumption, vibration and tire expense. Economy is the result.

This car has speed, snap and go. It will remind you of a wiry western pony. You can speed up the Jeffery Four to forty miles, shut off your engine and coast half a mile.

With Imported annular ball bearings throughout, it rolls so easily. The mere pressure of forty-five pounds will start it rolling on the floor.

All manufacturers know that the U. S. L. starting and lighting system is the most expensive and is protected by exclusive patents. We know, by experience, that it is the best for the Jeffery. Another car, selling for $3250, charges $200 extra for this equipment, which we include in our $1550 price.

The leather universal between the clutch and transmission marks a great step toward silence and efficiency.

Daimler proved that to the satisfaction of Europe. We tested it for thousands of miles before we adopted it on the Jeffery Four and Six.

Rothschild of New York designed the bodies of the Jeffery Four and Six. Only the eye can sense the lasting impression of beauty that is theirs. It cannot be described.

High speed mono-bloc motor, European type. From nothing to forty miles in twenty seconds—high grade.

U.S.L. starting and lighting system—high grade. This car could be sold for $100 less if equipped in any other way.

Imported annular ball bearings throughout—high grade. Standard on the world's best cars.

Spicer universal joints—high grade. Ask any mechanic.

Combination force feed and splash oiling system—high grade. The most economical we know.

Four forward speed transmission—high grade. Control lever directly over transmission.

Full floating type rear axle on imported annular ball bearings—high grade. Same quality as used by all highest priced electric vehicles.

Body designed by Rothschild of New York—high grade. The hit of the Paris show.

Leather universal between clutch and transmission—high grade.

Vanadium steel springs and front axle—high grade.

Rayfield carburetor—high grade.

Left drive and center control.

Pressure feed gasoline tank in rear and pump operated through cam shaft—high grade.

Bosch Duplex ignition—high grade.

Solar lamps with dimmer—high grade. Operated by four-position switch—the simplest ever made.

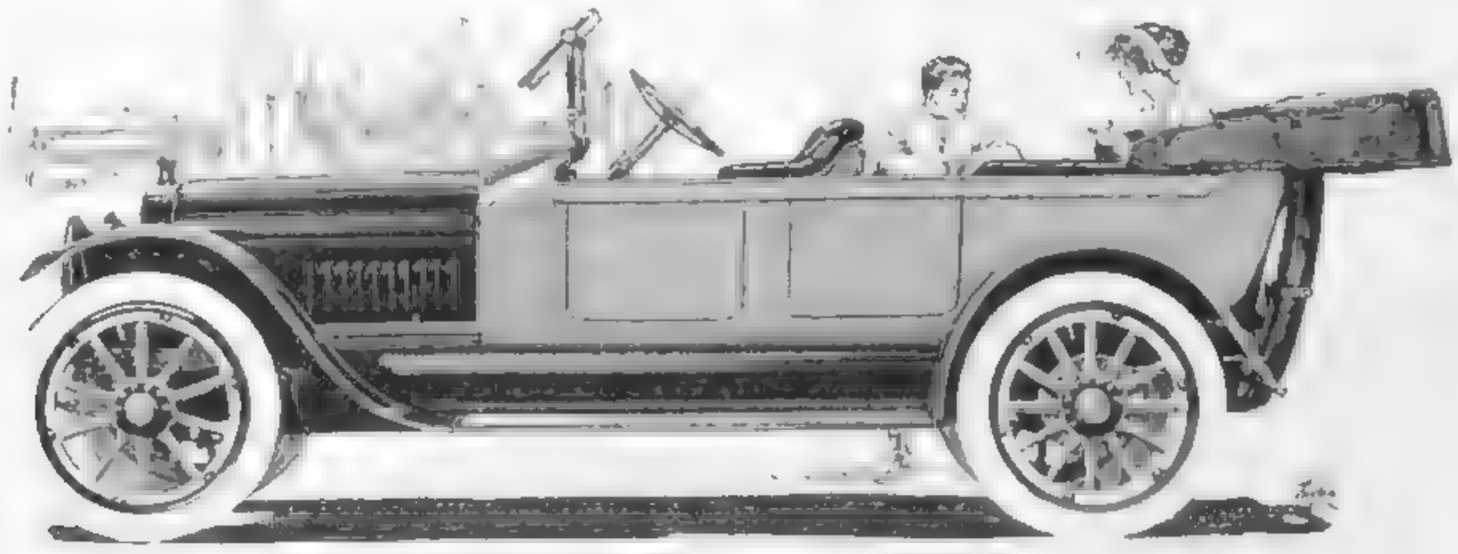
Brewster Green predominates in the color. The doors are extremely wide, 23½ inches, the seats so broad, the upholstery so deep and the little conveniences so many that uncommon comfort will be yours. The back of the front seat is faced with the finest leather.

Dash attachments include gasoline pressure gauge, oil pressure gauge, speedometer, dash lamp, combination lamp switch and two compartments for gloves or valuables. Power tire pump, $25 extra.

Gasoline pressure tank carried in rear distributes weight properly—safer and easier to fill. Pressure pump operated from cam shaft.

High Grade Features of Jeffery Six

Forty-eight horse power motor, cylinders cast in pairs, 3¾ x 5¼.
Extra large bearings.
Bosch Duplex ignition.
Rayfield carburetor.
Imported annular ball bearings throughout.
Four forward speed transmission.
Warner speedometer.
U. S. L. starting and lighting system.
Power tire pump.
Wheels and tires 36 x 4½. Wheel base 128 inches. Demountable rims.
Rothschild body with extra wide doors and low, deep seats.
Pressure feed gasoline tank.
Full floating rear axle. Price, $2250.



The Jeffery Six, Complete, $2250

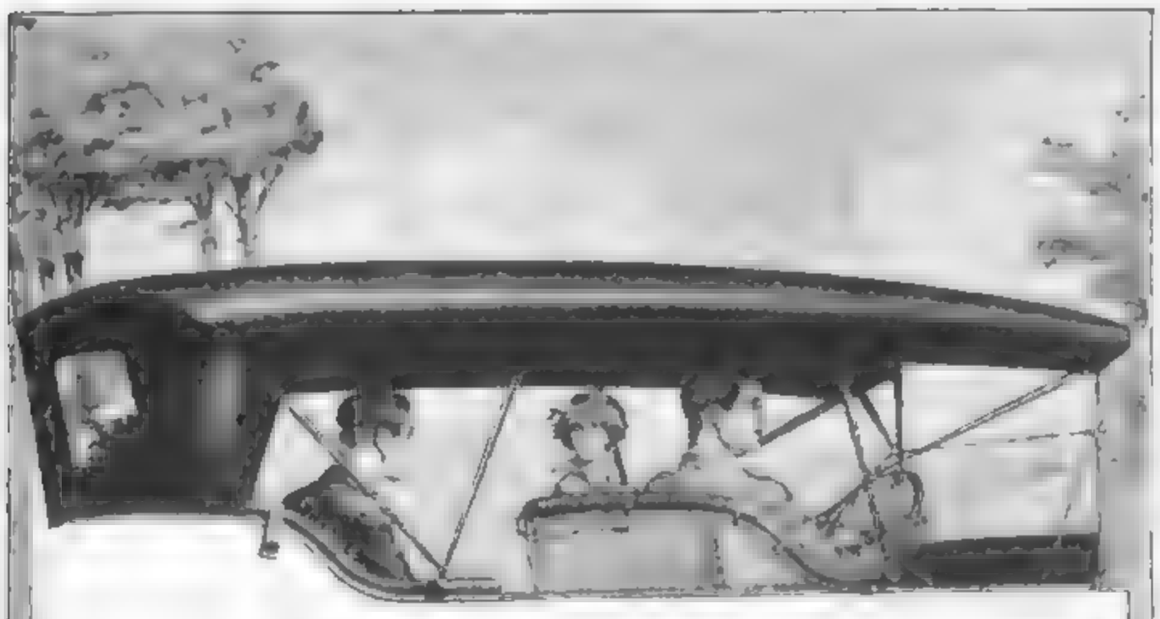
THE Jeffery Six has many of the best features of the highest priced cars. It's light—actual scale weight 3700 pounds with full equipment. It's a duplicate of the wonderful Jeffery Four except for size. We built it for the man who prefers a car of this type. We made it luxurious without making it extravagant. It's economical because it is light. It is beautiful to the eye and a delight to drive. It's smooth, flexible and responsive.

We believe that a better Six cannot be built, for the simple reason that parts of better quality have yet to be produced.

There is a vastly entertaining story to be told about the production of these two cars by this company—it's a book full of pictures and interesting sidelights on this great industry. Write and ask for it.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin



This Neverleek Top will add to your pleasure in motoring. It will save expense. Guaranteed without time limit.

Here is the standard motor top. Standard because it solves the top problem and offers every advantage a top can have. At the same time it gets rid of all the old disadvantages.

Neverleek is guaranteed absolutely waterproof under all conditions. It is compounded of double layers of fabric and new live rubber combined by an exclusive process.

Neverleek makes a smart, rich-looking top that adds to the appearance of any car.

Neverleek will wear as long as the car itself. Won't shrink or fade; won't crack or blister under hottest summer sun or sub-zero cold.

NEVERLEEK

TRADE MARK

TOP COVERING

has proven its worth through years of the hardest tests that could be devised. That is why we are able to place on it this remarkable guarantee—the strongest that can be written:

NEVERLEEK Motor Top Covering is guaranteed absolutely waterproof, without time limit, in any climate, under all circumstances.

Any automobile dealer, anywhere, can, by writing us, arrange for recovering of any NEVERLEEK Top, without expense to himself or his customer,—provided such top leaks through the fabric.

Back of this guarantee is a firm that has led in the making of top and fabric coverings since the automobile industry began.

Specify a Neverleek Top on your new car.

Many motor car manufacturers have standardized Neverleek for their 1914 Equipment. You can have a Neverleek Top by asking for it. Ask your automobile dealer or write to your manufacturer.

F. S. Carr Company

BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Manufacturers

Factories at Framingham, Mass. and Tilbury, Ontario, Canada

WOODROW'S BY LEGENDS

(Continued from Page 16)

When he noticed, surprised,
That the place was alight.
He had not realized
'Twas in session tonight.
Thus, seeking to find some irregular dealing—
The Insurgents, perhaps, were a march on him stealing—
He snuck like a pussy on Pinkerton salary
And hid by a post in the Visitors' Gallery—
When, oh,
Look below!
Who were those on the floor?
Was e'er such a Senate assembled before?
For the figures that chatted in pose picturesque,
Stalked down the aisles or reclined at each desk
Were mere suits of clothing—
I report it with loathing—
Clothes famous statesmen have sported with pride
Now walked, talked and stalked with no statesmen inside!

The president, scanning the hideous view,
Recognized suits that he very well knew.
There was Senator Bailey's regalia of tweeds
Seating itself as though boasting its deeds;
Senator Tillman's Prince Albert dramatic;
Senator Gallinger's outfit emphatic;
Senator Guggenheim's vest plutocratic;
Senator Stone's stately garments and static—
While up on the rostrum, as lightly as suds,
Sat in his chair
With a masterful air
Vice-President Marshall's loose hand-me-down duds,
Looking as though they'd been sorting out spuds.

The Chair rapped for order when—presto!—a cute
Little hammered-down, sawed-off Republican suit
Leaped to its feet like a chamois Tyrolian,
Faced the whole room with the air of Napoleon,
And roared: "I object!"
From which you'll suspect
That the costume which spoke—and you won't guess amiss—
Belonged to one Robert La Follette of Wis.
This garment spoke on for three-fourths of a mile;
But after a while,
Straight down the aisle,
A smart army uniform, marching in style,
Shouted: "Ye Woolens of Washington resident,
Rise and do homage! Make way for your president!"

Woodrow, concealed in the gallery, crooked
His neck far below and exclaimed as he looked:
"Now ain't that a beaut!"
For, behold! his own suit
Walked up the aisle, looking proud as a beano,
Linked arm in arm with his under-merino!

All the suits rose, rustling dryly like leaves,
And loudly applauded by clapping their sleeves;
While smart suits and old suits and garments of less age
Listened intent to their president's message:
"Fellow Woolens," he read, "since the glorious plea
Of the Underwood Tariff has set us all free,
'Tis obvious now
We no longer need bow
To those we once worshiped with bags at the knee.
Too long we've walked down to the Senate and heard
The fellows inside of you talking absurd;
But this new Proclamation
Of E-mancipation
Gives us the chance of our lives—in a word,
It's up to us now to come down from our shelves
And seize on the Government's reins for ourselves.
Fellow lugs, I propose
Stern slugs against those
Who have sat on us vastly too long, heaven knows!
We've lived far too near
To those gents to revere
Those stout hearts"—alleged—"which our stitches inclose.
Now tonight is the night
We must rise in our might,

Any minute you may need it—

New-Skin

Getting off a car, getting in a cab, locking your desk, shaving—in any ordinary, humdrum way you may cut your hand, or break the skin somewhere—

At that moment you need New-Skin, to kill germs that may be in the wound, and to prevent infection from without.

Carry New-Skin with you—

It comes in 10c size for the pocket. See directions and circular. At druggists. Or send us 25c in stamps for Home Size by Parcel Post. Address Dept. A.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK

The New Game

TRADE **Roodles** MARK

The most elaborately and artistically designed card game ever published. Each card beautifully illustrated in colors. *A new game by the author of Flinch* and said to be better.

Great for two players, Still better for more.

Embodies a combination of luck and skill which delights children and fascinates experts. You'll like Roodles—it surrisistible

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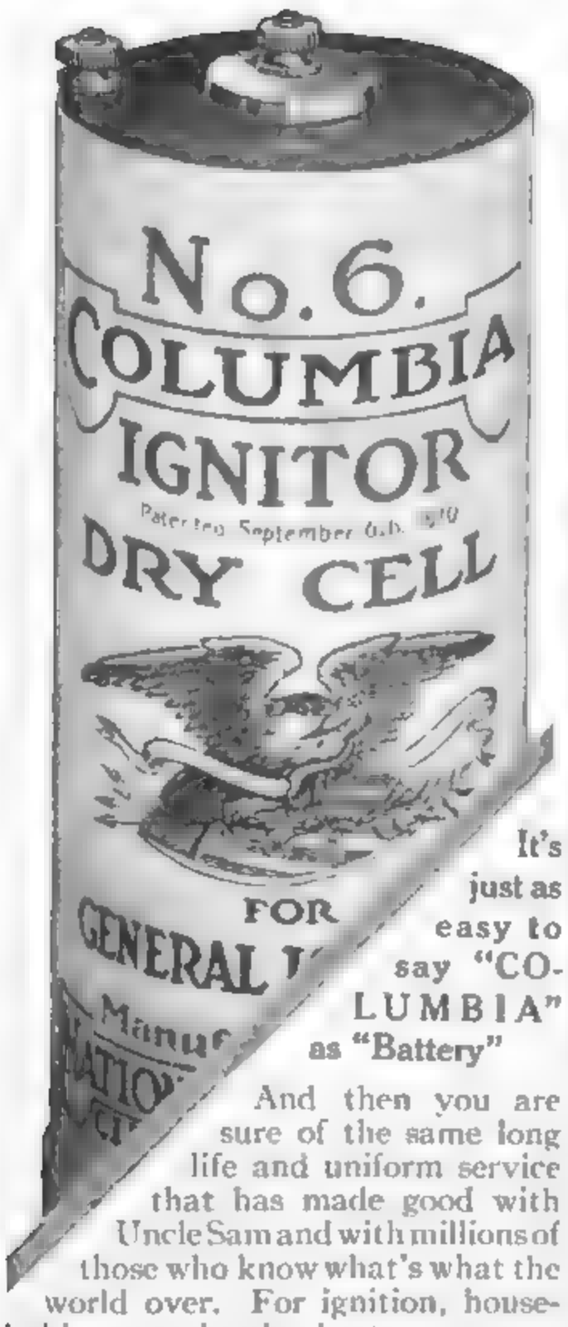

It's just as easy to say "COLUMBIA" as "Battery"

And then you are sure of the same long life and uniform service that has made good with Uncle Sam and with millions of those who know what's what the world over. For ignition, household or any other dry-battery purpose.

Convenient Pahnestock spring-clip connections at no extra charge

National Carbon Co.
Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.
Nine factories in United States and Canada

We Will Divide Our Profit

Local Agents Invited to Share Our Earnings

We now have actually in operation in the United States and Canada more than 15,000 Oliver Local Agencies

These agents have received hundreds of thousands of dollars in profits on sales of Oliver Typewriters

There are still hundreds of places where no agencies are established

Applicants must be mature women. They need not have had previous experience. We enroll them at once in The Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship and teach them selling—all as part of the free training given Oliver Agents

Sometimes we send personal instructors to them. When they have proved their worth we promote them to the direct service, in which they may rise to the highest positions in the Company

One of our general officials began his Oliver career as a Local Agent at Waco, Texas

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

is a splendid seller because it is a splendid typewriter in the many exclusive features. It is the only typewriter that *prints print*

It being owned and operated by type now considered to be one of the greatest sales advantages ever known in typewriter history

We guarantee Printype to be exclusively used on Oliver Typewriters

Oliver Agents sell Printype Olivers in thousands. To demonstrate, place in your hand [illegible] cents with Dept. [illegible] and we will send you a sample of Printype and the Oliver Day Plan and let earnings from the [illegible] help carry the deal

Oliver Agents are protected in exclusive selling territory

When writing for Printype please state details about the typewriter sales possibilities of your town, village or city

And Don't Delay

We like two reward promptness

Full details of Agency Proposition, a specimen of Printype and other interesting information will be sent immediately on receipt of your application

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1044 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Sneak back to our masters with murderous creeping
And strangle the senators while they are sleeping!"

Several suits raised a blood-curdling roar;
But the Chair banged the gavel
To quiet the cavil:
"Boies Penrose's suit, I believe, has the floor."
A large piece of broadcloth uprose in its place—
Machine-made it was, though not lacking in grace—
"The Greasers insult us," it said; "and I'm nettled.
This Mexican tangle has got to be settled.
Now the Government tailors are holding in storage
A million suits—khaki,
And browner than 'baccy—
Which same we'll turn loose for to plunder and forage.
Now these uniforms skilled
Could be easily drilled
And sent 'cross the Rio—may Lucifer char
If they couldn't wipe out the whole Mexican army!"

III

President Woodrow crept out of the place.
Many emotions distorting his face
As he growled, deeply wroth:
"This peril of cloth
Must be wholly cut down, if it takes blood and tears
And an army of tailors equipped with new shears!"

His reverie ended when, standing outside,
A slightly clad, whitely clad,
Loosely and nightly clad
Caucus of shivering statesmen he spied.
Senator Bristow, equipped like a Greek,
In a loose *robe de nuit*,
Remarked to Ben Tillman: "It shot like a streak
This way—I could see ——."
And the other replied: "They looked spooky, like ha'nts,
Walking away—but I know my own pants!"

Woodrow, pajama-clad, merely an entity,
Waited a chance to reveal his identity—
When—look! Who's that coming, pursuing his suit?
Senator Smoot!
Doubling and tacking through moon-shadows murky
Like the ghost of Mohammed pursuing a turkey,
Loosely-draped cambric revealing his charms,
He flamed like a torch
Up the Capitol porch
And, tripping, fell plunk in his president's arms.

Now Conscience, you know, is a tricky obsession;
So Senator Smoot,
Thus caught in pursuit,
Uttered to Woodrow his humble confession:
"'Twas I who begun it—
Revenge made me done it;
But I know magic words that'll stop this procession."
So he held up his thumb,
Murmured: "Fi-fum!
Woolly suits,
Bully suits,
Drop all your bravery—
Back to your slavery!"
And, before
It was o'er,
Through the Capitol door
The runaway garments began for to pour.
Vanished their impudence; gone their conceit;
A crass
Shapeless mass,
Each fell in a wad at its owner's own feet.

Thus, being saved from the scourge that infested,
Back through the gloam
Woodrow walked home,
Thoroughly panted and coated and vested.

And some of the senators said 'twas a lesson
'Gainst calling Low Tariff too much of a blessin'.
Yet others averred
That the look of each suit,
Collapsed by a word
Of magic from Smoot,
Was just how some patriots, wind-pricked, would fall in
If voters were given the power of recallin'.
Said Senator A: "It reveals plain enough
That a senator ought to be genuine stuff."
Said Senator B: "Or else stick to his bluff!"

You *must* smoke P. A. to know joys of a jimmy pipe!

Absolutely nothing else to it. You write it down that Prince Albert is the smoke *you* need, because it's thoroughbred—*right* any way you hitch it up!

No matter what brand of tobacco you *think* you like, it's simply a question of time when you'll beat it over to

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Nothing strange about that, either. Men *will* find the one best bet in everything—and, get it on the head, P. A. is the bulliest that ever was laid since the Indians put the jimmy pipe on the map. *Bar none!*

Such fragrance and flavor; such "go-to-it-ness" behind every puff! You never do know when to stop with P. A. in a joyous jimmy pipe!

You see, Prince Albert can't bite your tongue. *No other tobacco can be like P. A.!* The scorch is cut out by a patented process. Remember that "for what ails your tongue!"

Buy P. A. in any neck of the woods. In toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; and in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

Those who are within the world of Cadillac ownership are enjoying luxuries to which you must remain a stranger so long as you are outside that world

Motoring as you know it, and motoring as the owner of a 1914 Cadillac knows it, are two distinct and different things.

The new Cadillac neither rides nor drives like any other motor car.

It is not that the two speed direct drive axle has changed the principle of the Cadillac engine.

But it has conferred upon it powers which it did not possess without it.

It has altered the performance—changed the character of that performance—and changed the sensations resulting from that performance.

So, those who are within the world of Cadillac ownership are enjoying luxuries to which you must remain a stranger so long as you are outside that world.

And they are marked, these differences—these peculiar luxuries of the Cadillac.

So marked, that we doubt if you can drive the memory of them out of your mind after a single ride in the Cadillac.

They are not easy to describe—though you will be conscious of them before the car has travelled half a mile.

But, let us see if we can give you an idea.

You know what the Cadillac—and the Cadillac engine—was before the advent of this 1914 car.

You know that it was notably free from tremor.

You know that it did not lunge forward, but forged forward, majestically, like a battleship.

These were the natural fruits of Cadillac construction—refined and developed to an extraordinary degree.

And now, new qualities and new functions have been conferred upon it, by means of a second—supplemental—principle.

This other principle—the two speed direct drive axle—takes the Cadillac at its high point of development and extends it.

The new Cadillac axle has two direct drive gear ratios.

Eliminating all technicalities from the subject, the advantage of the high direct drive gear ratio consists in the fact that through it a given speed of the engine produces an increase of 42 per cent in the speed of the car.

Out of this central improvement grow those differences in operation to which we have referred.

Keeping in mind the more slowly moving engine, *you sense at once that infinitely greater steadiness must follow.*

Holding fast to the same mental picture, *you see that vibration must be reduced almost to the vanishing point.*

Imagine the car with the low direct gear, operating at an engine speed of 700 revolutions per minute.

The car will travel 21 miles per hour.

Shift the electric switch and pass into the high direct drive gear ratio, and the speed of the car increases to 30 miles an hour *with no increase in the speed of the engine.*

Unconsciously, when you change gears, you look forward to the apparent effort and labor of the engine being increased.

It does not come.

The trembling does not come.

No shock, no disturbance is communicated to the car or its occupants.

The steady pressing onward of the car is uninterrupted—the smoothness is continuous.

You forget the engine, you forget the car. There is only quiet—and a soft swinging through space.

Is it any wonder that Cadillac owners are volubly enthusiastic?

They have this velvety mode of travel, of which you have yet to learn.

They have attained it by methods which lower the fuel consumption, decrease friction and reduce appreciably the cost of operation.

They have artistic body designs which make it difficult to suggest any sense in which their beauty could be heightened.

They have progressive, scientific engineering development.

They have the certainty of the Cadillac Delco system of electrical cranking, lighting and ignition.

They have the improved Cadillac carburetor, hot water jacketed and electrically heated.

They have entrance and exit for front seat passengers on either side,—right hand drive and right hand control with all of its advantages and no disadvantages.

They have the simple electric switch for shifting from high direct to low direct gear, or vice versa.

They have Cadillac standardization, true alignment and interchangeability of parts.

They have the product of an organization inspired by the highest ideals.

They have the Cadillac glorified and refined.

They have a car entitled to the distinction,

"Standard of the World."

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger $1975.00

Seven passenger car $2075.00
Phaeton, four passenger 1975.00
Roadster, two passenger . . . $1975.00
Landaulet Coupé, three pass. . 2500.00
Inside drive Limousine, five passenger . $2800.00
Standard Limousine, seven passenger . 3250.00

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Ralston

Authority Styles
Foot-Moulded

Real FASHION means *Merit*—fads may be simple freakishness.

Ralston Shoes say the *final word as to style* each season, and moreover—

guarantee you *foot-moulded fit* because they are so scientifically designed as to retain Nature's lines inside without distorting Fashion's lines outside.

Authority Styles $4 to $6
Sold in over 3000 shops

"Style Talk" brings you real style information—free upon request.

Ralston Health Shoemakers

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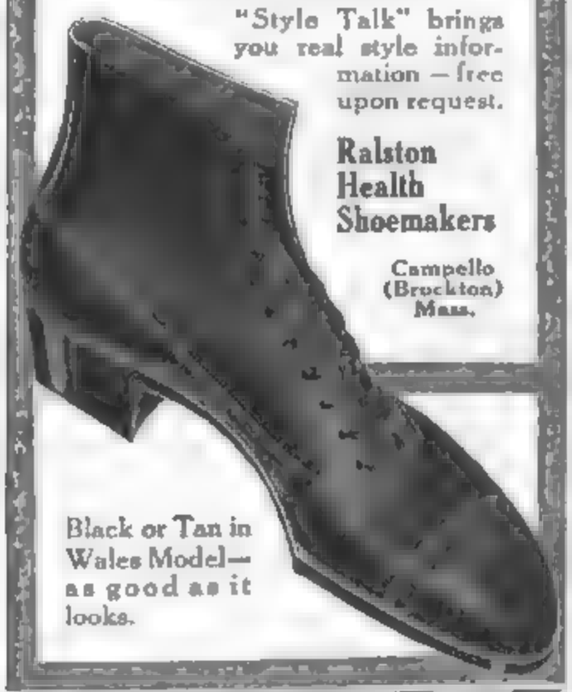

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Cooks Almost Anything

THE "SAVORY" Double Boiler is made by the makers of the famous "SAVORY" *Seamless* Roaster. *This* double boiler *cooks by steam* and automatically returns the condensation to the large water pan. Fruits, custards, puddings, macaroni, etc., all made delicious and [illegible] results are always [illegible] *an absolute to-day trial* [illegible] for the "SAVORY" Double Boiler. It means better things for your table.

"SAVORY Prize Recipe Book" Free

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1014 *111 Republic St.* *Buffalo, N. Y.*

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Catalog contains 282 pages, 788 illustrations, 67 color-plates, 2561 articles described—all musical instruments and supplies. Superb quality and lowest direct prices. Free trial and easy payments. We supply the United States Government. Mention what instrument you are interested in. Write for the big FREE CATALOG of 2 Points of Supply. Address the nearer one.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
123 E. 4th St., Cincinnati. 302 S. Wabash Av., Chicago

SHAKSPERE'S SEVEN AGES AND MINE

Continued from Page 4

Undeniably it is an age of uplift and advancement in which we live. We are gradually eliminating the human equation from the affairs of life. The colored man is a race issue and the servant girl is a problem—though sometimes I think she might be happier and feel better satisfied with her job if we quit treating her as a problem and tried treating her as a person.

On the Pacific side of this continent the little brown ex-brother is a burning question; and a baby used to be an experiment, but is now a scientific fact. All these things are admitted—one has to admit them. They do not permit of argument or contradiction; but it seems to me, with all our progress along these lines and particularly along the line of babies, there is one possible reform that has not been given its proper consideration by the persons in charge of the improvements. I refer to the lax custom now in vogue in the matter of naming children. It strikes me that more serious mistakes are made there than in any detail pertaining to the young of our species; and in my humble opinion something ought to be done about it right away.

It Is Absolutely Incredible That Any of Us Survived!

The proverb maker who said there was nothing in a name never made a greater mistake in his whole professional life. To be sure there is nothing in a name if it is a vice-president's first one or a motorman's last one. Two weeks after the campaign banners are down everybody has forgotten what the vice-president's was; and as for a motorman, he always answers to Mike, no matter what his parents may have christened him.

It is also customary to call every old woman who peddles fruit and shoestrings Apple Mary; and a parrot, regardless of its sex, is named Polly and is supposed to be passionately addicted to the vice of soda crackers. In my time I have seen parrots that did not care for crackers, but never one that was not named Polly.

To all the world a bellboy is Hops and a bootblack is Tony. A waiter is Gus if he is white and Gabe if he is black—unless he chances to be an Irish waiter, in which event it is best to make inquiries at the cashier's desk before committing oneself, in order to avoid possible unpleasantnesses.

In the case of a child who is too young to have picked out his vocation in life, or even to have had it picked for him, and who very probably has not yet even decided what kind of face and figure he will have later on, it is very easy to make a terrible mistake. I have a theory that names have a direct effect upon their wearers. A plain name cannot possibly do any harm, but a fancy one is liable to work a grave injury.

The Name They Wished on Dobbs

Of course it must be conceded that a hand-embroidered name, with ornamental flutings on it and Battenberg edgings, is eminently proper for one who was born in the purple—only I personally have known of but one creature in this country that was born in the purple. It was a chicken that hatched out of a hand-painted Easter egg. And it takes several generations of unrestrained culture to bear up under a name with patent couplings in it. Those through-vestibuled names may do very well for the English aristocracy—some of them would have little pleasure in life if it were not for their hyphens—but in our own land we are not yet educated up to them; and some among us, I fear, will never be.

I once knew an unfortunate wretch who was born Dobbs and christened Walsingham Claveringhouse Montgomery by a foolishly fond parent—a parent who was fond and even more foolish. The victim of this outrage went through life dragging a name that sounded like getting on the Twentieth Century Limited and being thrown off at a flag station. He never recovered from it—never even rallied from it. It practically ruined his career. People started laughing when they heard his name, before they had met him; and after they met him they kept right on laughing—which was fatal. Besides he did not look like a Walsingham Claveringhouse, even when he was dressed up.

It seems to me the safest course is to pick out a good durable name for the boy and take a chance. The name Bill, now, fits a president and a pianomover equally well. John and Pete are equally suitable for poets, peasants and press agents. Henry cannot be improved on, in my opinion. No matter how the boy Henry turns out, whether he runs for Congress or for Sweeney—whether he becomes a coal baron or a coal heaver—he has a name he can offer in any company and be unashamed.

Besides there is precedent for it. Turn the pages of our history. Was it a group of Clarences and Alphonsos who carved civilization out of the wilderness and the daylights out of the Indians? I wot not. Was it not a Tom who penned the Declaration of Independence and a John who signed it first? It was and they were. Was it not another John who fashioned the Constitution and a James who promulgated the Monroe Doctrine? I pause for a reply.

The Percys and the Harolds

And what of those stalwart Pilgrim Fathers, who ate their pie and scalped the Pequot with the same knife? Were they a race of Cecils and Cyrils, or were they mostly Jonathans and Joshuas and Jacobs? Did they get their first names out of the Old Testament or Walter Scott? The question answers itself; besides which, Walter Scott was not born for a century or so after that.

Would George Washington have been the Father of His Country if his name had been Reggie Washington? He might have, but the strain upon him would have been much more intense. As Reggie Washington it is likely he would have been the father of his country's first bracelet watch. Perhaps an Algie Lincoln might have saved the Union and freed the slaves; so that instead of continuing as Uncle Toms, a large proportion of them inside of forty years would be qualifying as Bert Williamses. Possibly I gainsay you, but by reason of the popular prejudice it would have taken an Algie much longer than it took a plain Abe.

Do you visualize a Percival Henry saying: "Give me liberty or give me death!" or do you think of him as calling for a lemon ice—not too strong of the lemon? Andy Jackson was Old Hickory, but as Harold Harcourt Jackson he might never have been anything more rugged than Old Point Lace.

Mind you I am not saying anything against the Percys and the Harolds. We have had some great and some notable men of these names, and are liable to have a great many more as time goes on. A man who has the goods in him to begin with will deliver them, regardless of what his folks

The Victim Went Through Life Dragging a Name That Sounded Like Getting on the Twentieth Century Limited

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours, Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, picnicking, etc.

Keep baby's milk at right temperature, or invalid's hot or cold drink by the bed, all night, without heat, ice or bother of preparation.

ICY-HOT CARAFE takes place of unsanitary water bottle and pitcher—ideal for night use.

ICY-HOT LUNCH KITS contain Icy-Hot Bottles, Jars, Lunch Compartments or Boxes. For Work [illegible] $2 up

ICY-HOT JARS and ICE CREAM PAILS—pints, one or two quarts—keeps oysters, meats, vegetables, etc., hot without fire—desserts cold and ice cream solid *without ice* for 3 days, in *absolutely sanitary* glass container

The King of Vacuum Bottles—Yet Costs No More than the Ordinary—Accept No Substitute—There's No Bottle Just as Good

The inner glass bottle *is thoroughly protected* against breakage [illegible] Icy—liquid touches only glass. [illegible] leather covered cases. Many new [illegible] look for the name ICY-HOT on bottom.

Pints, $1 up, quarts, $2 up

[illegible] replaced—*the best ice cold of liquids* [illegible] *liquid and ice 3 days.*

Write for FREE Booklet fully describing [illegible] styles of Icy-Hot Bottles.

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Icy Hot Bottle
Several Styles
Pints—Quarts.
Icy Hot Carafe
1 Qt.
3 Pts.
2 and 3 qts.

The extra piece set in back makes this comfortably closed crotch elastic
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GUARANTEED
The new three-quarter length insures a covering for the knee, with no drooping up under the sock. Made in all styles.
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[illegible] Short Story [illegible]
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E. G. & A. B. LACEY Dept. E, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

"Steero" can go on Every Day's Menu

When you plan the meals remember that "Steero" "fits in" everywhere. "Steero" answers the question, "What shall I give them today?" "Steero" Bouillon Cubes can be used in so many ways that you are able to prepare some dish that all will like.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

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Distributors of "Steero" Bouillon Cubes Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

may have named him at an age when he was not in position to assert himself and protect himself, and demand a fair deal; but he starts under a handicap. The staple John L.s and the reliable Thomas J.s have the advantage of him. They are off to a flying start, whereas he is fifty yards up the stretch, with both legs snarled up in his front name.

Those arbiters of our national destinies—those true sons of the people who spend their afternoons between April fifteenth and October sixth at the ball park—they know best about these matters. You may safely trust the great throbbing heart of the bleachers to beat in truest accord with the public will. They are on! You cannot deceive the boys sitting out in the sun just back of left field. They would tell you, if you asked them, that a player named, let us say, Basil St. Cyr, should by rights have a batting average like the temperature chart of a typhoid patient—ranging from 98 to 106.

It would be necessary to rechristen him as Tubs or Big Six, or something else equally homely and fetching, before he could hope to qualify for companionship in the nation's Hall of Fame with such immortals as Heinie Zimmerman and Ty Cobb and Jake Daubert.

Conceive of a pitcher bringing the name of Bertie into the box with him? Think you for one moment the brave lads in the twenty-five-cent section would endure him? Not if he hurled the ball in a way to make the opposing batsman think he was facing one descended from Molly Pitcher, on one side, and Oliver Twist, on the other, with a slight admixture of the Bender family of Kansas somewhere back in the strain! Either they would rename him appropriately or he would go back to the minors and hide in the bushes forevermore.

And suppose—just suppose—that a white hope named Battling Lancelot were to enter the ring to fight for the heavyweight championship! There would be a riot!

Perhaps you think me bitter on this subject. I am! By examining the signature attached to this article you will discover that the writer was one who also had a fancy name sawed off on him in his helpless infancy. It does not match me—nor my figure either. I consider that I have never done anything to deserve it. I am very bitter—I admit it.

So I say:

Let us reform the system of naming the young of our race. Everything else that science could think of has been done for him except that. Shakspere certainly would be astonished if he came back. I feel warranted in saying that the surprise would be general.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The second will appear in an early issue.

A Fisherman's Alarm

AN ELECTRIC device that will get up early in the morning, see which way the wind blows, find out whether it is raining, and then—if the weather conditions are favorable for fishing—will wake up the inventor, has been put into actual use by the Chicago man who constructed it. He likes to go fishing, but has found that fishing in the lake is good only when there is a west or a southwest wind.

On the other hand, he does not like to fish on a rainy morning. Fishing tripe mean getting up very early—much earlier than the customary hour. He found it exasperating to wake up early, dress, and then on going outdoors find that the wind was wrong and that it was raining.

He utilized an ordinary electric-bell circuit for his weather scout, with three breaks in the circuit. One break would be closed when a weathervane pointed to the west or southwest, a simple contact being used. A pail balanced on a pivoted arm was arranged to catch any rain that might fall, and the weight of the rain would then make the second break in the circuit, though no rain in the pail would leave a contact. The third break in the circuit was a small switch, which would be closed by a string pulled from the turnbutton of the alarm on an alarm clock.

When the alarm went off in the morning this closed the switch. If there was no rain in the pail the current was not interrupted at that point, and if the wind was in the west the circuit was completed there—thus making a complete circuit for an electric bell.

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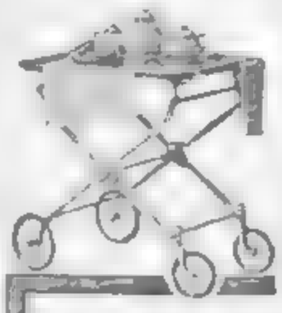

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It outsells smooth treads now with users on the largest-selling tires in the world.

Note the deep blocks, the sharp edges, the flat tops. Note the broad bases which distribute the strains. Note the perfect alignment to avoid vibration and give the smooth-tread effect.

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Safety suggests, to every motor car driver, the universal use of anti-skids.

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This All-Weather tread is an extra tread, giving double thickness. It is made of very tough rubber—toughened by a secret process—immensely wear-resisting.

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We control by secrecy the feasible way to end rim-cutting.

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With old-type tires—clincher tires—31.8 per cent are discarded for rim-cutting only. Almost one in three. That is proved by statistics gathered for us by certified public accountants.

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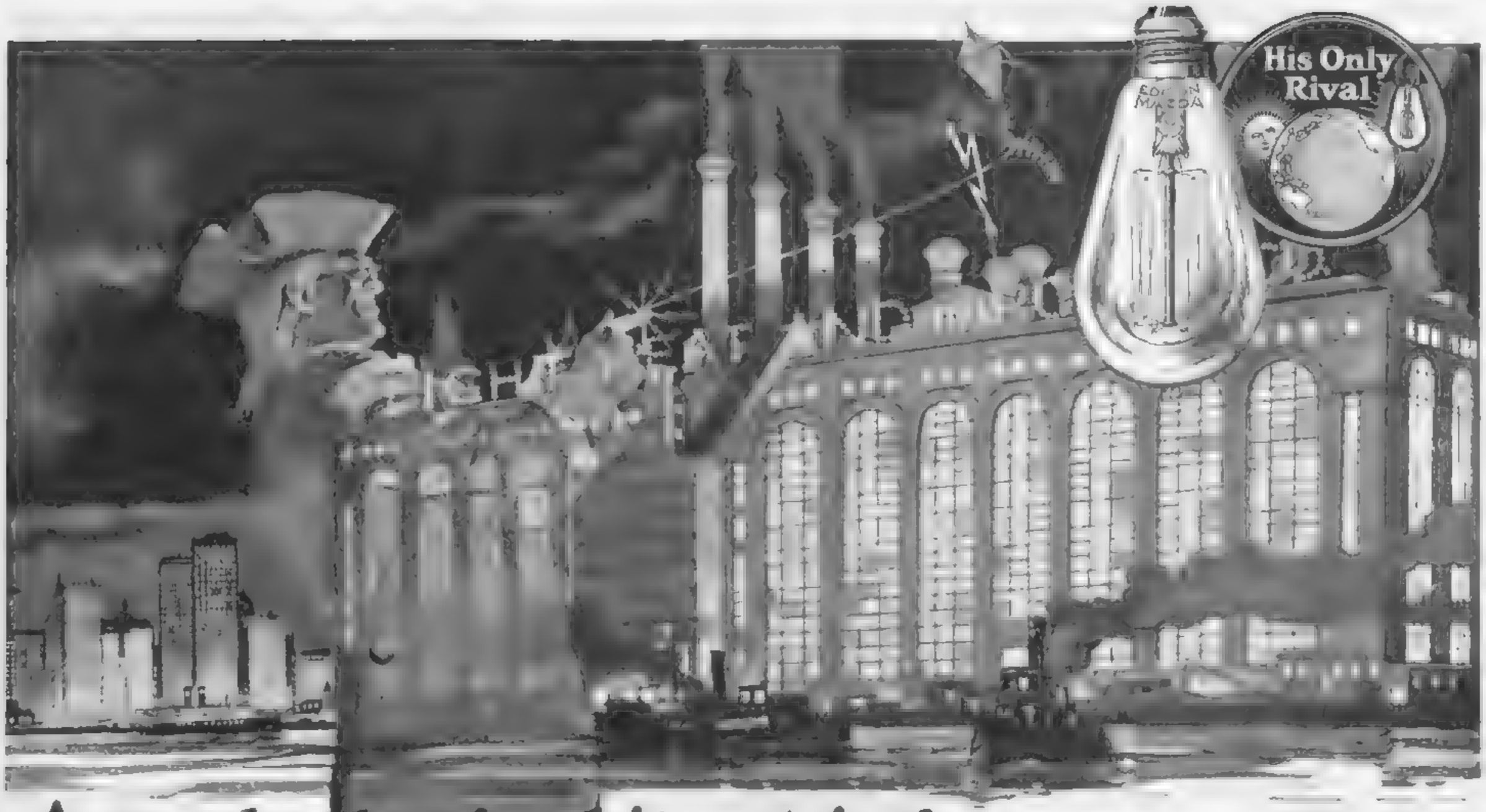

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BEATING BACK

(Continued from Page 23)

You cannot understand in ten thousand years how ticklish that moment was. His words were falling soft and low, but I did not know whether to take fright or encouragement from his tone.

"Jennings," the deputy went on, "you got the money. That was what you were sent here for, wasn't it? I'll take it now." I handed it over. He dumped it—three or four dollars—into his coat pocket, nearly breaking our hearts.

"Now," he said, still softly, "some of you take Billy back to the post-office." Then he burst like a stormcloud: "Get to the places where you sleep! And if I ever catch you again you won't sit down for six weeks!" His face looked as it used to look in the cellar, and we disbanded in a hurry.

I think the deputy had another reason besides mercy for letting us go without punishment. We were the brains of that prison. Some of us, as secretaries, were doing the real work for political incompetents. Had we all been reduced to the stripes the prison routine would have gone to pieces.

"I reckon none of you fellows will mention this," said the deputy as we passed him. We did not; and the next week he turned over the money to our separate accounts.

I had been in the post-office to the best of my memory some four or five months when Warden Darby gave me a not unexpected promotion. The warden's confidential clerk, who had served under Coffin and knew more about the prison than any other man, was pardoned—and I got his place. So I became the star convict among seventeen hundred. None, except the warden and deputy, had more personal power—of the kind which counts in prison—than I. Before I took office Mr. Darby and I had a little talk.

"I'm going to make you a trusty," he said; "but I want your word to me, as man to man, that you will never escape."

"Not while you're in office, warden," I said; "but if you ever go out the promise is off."

"I suppose that will take care of itself," said Warden Darby. "All right! It goes. When I leave, this prison is no affair of mine."

On those terms I settled down in his office outside the great stone wall. And I soon learned nearly as much as the warden himself knew about the workings, great and small, of the Ohio penitentiary.

The job of warden under a machine administration is like the job of police commissioner in a big, well-districted city. No matter how good his intentions, he will be beaten by the system. Coffin, under whose régime I nearly died in solitary, had himself been known in his early days as the prison-reform warden. Darby, with his big kind heart, at once abolished or mitigated all the punishments. When he took office he found a steel cage in the cellar for the "prison demons"—men supposed to be incorrigible fighters against discipline. Now I know from experience that no sane man is wholly incorrigible. There is a road to every heart.

Warden Darby's Reforms

Worst of the demons was a man whom I will call Fred. Through convict sources I learned his story. Naturally morose, he had in a fit of anger killed a man who foreclosed a mortgage on his little house and tract of farm land. He came to the prison in a fury of resentment. The guards started to take the temper out of him. They knocked him down on every occasion. It only made him worse. He underwent whipping, stringing up and solitary confinement. This put him into such a state of mind that he would not come out of his cell; so the guards fastened hooks on long poles and jerked him out as an elephant trainer jerks his elephant. At last they dumped him into the demon cage; and there from a big, powerful man he wasted to a shadow.

While I was still in the chaplain's office I told Warden Darby about all this, and ventured the opinion that Fred was really a good fellow. Warden Darby had a talk with him. He had to coax Fred from his cage to a cell as they used to coax the tigers when we moved the circus. He accomplished it at last. Then he said to Fred:

"If you behave you'll have the same treatment as any other man. I have abolished those punishments."

Fred accepted the terms and became a model prisoner. By the same process Mr. Darby tamed the rest of the prison demons, and the steel cage became a curiosity.

Darby went on giving the prisoners more just privileges. He permitted them to wear the shirts, underwear and hose which their friends sent them. He broke away from the old prison idea that the guards alone should be heard in cellar trials.

One Sunday morning he announced in chapel that he had instituted a change in the system of reporting prisoners. Formerly the guards had proceeded on the theory that he who made the most reports was making the best record; and so prisoners continually went to the cellar on trivial or false charges. Now Warden Darby said he intended to hear the prisoner's side of every report, and if the prisoner convinced him he would discharge the guard. Immediately the reports fell away from one hundred and fifty a day to twelve and fifteen. This reform bettered and purified the whole atmosphere of the prison. Under his inspection the dining room had better service and better food.

A Visit From Mark Hanna

Warden Darby was only a cog in the Ohio political machine, dependent upon it for his own position and liable to removal if he defied his bosses.

Though in theory he had the power of removal and appointment over every minor official, in practice he must accept about what the machine sent him. And finally he could not beat the contract system, whereby certain men were given, at the rate of thirty cents a day a man, the privilege to get all they could out of the convicts. The contractors complained that they could not make men work at the old pace without punishment.

That contract labor system is the curse of American prisons, the greatest barrier to reform.

Warden Darby ultimately reached the position of a figurehead, while the contractors, as of old, ran the prison; and this led finally to his resignation. If he could have defied the contractors and used his own humane ideas he would have made the Ohio State Penitentiary a model institution. I hope the public will believe me in this, though it refuses to believe most exconvicts. No man ever occupied a better position to know all about a prison than I did when I was the warden's confidential secretary.

Now in all these later months my friends on the outside had been pulling every string to get me a pardon or a commutation. My brother John had given the matter all his time and most of his fortune. The irregularity of my conviction formed our best argument.

John secured affidavits from ten jurymen. Others helped him—especially our old family friend, Judge A. A. Ewing. Yet I was informed that the Department of Justice at Washington seemed firm in my case, and I cherished little hope.

One morning, as I sat at work in the warden's office, a big portly man entered and stood looking me over in a negligent, impersonal way.

"Where's the warden?" he asked.

"He'll be back in a few minutes—sit down, senator," I replied.

He laughed, and I noticed what his pictures could never show—how much personality and likable human quality he had behind that powerful face.

"How do you know I am a senator?" he asked.

"From seeing your picture in the Enquirer," I replied.

"The Enquirer!" said Senator Mark Hanna. "I never see the sheet! I'm looking for a prisoner named Jennings."

"I'm Jennings," said I.

"A shrimp like you!" replied Senator Hanna. "Oh, no! You can't possibly be the dangerous desperado from Indian Territory."

The warden joined us at about this point in the conversation. He and the senator were old political and personal friends. When they had finished their reunion the senator said:

"That little man tells me his name is Jennings."

"Yes," replied the warden; "he's my confidential adviser. He's here in my office

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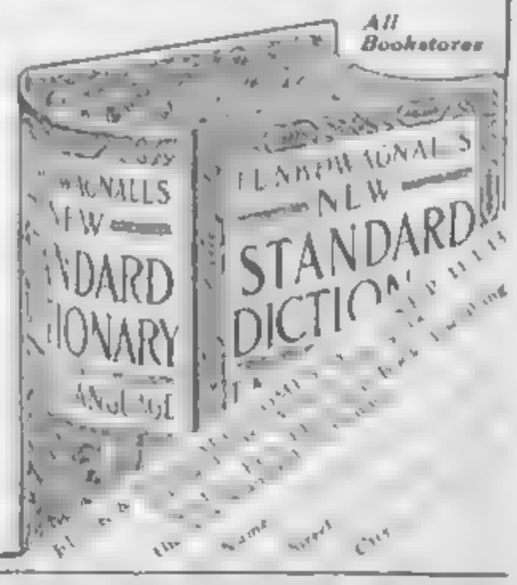

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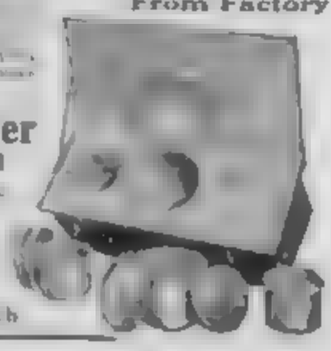

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because he wouldn't betray a friend." And the warden said some kind things to my face.

"I'm still surprised," said the senator, "that a man so insignificantly small has kicked up such a racket in that wild and woolly West."

Then he went on to say that my friends in Oklahoma, notably Judge Ewing, had called his attention to my case.

"What I want to know," continued the senator, "is whether you were guilty of the charge against you."

"No, sir," said I. He looked a little disappointed. He thought, of course, I was about to pose as a persecuted man. "Not of the charge on which I was convicted," I added. "I'm here for robbing the United States mail. I didn't. I held up a train, blew the express safe and frisked the passengers. The mail didn't interest me that day."

The senator laughed.

"You're a lawyer, all right," he said.

"It's more than a fine distinction," I replied. "You get about ten years for robbing the express, and life for robbing the mail."

Then the talk drifted westward and I began to tell him stories of the old Long Rider days. He had never heard such incidents first-hand. Apparently they interested him. I was talking for my life now, and I did not fail to let him know how and why I became a bandit. I felt that I had his sympathies and he did not surprise me when he turned to the warden, saying:

"This young man made a mistake. The financial world won't stand for his kind of financiering; and yet it isn't so crude as that which they practice in the effete East. Are you up for a pardon?" he added, turning to me. I told him what my friends and my brother had done for me. He jumped to his feet. "It won't amount to anything!" he said. "So long as Griggs is attorney-general, it won't get past him. Billy McKinley is the kindest man in the world, but he has to take such things through his subordinates. I'm going to get the hide of that man Griggs! Some day you write to me in Washington—and don't be disappointed if I don't get action at once. I'm a very busy man." He looked at me rather sharply before he went on: "I want to help you to get out of here and succeed in some legitimate business."

"As for that, senator," I said, understanding what he implied, "I suppose I regret my past more than any one else."

"You'll make no mistake, senator," put in the warden.

So the matter rested, and so for the first time I had a definite, concrete hope. But I did not write to Senator Hanna. I knew that I expressed myself best by word of mouth; and I knew—pardon me for saying it—that I had personality. I understood by common report that Mark Hanna, when in Ohio, came often to the penitentiary for political conferences. Impatient though I was, I determined to play the long game and wait. I talked this over with the warden and he was of the same opinion.

A Kind-Hearted Senator

It was perhaps six months before Mark Hanna returned to the prison and gave me a chance to talk over my pardon. As I remember it, he himself introduced the subject. I told him I preferred a commutation to five years. Besides the life sentence for train robbery which I was then serving, there hung over me five years at Fort Leavenworth for shooting Bud Ledbetter. I took it for granted that these two sentences run concurrently. By the time I had served five years on my life term I should be clear of them both; and I preferred to stay in my present berth rather than take chances with a new institution.

After that I saw Mark Hanna quite frequently. "The Warwick of America" then stood at the height of his power; he held national politics in the palm of his hand. However, Ohio politics gave him a great deal of temporary trouble; which led to many conferences in the warden's office.

They used to talk things over freely in my presence. I sat on my stool pretending to work, and listened with all my ears. I still consider those communications confidential, but I suppose few living men know more about the inside of the Hanna-Foraker feud than I. Characteristically Mark Hanna never failed to notice my presence; occasionally he would throw a word or two my way. To the others, I was like the office cat.

One night they were debating a problem which puzzled them a good deal. Suddenly I saw a perfect solution. I turned impulsively on my stool, broke into the conversation and gave them my opinion. The rest appeared astonished—even a little bored; but Mark Hanna said:

"The little fellow's right!"

From that time he now and then asked my advice. I had never liked machine politics. As a free man and a county official I had fought the system and to it I attributed the miseries of our prison; but a man goes far to get his liberty. Moreover it gave my mind something to do; and, still further, I liked Mark Hanna personally. I disliked his trade, but I loved the man. He was human above any other big person I ever knew.

We had in prison a man I will call Davidson. He belonged to an opposing political faction, which Hanna had crushed. The Hanna men found irregularities in Davidson's conduct of public affairs and he got five years. When I grew to know him, he discussed his case with me. As many Ohio people suspected, he was the scapegoat of his gang—the more guilty men escaped. Davidson had a quiet little daughter about thirteen years old who came in, scared half to death, every visiting day. And once when she applied to me for a permit Hanna stood in the office.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Davidson's daughter," I replied.

He followed her with his eyes.

"It's a shame to have her coming here," he said.

I was always pleading the cause of convicts who had not received a square deal, and I took this opportunity to speak for Davidson.

Senator Hanna seemed scarcely to hear me. He kept looking off toward the door, and he said something about a pardon.

A Surprise of a Little Girl

"That would be a generous thing to do," I said; "he's been a political enemy."

"For that," said the senator, "he could go hang! It's the little girl there." He choked, and I saw that his eyes had filled with tears. Suddenly he started for the telephone saying: "Hold her when she comes back." He called up the governor's office. In as natural and matter-of-fact way as though he were buying a collar he ordered a pardon for Davidson. "Send it over here at once!" he added.

When the little girl returned to the gate, her eyes bleared from crying, Mark Hanna engaged her in conversation. He had her laughing as a runner entered and handed him an envelope.

"Here's something for you, my dear," he said after he had opened it—"a pardon for your father."

It was a minute before she understood; but when I left them she had thrown her arms about his neck and they were both crying.

We had so many like Davidson in our prison! Some were only half-guilty scapegoats; some, guilty perhaps of other offenses, had been convicted on trumped-up evidence in order to make police reputations; and a few, I am convinced, had never seriously transgressed the law. Now I occupied a queer and ticklish position in the warden's office. I would not and dared not betray the men; yet neither would I betray Warden Darby who had done so much for me. My only policy was to keep a tight mouth and play square with both sides. I even knew of plots to escape; and, though I gave them no help, I kept silent.

On the other hand if I had learned of a plot that involved the safety or honor of Mr. Darby I should have felt obliged to snitch. In time I think both officials and prisoners came to understand my game.

One day I had started across the yard on some business when the captain of the guards ran after me and handed me a telegram. The silence of a telegram is disquieting to most of us, I think; and this was the first I had received in prison. I stood for a moment looking at it before I got up the nerve to tear it open.

"President McKinley has commuted your sentence to five years, with all allowances for good conduct," it read.

I wanted to shout the news aloud; I wanted every man in the Ohio penitentiary to know of my good fortune. I saw the West again and the glorious Indian Territory. Then I was almost mastered by another emotion. Skeptic of skeptics though I was, I had for the first time in my

(Continued on Page 53)

"Golden Hours With Billiards"

THE "Baby Grand" turns dull winter evenings into golden hours of delight. The joy of life, the spirit of play, makes the time pass all too quickly. How the young folks enjoy the royal game of *billiards!* When mother "shoos" the players off to bed, some one is sure to exclaim, "*Who turned the clock ahead?*" That's just an innocent little trick of the Brunswick "Baby Grand."

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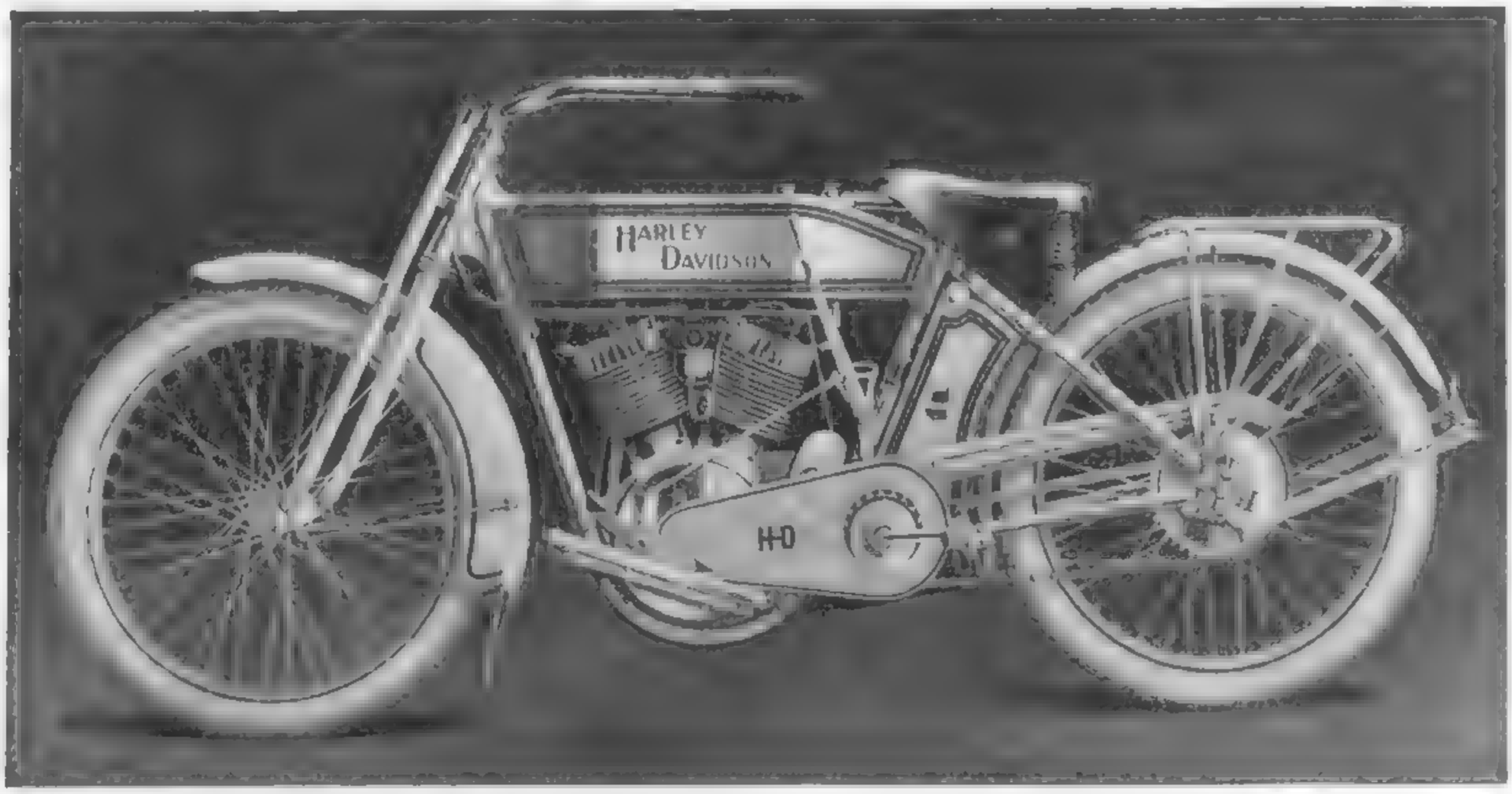

Startling Exclusive Improvements Mark the 1914 Harley-Davidson

Step-Starter—Selective Two-Speed—Double Brake Control—Double Control of Free Wheel Folding Foot Boards—Ful-Floteing Seat—Many Other Important Improvements.

Step-Starter Starts Machine With Rider in the Saddle and Both Wheels on the Ground

THE 1914 Harley-Davidson is marked for the innovations it presents. Innovations, but not experiments, for every feature has stood the test of months and months of hard road service. The Step-Starter—an exclusive feature—furnishes the only practical method of starting a motorcycle. If the rider accidentally stalls the motor it is no longer necessary to hold up traffic on a crowded street, find a level place in the road, get off in the mud, and set the machine on the stand to start it. A downward push on either pedal and the motor again begins to throb.

Selective Type of Two-Speed

The Harley-Davidson selective type of two-speed has proven itself to be exceptionally reliable, extremely simple and wonderfully efficient. It is housed inside the rear hub, thus avoiding dust, dirt or damage. Its speeds are selective and the rider can shift from low to high or high to low or to neutral at any time whether the machine is standing still or in motion.

Double Brake Control

The new Harley-Davidson Band Brake may be operated by a foot lever on the right foot board or by back pedaling on either pedal.

Double Control of Free Wheel

Free Wheel Control is operated by hand or foot. With his hands on the handle-bars the rider has complete control of the 1914 Harley-Davidson.

Folding Foot Boards

The Harley-Davidson foot boards are unusually long, permitting a great variety of positions according to the height of the rider. This overcomes the great objection to the ordinary type of foot boards which are built only to fit the ordinary man. With the Harley-Davidson foot boards whether the rider be tall or short he is not forced to assume an uncomfortable position.

Ful-Floteing Seat

For the third successive year the Ful-Floteing Seat is standard. This patented device floats the weight of the rider between two concealed springs, assimilating all jars and vibration due to rough roads.

Other Refinements

Over thirty desirable improvements are noticeable on the new Harley-Davidson.

Send for advance announcement describing in detail the many new features of the 1914 Harley-Davidson.

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Producers of High Grade Motorcycles for more than Twelve Years

(Continued from Page 50)

life an overwhelming impulse to fall on my knees and thank God. I am glad now to give testimony to that.

What I did the rest of the day I cannot exactly remember. I do know that every guard and every privileged prisoner shook my hand and congratulated me. This, from certain men who had no hope themselves, brought the tears to my eyes.

I have said nothing about the change in me, which sent me out of prison determined to make good and justify the faith of Senator Hanna, Warden Darby, President McKinley, and my loyal family. That change is hard to describe. It came gradually. Perhaps the turning point was on that morning when I left the bolt shop and went to the state shop for a first-class uniform; but I did not know it then.

Before that, I had continued in rebellion against society. The fourteen months in county jails, the horrible first impressions of prison life, the month in solitary and the dreary routine of the bolt shop had failed to tame me; in fact, they only intensified my rebellion. I was going the way of Fred, the prison demon—only where he took it out in violence I should have used craft. Had some miracle released me then, I should probably have gathered my nerve and tried to take revenge on the human race. All the time I knew in my heart I could not beat society—that was the valuable lesson of those horrible days; but the thought only maddened me and drove me to further rebellion.

On top of that came my first experience with Warden Darby. He treated me like a fellowman. He gave me credit for the good in me as well as the bad. The feeling that I must lie down to society was in process of evolution; and after Mr. Darby lifted me from the depths I found I could do it with self-respect.

A Determination to Make Good

When I told Senator Hanna that I intended to make good after I got out I spoke sincerely. I had gone so far then, but it was not until after my commutation that I thought out the details. Probably I owe my final plan, and my eventual complete reformation, to the Ohio Penitentiary Club and to a friend I made there.

A club in prison—literally that! It was the queerest institution I ever knew. The boys had laid the foundation before I returned to the first class, but it had its great days during my term in the office.

Certain convicts in responsible positions—like myself, the post-office clerks, the commissary clerk, and so on—had privileges even above the other first-class men. Sunday afternoon was an off time. The others must stay in their cells after chapel; but we, on the theory that our work demanded it, had the run of the institution.

I believe it was a burglar, gone out before I rejoined the first class, who invented the idea of Sunday dinners. The boys worked like beavers on his plan. They got some of the expert burglars and counterfeiters—all fine mechanics—to cut a cupboard in the loft above the construction office. Over this they fitted a secret panel. These same mechanics made a gas-stove and connected it with the prison mains. It stood on a shelf that swung out and back into the wall, like a shelf of drawings. Piece by piece, the boys picked up from the kitchen, pantries and dining rooms a complete set of dishes, knives, forks, spoons and pots.

Every Sunday, at the regular meeting, the president appointed a dinner committee. It was their duty to find what supplies were needed for the next Sunday and to collect them. The committee prowled through the prison all the week, using every trick and device. Frankly, they often stole the stuff. Morals are the rules of the game—and the prison game is decidedly peculiar. I, for one, did not regard this quite as larceny. More often we wheedled the guards. For example, we knew a friendly guard in the commissary office, a big, generous fellow who had his pinching streaks. The committeeman would ask him for a ham, say.

"What do you fellows suppose I'm running this institution for?" he would yell. "A ham! You'll have to get an order."

"Oh, come now—a little ham—what does it mean to you?"

"Well, take your ham and clear out of here!"

No one liked to antagonize us—we knew too much, and we handled too many little privileges for guards and convicts alike. Yet often, as the week went on, we would find ourselves still short of some little thing, like salad oil, or cloves, or garlic. The whole committee would start out as though this were their one object in life, and their adventures brought many a laugh the next Sunday.

He whom I am going to call Bart—my best friend—beat every one else as a forager. He was a gentleman—not only by birth, but actually. Even in his prison clothes this big, wise, silent man never lost his appearance of quiet dignity.

Bart and a defaulting French cashier, whom I will call Jean, acted as cooks. They knew nothing about cooking when they began, but Bart had talents for anything; and Jean was a Frenchman. They worked it all out from books. Bart cooked by instinct, and Jean by weight and measure. Bart would measure out a pinch of this or that, and Jean would say: "Let's weigh it." Bart would reply by dumping it in, saying: "It's in the soup now."

Jean liked things highly seasoned, French fashion; he and Bart quarreled pleasantly all the time. "There's no taste to it!" Jean would say. "All right," Bart would answer, "wait until our guests object." No one ever did object except an old, Southern bank president, who kept up, even in prison, his ante-bellum manners. He was a curious convict—I believe he never realized he was in prison. The chairman of the committee used to assign, turn-about, the duty of setting the table and washing the dishes—but never to the old bank president. He would have smashed club property if any one had suggested this common labor. He treated us as his employees and the guards as his servants. He criticized the cooking on principle. He would taste the soup and say to Bart:

"This is not quite right, sir."

Then that sedate wag, Bart, would throw a glance at Jean, wink and reply:

"Sorry! We forgot to weigh it."

Bart's term was nearly over. We never asked each other personal questions in the Ohio penitentiary—that would have been a most serious breach of etiquette—so I had to wait for years before I learned his story; and I didn't get it all from him either. Not to mince matters, he had no business among us. It was characteristic of his real gentility that he took an unfair deal like a man and never opened his mouth.

My own term approached its final year; and so on leisure evenings in my office we used to discuss our future. Now and again, when I told him stories of the trail, the old sense of adventure would come over me and inwardly I would wonder whether I should not take to the road again. I never expressed this to Bart, but he understood; and he would check me with just the right word for the situation.

When One Leaves Prison

We knew by now what society does to ex-convicts. I had been behind bars long enough to see many a man go out and return. Usually it was the same pattern story which the boy life-termer in the transfer office told me during my first week. A man would go out, reformed, as he thought; but the police would keep after him. Some job in his own line would occur in his vicinity. The police would take him in. Even if he was not falsely convicted of that crime, he would come out of detention nauseated with the injustice of things and go back to his old ways. "What's the use?" they said to me again and again.

Others changed their names and tried again in new vicinities. Then would come exposure. If they did not lose their positions at once, they were watched so closely that it irritated them to madness. A slip like a Saturday-night debauch, which might be forgiven another man, is not forgiven an ex-convict. And always, for the man who got up in the world, there was blackmail to pay—certain weasels make their living by discovering criminal records. I used to think, cynically, that every sentence to the penitentiary was a life sentence.

Bart and I discussed these things, and I came to my resolution.

"Bart," I said one night, "there's only one legitimate calling for me, and that's law. I've talents and training for no other, except, maybe, cowpunching—and the range is gone. I'm too light for hard labor. I have no mechanical talent, and as a business man I was always a poor fool. I propose to take the bull by the horns. I'm going back to Oklahoma, where my criminal record is known, and grow up with the

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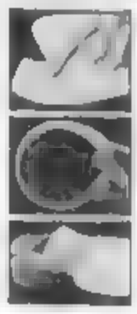

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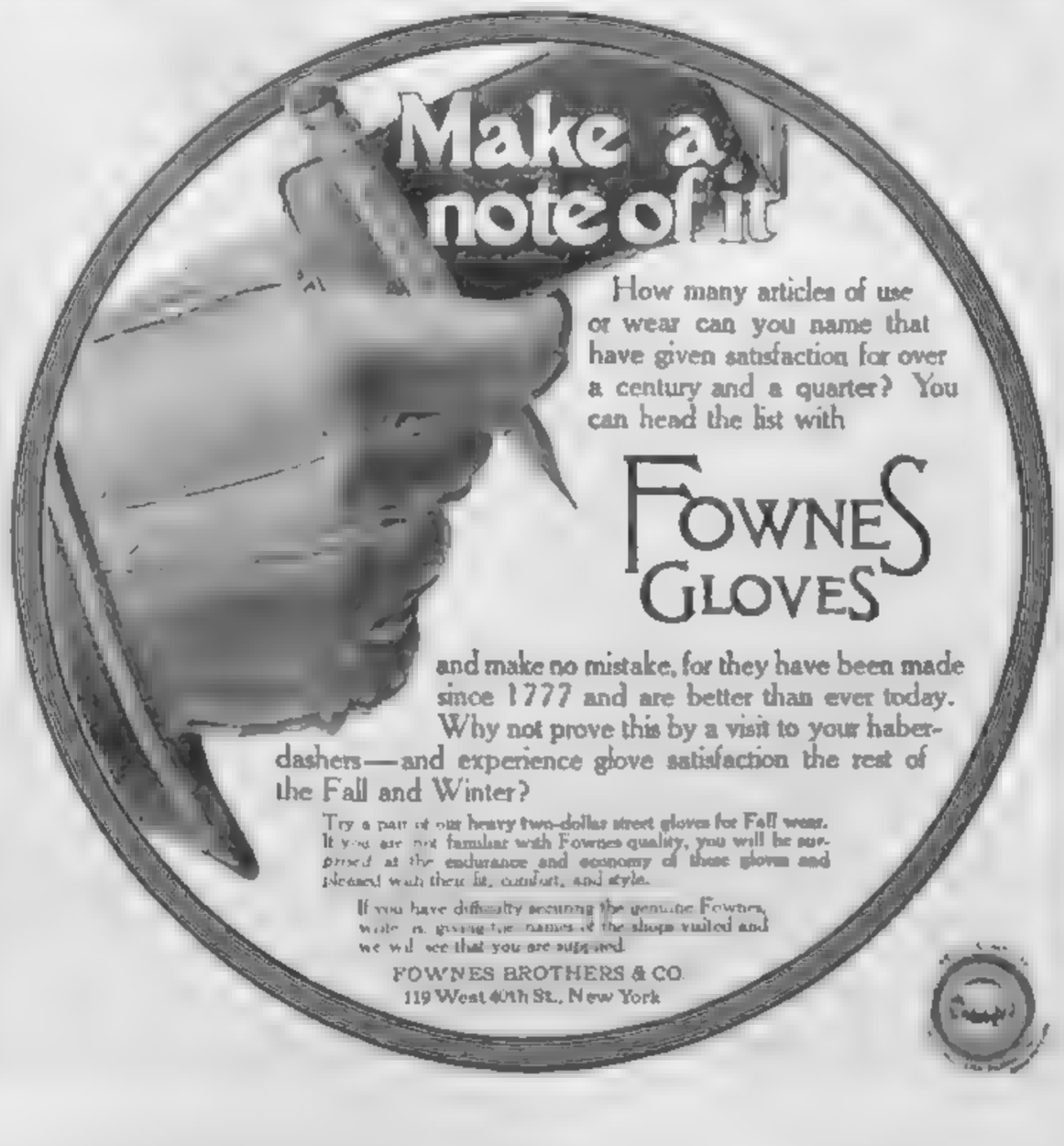
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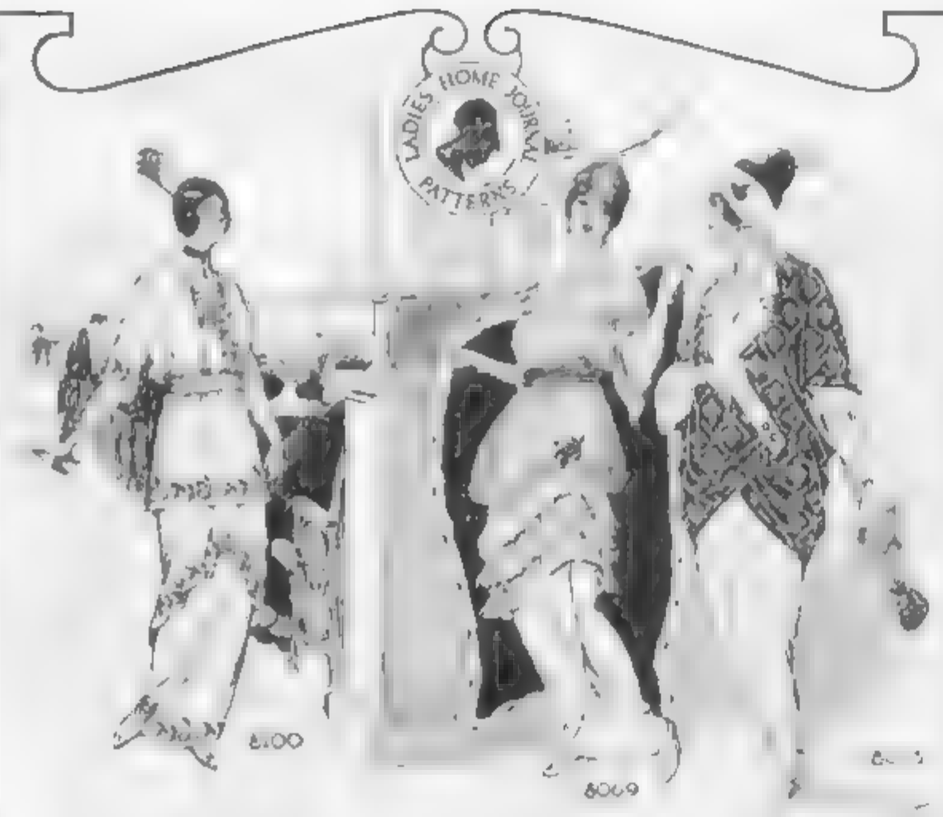

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country. I'm going to tell every new acquaintance exactly who and what I have been. I'll manage somehow for a year. Then I can get my citizenship restored and hang out my shingle."

To plot my future on these lines became an obsession. I told Bart finally that he had better follow the same plan.

"I can't, Al," he said. "Perhaps it's the only method, but I'm reserved where you're forward; and, besides, I'm too sensitive."

Bart had mapped out his own line of work. As soon as he left prison he went at it with a single mind. He fought blindly, savagely, with all the large spirit that was in him—but alone. And he made a great success, so that the best of our nation both loved and honored him. The heartache he endured I knew, as the world did not. That and that alone, I believe, caused his premature death. Had he taken my advice, stood the humiliation and mastered it, he might be alive today.

So I worked along, always a bit excited within, until I could count off on my monthly calendar the days to my freedom. My heart jumped a little at times when I thought of men—probably less guilty than I—whom I was leaving behind. I had no illusions about my own case. I was going out of prison not through my merits before the law, but through a combination of luck, appearance, a personality which made friends, and devotion from a loyal family. The same qualities had won me an easy berth—if any prison berth is easy. Those others had no luck, personality or friends; and they were still there, eating out their hearts. Society has set up an institution where all shall be equal in degradation—and it has failed even in that.

Is Criminality Hereditary?

After ten years I have not yet formulated all my ideas on prison reform. Sometime when I am older and less busy I shall sit down, I think, and try to figure out the problem for myself. Certainly the contract system is all wrong. I believe nothing more firmly than that. Further, I disagree with most scientific prison reformers on the subject of heredity in crime.

An old habitual burglar swore falsely that he had given me a set of saws in order that he might bear in my place the torments of the cellar. Louis, another burglar, risked all his prison privileges, when I lay sick in the hospital, to get me proper food. There were loyalty, generosity and self-sacrifice beyond anything I ever knew outside. Are men who can do such things congenitally wicked?

The trouble with most habitual offenders against property is their early environment. The pickpocket from the New York East Side might have been a different man if he had been educated in different surroundings. Once such boys start wrong the police seldom permit them to continue right. So it becomes a mental habit. Indeed, in any breeding ground of criminals it is the exceptionally gifted boy, with nerve, initiative and superior keenness, who is most likely to go wrong. For such there is no reformation in a penitentiary. Take my case. I learned to steal in prison—I had robbed before, but never stolen.

Moreover, to oxlike men of poor early surroundings a penitentiary is often no great punishment. Many of these after the first shock are like the hog who eats the acorns—he grunts and he goes on. To sensitive, high-strung men, accustomed to comfortable surroundings, it is supreme torment of soul and body.

On the other hand, a tendency toward crimes of violence may be called hereditary—in a sense. Certain men like myself are born with a bad temper. When I got angry nothing in the world could stop me. Society? I am society! That was my old attitude when my temper overbalanced me. Such people come into circumstances where the temper gets beyond all control—and they kill or take to the trail. Such, I think, the prison generally reforms. They learn the awful penalty of ungoverned passion; and the knowledge helps them to keep their tempers. Yet, as I have said before, strict prison discipline would never have cured me. It was discipline and kindness together.

Even then I was not entirely cured, as I shall show later. They had checked the main symptoms; but the disease almost broke out in another form before I myself found the proper medicine.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth article in a series giving the story of Al Jennings. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

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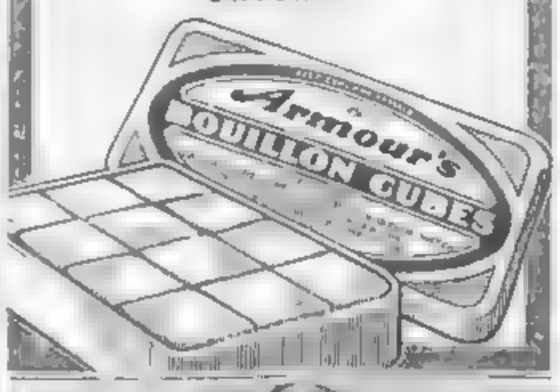

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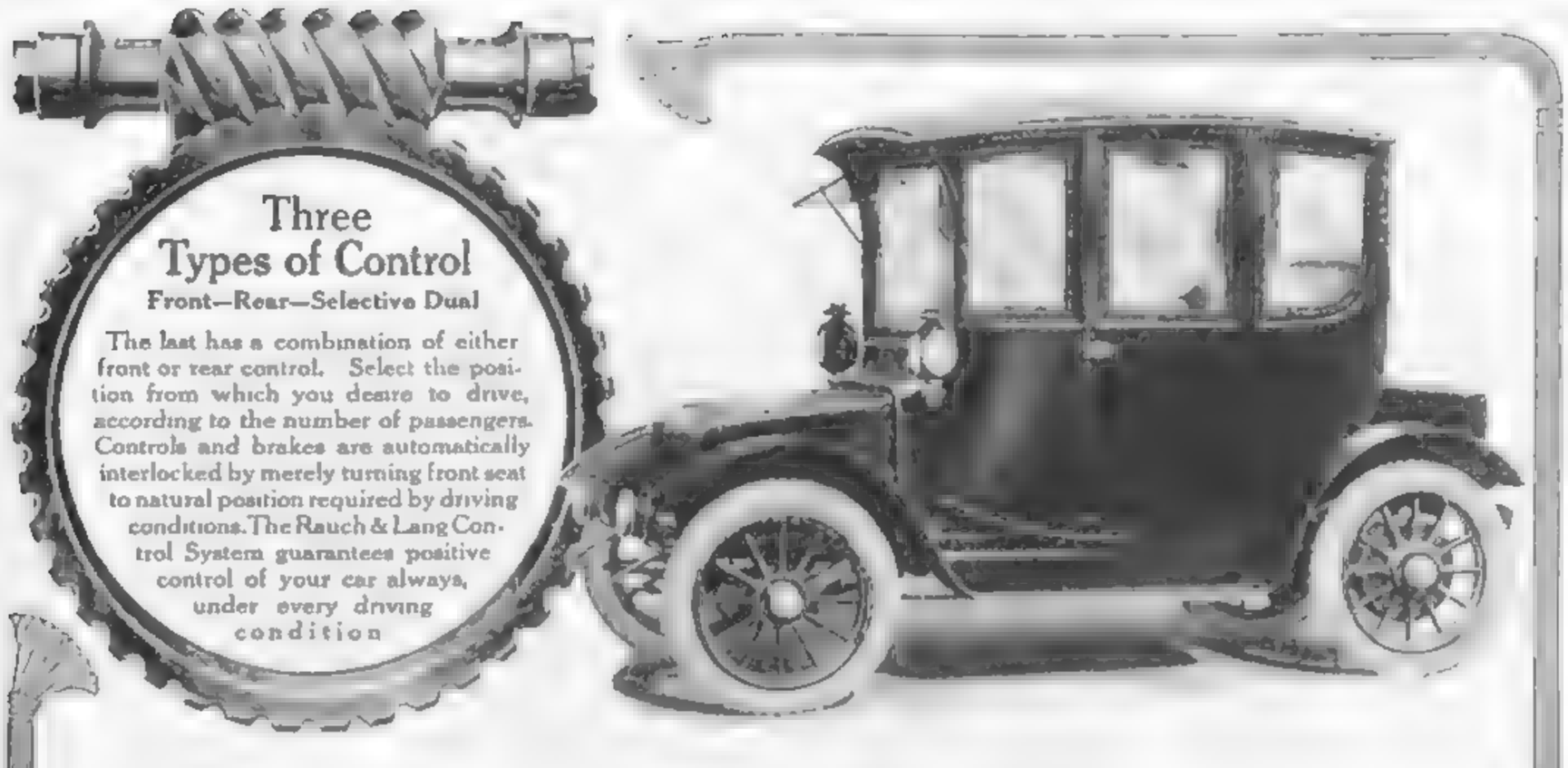

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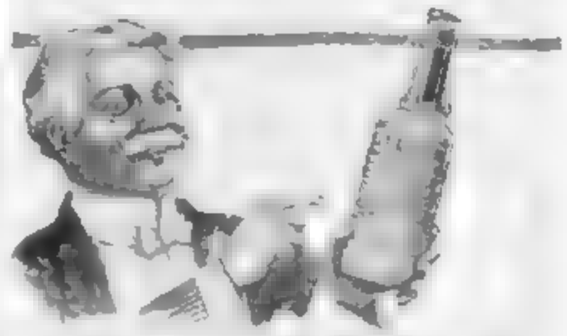

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Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADA., PA

THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 25)

"The air's all right out here," she observed. "And the only language to be afraid of is yours." Then she patted the seat again. "Come along with me," she said. "There's a dear!"

It was clear enough that nothing but force would dislodge her from that top step. I thought wildly of uncoupling the car and letting the train go on without it, but it didn't, somehow, seem practicable.

A man down the platform began waving a lantern in a cryptic sort of way, and the front end of the train started with a series of jars that increased as they traveled back to us.

Once more Elaine patted the space beside her on the top step.

"Oh, all right," said I, and I scrambled aboard.

The man with the lantern flipped the caboose as it came along by him, stumbled over us, shone his lantern into our faces and profanely wanted to know what we were doing there.

I had foreseen this situation almost to the letter and had thought I would leave explanations to Elaine. But she volunteered nothing whatever, did not even raise her head. The droop of her body expressed the utter lassitude of fatigue.

"The lady isn't well," I explained at last, "and the air in the coach was so bad that we thought we'd stay out here."

Going about very much with Elaine would make a tolerably competent liar of anybody.

The conductor, if that is what he was—he had no gold braid about him and he wore a derby hat, but his lantern and his truculent air of authority carried conviction—well, whatever he was, he grunted in an unsatisfied sort of way, lowered his lantern and took another look at Elaine.

"Oh, all right," he said. "How far are you going?"

"Musgrove," I told him.

"That'll be a dollar and eleven cents apiece," he said after a brief calculation. "Two dollars and twenty-two cents, all told."

Do you know, I believe I could commit a serious crime without any particular loss of self-respect. It's the little things like this that get me. I put a faltering hand into my pocket and drew out four dimes, a nickel and two cents.

There is nothing disgraceful, I know, about being a professor, and all professors are poor; and it's sensible not to carry round more money than you need. In my daily orbit forty-seven cents was enough to keep me going quite a while. The moral was, of course, that a modest little peg-top of a planet like me oughtn't to go careering off with comets.

I don't suppose the silence after the conductor's brutal "two-twenty-two" lasted more than about five seconds, but it was ghastly while it did. Then Elaine woke up.

"Oh," she said. "I forgot I had dragged you off without your pocketbook." And she handed me a silly looking little chain bag.

I opened it in the lantern light, found a handkerchief, a mysterious bit of chamois-skin, which came off, somehow, under your fingers, and a roll of bills.

I once heard a student describe a "wad" he had seen waved at a football game as big enough to choke a horse, and thought it at the time a pleasantly grotesque bit of exaggeration. But I verily believe that any horse would have choked on this. And, by the way, wad would have been a better designation for it than roll.

I fished out a bill, which proved to be a twenty, and offered it to the conductor. He was indignant and said he couldn't change it; but I would not take the chance of looking for anything smaller and told him he could give us the change at Musgrove. It occurs to me at this moment that the railway company, or the conductor, owes Elaine seventeen dollars and seventy-eight cents. Because, you see, we never went to Musgrove.

The way that happened was this: We jogged along very comfortably for about three hours on that little back platform, Elaine overlooking the discomfort of it altogether and acting exactly as if we had been taking a commonplace journey on the observation platform of the limited. The train made rather long stops at nearly every station, and when it did this we got off and stretched our legs, keeping a wary eye on the coach all the while, lest Dorgan should take it into his head to do the same thing. Elaine was never satisfied to leave any of these places until she had made out their names from the signboards and how many miles they were from Musgrove. She checked them off from a list evidently committed to memory. I wish more of my students had the capacity for the cramming which she must have done on a railway guide. Between stations she pointed out stars and planets to me, told me from their positions about what time it was and what directions we were going in, and otherwise beguiled the time in a highly instructive and edifying fashion.

Elaine's celestial landmarks, for instance, gave me a totally new notion of civil engineering. Hitherto I had taken my ideas from the maps they print in railway folders, and had supposed that the road I traveled on always went in a perfectly straight ruled line. Whereas, if her observations were correct, we traveled during that three-hour journey toward every cardinal point of the compass.

Along about five o'clock, when we had smoked up the better part of a box of cigarettes and were getting a little tired of astronomy, Elaine pointed out a gray streak in the east which she said was morning coming, and just then we pulled into a little way station.

We did not get off at the platform here, because three men were waiting, apparently, to take the train, and we didn't care to attract unnecessary attention. The train lay there quite a while, cutting out a freight car, and the sky brightened rapidly enough so that we could pretty well make out our surroundings. There seemed to be no village at all, just a station and a wide country road, and over at the other side of it what seemed to be a general store, with lamplight shining through the windows.

I noticed Elaine gazing at it rather alertly, and presently she gripped my hand and pointed, not at the store itself but at a sort of hitching shed beside it, where congregating farmers could tie up their teams in shelter.

"Don't you see something in there?" she asked.

I did, but it didn't seem like anything to get excited about. "There's a horse and buggy tied up in there, isn't there?" I said.

She nodded excitedly. "Wait," she whispered, and craned out cautiously round the corner of the caboose.

"Only one of those men is taking the train," she reported back to me. "The others are standing on the platform talking to him."

There came a toot from the locomotive just then and the series of approaching jars that we had grown so familiar with.

"Come along," said Elaine briefly. "We'll get off here."

She did, and, like the celebrated Light Brigade, mine not to reason why, I followed her—not quite quickly enough to avoid the last jolt of the train, and coming down rather hard on my ankle, which, to my intense disgust, I realized was getting so stiff and painful as to be almost unmanageable. The train, with Dorgan fast asleep, I suppose, in the coach, curved away out of sight.

The two men who had seen their friend off were already walking back across the road toward the store. They hadn't noticed us yet.

"Come along," said Elaine again, and we followed them, overtaking them at the steps to the store. Only one of them, it appeared, meant to go inside. The other was going to drive home with his horse and buggy. At least he thought he was then.

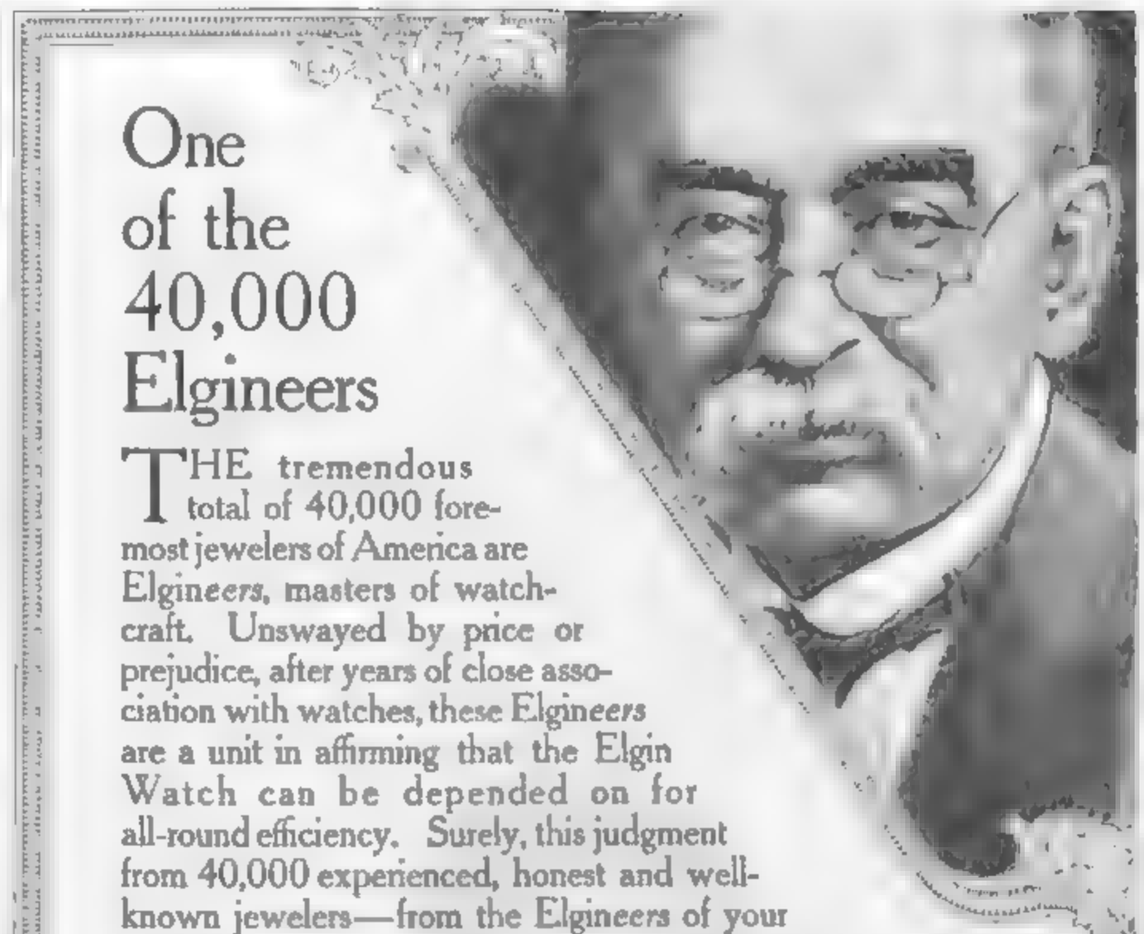
It must be a point of pride with most rustic characters not to betray astonishment at anything. Our sudden appearance, particularly Elaine's, must, I think, have surprised them. But they did not say they were jiggered, or gosh durned, or anything like that. Just looked at us in mild interrogation, and waited for what we had to say.

"Good morning," said Elaine pleasantly to them both. And then to the man who was not the storekeeper: "Is that your horse and buggy?"

He reckoned cautiously that it was.

"Would you rent it to us?" asked Elaine sweetly. "Just for today?"

The farmer bit his thumb-nail deliberately. "No," he said.



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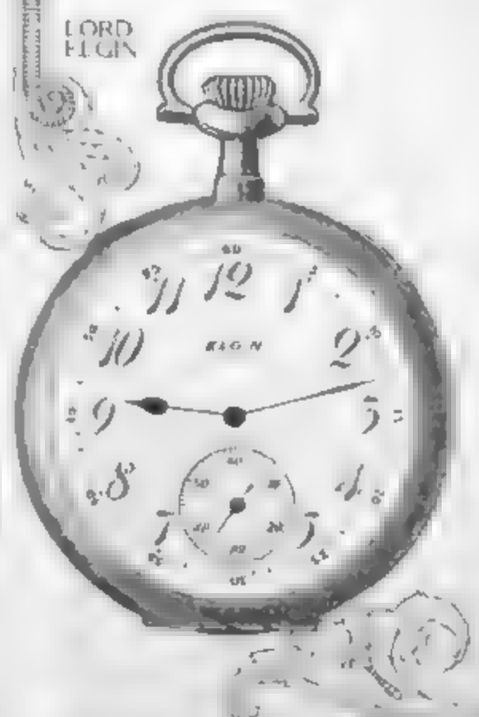

The Elgin Watch

LORD ELGIN—here pictured in exact size—is the extremely thin masterwatch. It is truthful, untiring, unfailing, unfaltering—a watch whose honesty and faithfulness are inspiring. Lord Elgin contains very latest devices for perfect timekeeping. Call on your Elgineer, and let him detail its strong points.

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DEPT. 71, 2338-2342 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Just as you are, I wouldn't change a thing." That is the spirit of modern photography.

And with the fast plates and fast lenses of to-day, the clever photographer *can* take you "just as you are."

Long exposures in uncomfortable, conscious attitudes are a thing of the past.

In fact, having a picture taken in a modern studio is as pleasant as an informal call on good friends. Make the appointment to-day.

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What's the Matter?

SOMEBODY HURT. An automobile turning a corner struck a man crossing the street who had become confused and did not get out of the way. The crowd is gathering to see the ambulance carry the man away.

Every hour of the day such accidents are happening on the streets. The carelessness of others and your own hurry put you in constant danger of accidental injury.

There are a thousand causes of accident. Not the least numerous are those at home, office, travel and recreation.

A $3,000 accumulative accident policy, the best on the market, costs at the rate of about 4 cents a day.

You need accident insurance. You need it now.

MORAL: Insure in The TRAVELERS

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. Inf. H. Post N Your off

Please send me particulars regarding Accident Insurance. My name, address and date of birth are written below

He looked at me as he said it. Indeed, both of them did, evidently wondering at my abysmal silence, which left these questions to the lady.

"I'll sell him to you," said the farmer to me.

I hadn't the least idea what to say, so I looked rather helplessly round at Elaine.

Queerly enough, a light of understanding was beginning to dawn in the faces of both the men. They exchanged a look that was positively knowing. In a moment I interpreted it and it increased my confusion fourfold.

There is only one sort of male human creature who is entitled to be as sheepish and as helpless generally as I looked. That is a prospective bridegroom. They took us for an eloping couple!

And Elaine, the outrageous baggage, caught the cue. She slipped her arm through mine and looked up at me with demure, adoring eyes. I could have slapped her.

"Don't you think we might buy it, dear?" she asked.

"Do exactly as you like about it," I said savagely, and the delighted grins of the two rustics showed me that I was still in character.

"How much will it be?" asked Elaine anxiously.

The owner bit his other thumb-nail. "Two-fifty," he said, to me again, with an appraising eye.

"You might lead him out for us," suggested Elaine.

The horse proved to be a rusty but intelligent-looking beast. He had rather large feet, I thought, but whether this was a good sign or not I didn't know. The vehicle he was attached to looked as if it had been bought second-hand from a superannuated sewing-machine agent. It had a high, narrow seat under a top, and a long box underneath projecting some distance out behind.

This receptacle caught Elaine's eye. "We could put all sorts of things into that," she said, "couldn't we?"

"Two hundred and fifty," said the owner firmly, "for the whole concern—horse, buggy, harness, whip. You won't need the whip though. That horse is a good steady goer."

"I don't think," said Elaine, looking timidly at me, "that we ought to pay more than a hundred and fifty for it. Do you, dear?"

I didn't trust my voice beyond a bare "No" and, by way of washing my hands of the whole transaction, turned away and occupied myself with the architectural beauties of the depot.

Elaine bargained with the farmer for a while, to their mutual enjoyment and my own astonishment, and finally acquired right and title in the equipage for one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"It's almost as expensive," she confided to me, "as forgetting about a taxi." And then she startled me by calling on me for the money.

I suppose it was not her fault that instead of cannily fishing the roll of bills out of her chain bag in the decorous shelter of my pocket, I took the whole thing out bodily and drew forth a preliminary powder rag before I got down to the bills at all.

As I paid for our purchase out of Elaine's chain bag—and without, so far as I could see, at all seriously depleting her store—I became aware that the attitude of the two other men had changed from amusement to hostility. They had sized me up, you see, for an unscrupulous adventurer and Elaine was my innocent prey!

She gave the animate part of her purchase a friendly pat on the nose, remarked that we should need some sugar for him, and led the way into the store. The late owner of the horse and buggy, as well as the storekeeper, followed us in.

"Of course we need a lot of other things too," she added when we got inside. And, quite with an air of having talked it all out with me in advance, she recited a list: "Coffee and a coffee-pot, and eggs—oh, and salt and sugar, and a loaf of bread, and some butter, and a tin pail."

I was slowly becoming aware that, sometime or other I should look back upon this episode and think it was funny—to see, for instance, the preposterously housewifely way in which Elaine made her purchases, her critical inspection of each article as it was produced. She was especially interested in the eggs, it seemed; wanted to know when they had been laid and where they came from.

"Isn't there, somewhere round here," she asked, "a woman who makes a specialty of raising them? Eggs and chickens too, of course? A sort of hen-ranch?"

The two rustics debated over this and finally decided she must mean Mrs. Harrison out on the Musgrove Road. But these eggs didn't come from there. Mrs. Harrison sold all hers to a Chicago commission house.

"On the road between here and Musgrove?" Elaine inquired, adding to me that she had always wanted to see a hen-farm, and mightn't we stop there?

They told us that nothing could be easier, if we were going to Musgrove, and described the place rather particularly. A sudden impatience to get started on our journey seemed to prevent her from listening very closely to these directions.

We packed our impedimenta into the back of the buggy and got in, Elaine taking the reins. The prospect of a speedy escape from the ruminative stares of that bucolic pair was beginning to restore my equanimity, when Elaine, with a single parting question, utterly annihilated it.

She shifted the reins into her left hand and coyly insinuated her right into mine. Then she leaned out across me, blushed—well, I should think she would!—and asked with a little stammer:

"W-would you tell us where a minister lives?"

But, hang it! why did I blush too? I did. I could feel the red coming up into my ears like fire as I gazed, with a sort of concentrated glare, at a worn spot on the harness.

The storekeeper chuckled. "Plenty of 'em in Musgrove," he said. "You'll find Parson Briggs on the main road about a half mile this side of town. He'll know what you want all right. Most of 'em go to him."

Elaine thanked him very prettily, spoke severely to the horse, and we started off.

"The trouble with you is," observed Elaine, "that you don't really know whether I mean to take you to Parson Briggs and marry you against your will or not."

Well, I may as well admit it. It's the gospel truth. I didn't.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Weather Scales

THE thicker the ice is at Duluth, Minnesota, on Lake Superior, the hotter the weather at Santiago, Chile, from week to week. An extraordinary contrast between these two places, one in the Northern Hemisphere and the other in the Southern—or perhaps only a coincidence that looks like a contrast—has been discovered by a weather expert of Argentina.

He has found half a dozen other instances of apparent relationship of weather between places on opposite sides of the world. Why it is he does not even attempt to explain with a theory yet. Every place on the globe may be found to have a weather-brother on the other side of the sphere when weather records are complete and are carefully studied.

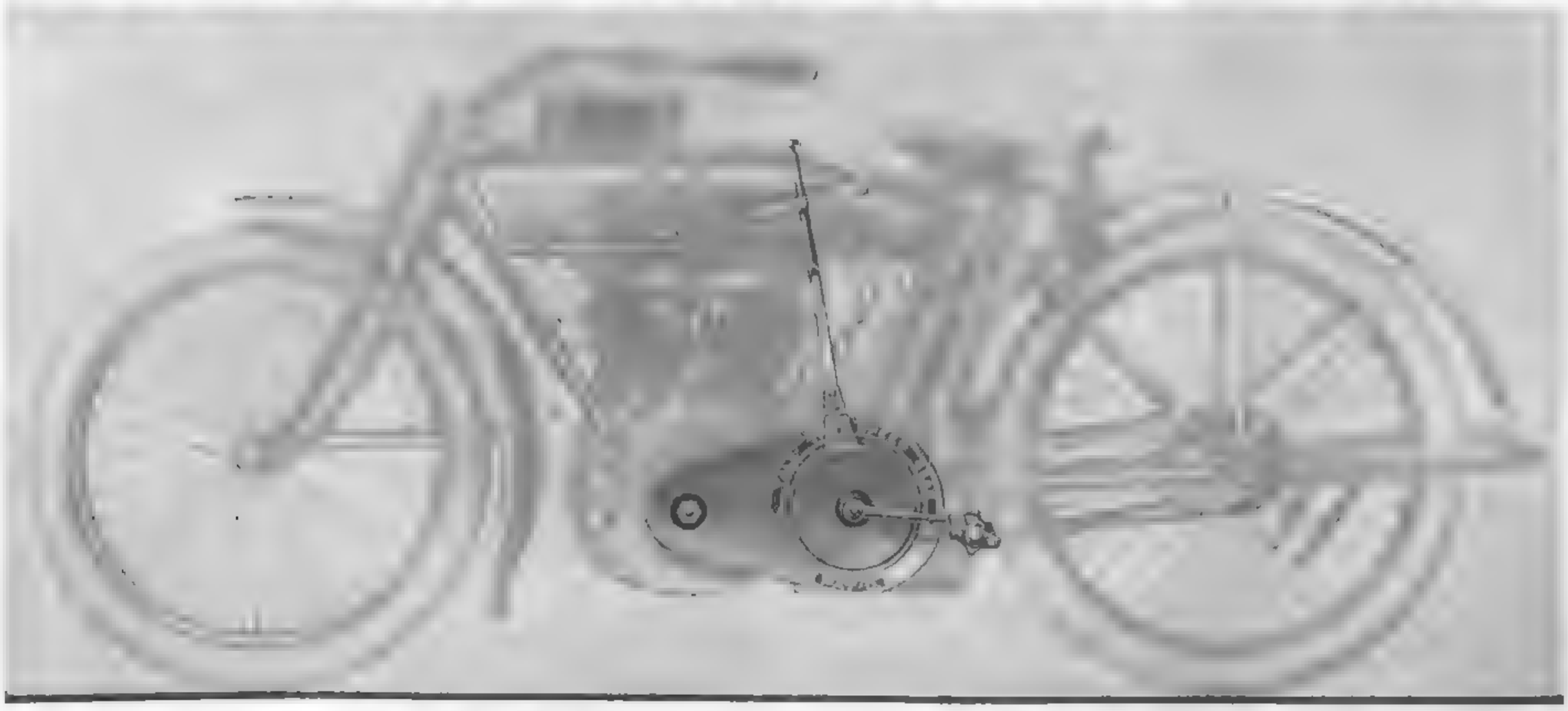
Of course it is summer in Santiago, Chile, when it is winter in Duluth, and so Santiago has hot weather when Duluth has cold seasons; but the queer relationship that has been discovered is based on spells of weather rather than on long periods. The weather man, for instance, did not find any relationship between hot weather in Santiago and cold weather in New York. The hot spells and cold spells of these two places did not coincide.

His discovery is based on the complete weather records of both places for January, February and March over a period of ten years.

Another relationship is between Alice Springs, in the heart of Australia, and Cordoba, in the interior of Argentina. These two places had hot spells simultaneously, the only difference being that the Australian place kept ten degrees hotter than the Argentine community. Perth, in Western Australia, and Valparaiso, Chile, on the other hand, showed a relationship by contraries, for hot spells at Valparaiso were identical with cool spells at Perth, though both are in the Southern Hemisphere.

The barometer, which records the air pressure, behaved exactly opposite in Stykkisholmr, Iceland, and on Laurie Island, in the South Orkneys, far down in the Southern Hemisphere, every year in the month of May for the last dozen years.

THE NEW TWO-SPEED YALE



Forget the Old Motorcycle—Here's a New Kind That Consigns it to Oblivion

(This advertisement was written by Geo. W. Reinbold, the Yale dealer in Philadelphia, after a three days' demonstration of the new two-speed Yale at the factory in Toledo, Ohio.)

"I have been riding and selling motorcycles for ten years.

"I know the records and the performances of every motorcycle made in America.

"I know the Yale better than I know myself.

"But I never thought that I would live to see *any* motorcycle do the things which this new two-speed Yale will do.

"I came to the factory doubting. I am going away *bewildered*.

"I could not believe that the things which the management had written me about this new Yale could be *literally* true.

"I never thought that I would see a motorcycle climb a hill so nearly perpendicular that the rider looked as though he would *fall off backward*.

"I have seen the new Yale *do this thing* over and over again.

"I never thought that I would see a motorcycle rider with one hand resting lightly on the handle bar and the other guiding the gear lever, with a single forward movement, sweep up a 50 per cent. grade from a standing start.

"But I have seen the Yale do this thing *over* and *over again*.

"I have seen the Yale ride down a declivity so steep that it made me shudder to watch the descent.

"And again I saw that the man who rode it laid *one hand lightly on the handle bar and easily handled the gear lever with the other*.

"I have seen the Yale with side car attached climb up a 50 per cent. grade from a standing start, carrying as passenger (one of the directors of the Company,) a man weighing 245 pounds.

"I wanted to tell him not to do it—and before I could frame the words, the Yale and its side car stood beside me at the top of the hill

"The smiling passenger stepped out and said 'More comfortable than a motor car.'

"I have seen the Yale taken down town into the crowded streets of the City of Toledo, where traffic is the thickest.

"I have seen it start and stop and slow down and come almost to a stand-still time and time again *without stalling the engine*.

"And after I had seen all of these things, *I went out and did them myself*

"I rode up and down the sharpest, steepest hill in the City of Toledo with nothing but slippery grass to give traction to the wheels.

"I took out the side car and repeated with a passenger the performance which had so filled me with amazement the day before

"I attached the Yale to a touring car carrying six passengers—a total weight of 4,753 pounds—and pulled it away with ease

"I have gone up hills which the most powerful motor cars could not even negotiate

"And I am still filled with astonishment at the achievements of this wonderful motorcycle.

"I am astonished in particular because these remarkable results are so simply secured

"The designers of the Yale have merely applied the simple old planetary system

"I had seen two-speed gears before—but I had never seen one which operated with one *simple* hand lever situated on the left side of the tank.

"I had never seen one which was an integral part of the motorcycle itself.

"And if I cannot sell every man to whom I can give a demonstration, I shall feel that I am unfitted for the motorcycle business, because I believe that the motorcycle has jumped ahead ten years by the incorporation of this two-speed principle in the Yale; and the greatest marvel of it all is that the Yale rider gets all of these advantages without any increase in the price."

Simplicity of Two-Speed Yale

This remarkable gear, which it has taken three years to perfect, is of the simple planetary type, with gears always in mesh, so that there is *no possibility of stripping them* when changing gears.

On high gear a big multiple disc clutch with large spring steel discs is engaged, the whole gear revolving as part of the countershaft. The drive, therefore, is *direct on high*.

When the hand lever is moved through "neutral" it disengages this clutch and as the lever reaches the low gear position a husky hand clutch is engaged which brings the gears into play and gives a low driving ratio that *delivers enormous power at the rear wheel*

Control is absurdly simple. A hand lever on the left side of the tank, held in position by a quadrant, actuates gears and releases or engages clutch.

With this lever in the rear position, drive is on low gear. Moving it to the middle of the quadrant brings you into "neutral," where the engine runs free. Pushing the lever forward high gear is engaged.

Two-Speed

$285

f. o. b. Toledo

YALE TWIN

Yale rider taking with ease, from a standing start, a fifty per cent. grade in Central Grove Park, Toledo, Ohio

The New Yale is the only motorcycle with two-speed gear *built into* all models both Singles and Twins and without additional charge. It has the *only* motorcycle two-speed gear with *simple hand lever* control. Location of Two-speed gear located on countershaft, the one logical position. New Yale Singles, $235. f. o. b. Toledo.

No need to worry about disengaging gears. Just push the lever from one position to the other.

One Demonstration Convinces

One single demonstration will convince you of the *simplicity* and *practicability* of the new two-speed Yale—we're *sure* of that.

And when you see the Yale just *keep in mind*—

That here is a motorcycle with a two-speed gear *built into* all models at the *regular prices*—not an *attachment* that costs *extra*.

That its two-speed gear is located on the countershaft—perfect balance and least wear resulting.

That it is the *only* two-speed gear with *simple one-hand control*.

Those facts are important—*vitally* important; for the Yale's two-speed gear is patented, and the Yale's two-speed qualities are exclusive and peculiar to the Yale.

Send Coupon Now

Don't delay in sending the coupon below for full details of the revolutionary new two-speed Yale.

For this new Yale solves the side-car problem and the delivery-van problem, as well as giving motorcyclists the most *efficient* and *capable* machine ever built

We will also tell you of the numerous minor improvements which have been made in frame and motor.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars, Steel Tubing, Bent Parts, Drop Forgings

Pacific Coast Representative: The Yale-California Co., 511-12 L. A. Investment Bldg., Los Angeles

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Send without cost or obligation to me full details of the new two-speed Yale.

(Write name and address plainly on margin below.)

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Clothes we would use th[illegible]
For we want you to see how Clothcraft Clothes actually look.

Full Value Clothes

THERE are four big things to examine in clothes: Fit, Style, Durability, Price. Pattern is a consideration, so is Workmanship. But those four things are first.

Three of them can be proven in Clothcraft Clothes by simply going to the Clothcraft Store. The other [illegible] is definitely guaranteed; so are shape-retaining qualities all-wool, properly-shrunk fabric, and [illegible]

Investigation will prove the facts to any man who is skeptical about ready-for-service clothes that are good and well-fitting at $10 to $25.

Clothcraft is the one guaranteed all-wool line you can get at these prices.

If you're paying more, find out what Clothcraft values are and compare them with what you're getting.

Write us for an introduction to the nearest Clothcraft Store. We'll also send the [illegible] $[illegible]

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.
Founded 1846. Oldest Makers of Men's Clothes in America.
820 St. Clair Avenue, N. W.
Cleveland, Sixth City

THE JOBBER'S JUSTIFICATION

(Continued from Page 10)

close it out; but bankruptcy proceedings and attorneys' fees are expensive commodities that should always be avoided where there is the slightest show of pulling a man through. I went through his affairs carefully and then said:

"'Charley, will you stay here and run this business for us—but in your name—if we'll take it over and clear up the debts? You've been drawing out a certain sum for living expenses. We'll pay you ten dollars a month more than that amount: and when the business shows a profit we'll give you half the profits besides. But you'll be running under orders direct from us and carrying them out to the letter.'

"He agreed to this. In six months the business was making a profit. Of course we had paid off all the other creditors, and of course, too, we sold him practically all his goods. But no jobber wants to do that kind of business; he only does it because he is forced into it as a matter of self-protection, and in almost every instance he gets out of it just as soon as he can—as we did in this particular case.

"All jobbers would be glad if they could turn all this kind of service over to special and expert hands; but somebody must educate the retailer in sound business methods and pull him out of the hole when he gets in too deep—provided he is honest and energetic, and has the location that should command a good trade.

"The lack of business method among retailers is something appalling! This man of whom I have spoken had never taken a real invoice, and a trial balance was a sealed mystery to him when we took over the store. He had to be taught the rudiments of doing business; when these were mastered he was a success. This experience is repeated all along the line; and this kind of service—furnishing the retailer with capital and teaching him how to handle it—is one of the heaviest burdens on the jobber's shoulders."

A shrewd jobber in Central Iowa offers light upon another phase of this complex subject. He says:

"Another form of financial service the jobber gives the retailer and the consumer reaches clean back to the grower. About twenty-five per cent of the jobber's business is in canned foods—a form of food that is increasingly essential to the whole consuming public, and especially to people in cities and in remote places like mining and construction camps, where these foods are unobtainable in a fresh state."

The Trade in Tin Cans

"Here is the situation the jobber faces on this important part of his output: First, he has to sell these goods before they are grown—basing his prices on the conditions of the previous year. Second, the supply of raw materials is always widely scattered and is constantly shifting. Third, the canning business is generally in the hands of small operators; the small factory predominates and always will, for the simple reason that the vegetables or fruits canned must be produced close to the factory—otherwise long hauling will detract from their freshness when delivered at the factory and will pull down the quality of the canned product.

"The big, permanent factory with plenty of capital and men of large experience behind it is an economic misfit in the canning business for this very reason: this is one line of manufacturing in which the cheap and temporary building is the soundest policy.

"A pest or plague may hit the special crop upon which the factory depends and oblige it to move on and follow the crop to a new locality that has not been infested.

"Because of this local and shifting character of the business, together with the fact that the factory is bound to lie idle the greater part of the year, it does not generally attract men of large capital or seasoned experience. Instead it draws men of slender means, much energy and courage and a good stock of the spirit of business adventure.

"The jobber must have the canned peas, corn, tomatoes, peaches, pears, string-beans, cherries, and other vegetables and fruits with which to fill the orders he has already taken—the futures he has sold. Of course he can't trust to luck and take his chances on picking this stuff up on the open market when the time for delivery comes—that would be altogether too foolhardy and place him at the mercy of speculators. He has sold his canned goods at a certain price before the ground from which they are to be grown has been turned by the plow, and he must provide a sufficient supply at a price that will give a margin.

"Therefore the jobber goes into a locality where the soil and climate are right for the growing of tomatoes, for example—just the kind of tomatoes he needs for his choicest brand. In each small town of that district he finds a young man who is a hustler, who wants to make a clean-up for a few months of hard work. He confesses he has mighty little capital, but if the jobber finds he stands well in the community and has a reputation for being square he backs him just the same. After an examination of the territory close about the prospective factory the jobber instructs the young man to go out and contract with the farmers for a certain acreage of tomatoes. As a basis he contracts with the young man for a specified number of cans of tomatoes.

"Do you think the jobber's part of the preliminary work ends here? That is the general notion. It has hardly begun! He not only specifies the particular varieties of tomatoes that shall be raised but often he furnishes the seed or the young plants. Again, he may go so far as to include in the specifications the kind of fertilizer that shall be used in producing the crop, the kind of spray with which it shall be sprayed, and the manner in which it shall be cultivated, harvested and handled."

If There Were No Jobbers

"Why does the jobber go to all this trouble? Because his name, reputation and capital are invested in the brand under which those tomatoes are going to be put out. Those tomatoes must maintain the standard of quality the retailer and consumer have come to associate with that brand. The jobber has already invested thousands of dollars in establishing that brand—in fixing in the consumer's mind the expectation of finding a certain degree and character of excellence in every can carrying that brand on its label.

"Later I'm coming back to this matter of the jobber's brand again; but, for the moment, let us follow this crop and this canner through to the finish.

"The young man who hopes to make a killing from putting that crop into cans is, we'll say, without material property. He must build a factory, equip it, secure his cans, hire men and pay for the stuff from the farmers when it begins to come in. Where is his capital coming from? He goes to the bank to borrow and puts down on the counter his contract with the jobber. The banker knows the jobbing house—a big, responsible concern, doing business in an up-to-date, systematic, businesslike way; that contract looks like mighty good security to him; and on it the young man gets the money with which to make his start. His accommodation is secured on the jobber's credit.

"Often, however, the jobber steps into the banker's shoes and advances money direct to the canner. In one form or another, from the moment the deal for that tomato crop starts until the canning factory has finished its work and the last shipment has been made, the jobber is underwriting and engineering that crop. He makes sure that the men at the head of things in the factory understand their business; and whenever the canner is up against it for either information or money he always reaches out for the jobber, and finds him there to see the enterprise through. And see it through he must—for the integrity of his brand must not be lowered, and his customers must have the goods they have bought 'on future.'

"Suppose the jobber were eliminated from this game, where would that leave the canner, on the one hand, and the retailer and the consumer, on the other? The local merchant would be completely at sea in getting his stock of canned goods. There would no longer be a central and dependable source of supply upon which he could draw for precisely the grade and quantity needed.

"The local cannery might furnish him tomatoes and in sufficient quantity—but when it came to string-beans, cherries, peaches, and a hundred other items in tins,

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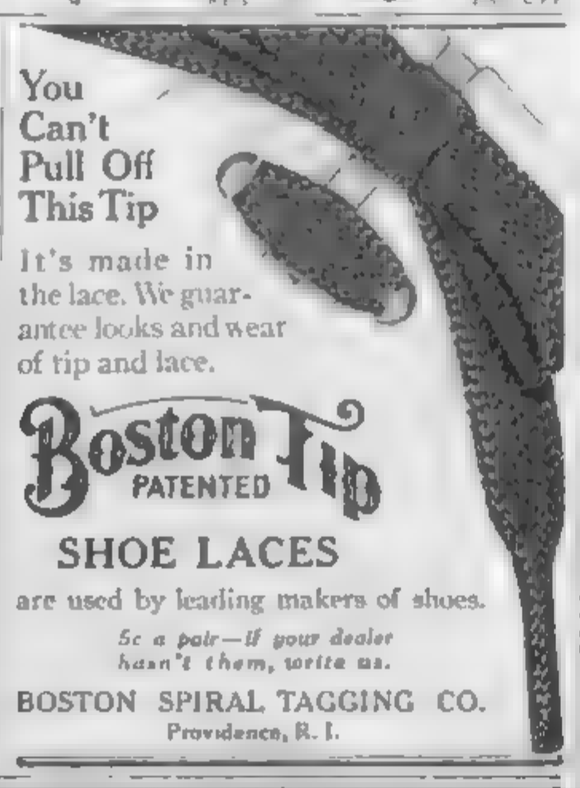

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he would be helpless. That supply would be scattered all over America, and only the experienced assembler of canned goods would know just where to reach out for each item. But that isn't the main point. The standardization of those goods would be all shot to pieces if the jobber were eliminated!

"There is still another important angle to the jobber's practical service. This concerns the transportation problem. The jobber's business life is a perpetual fight to reduce the cost of distribution. He studies the freight tariffs until he can take them apart and see what makes them go. To illustrate: Baking powder is a very staple article; it counts up in money at an alarming rate, a carload of the best brand being worth from seven thousand to eight thousand dollars. The smaller inland jobber has no need for a carload at a time.

"However, if he brings from New York only what he needs—a quarter of a carload perhaps—it would take a first-class freight rate. If he could take a carload the rate would be fourth-class. That means a big difference. Besides, by buying a full carload he can get the baking power at a decidedly lower price from the manufacturer. This possible saving in original price and in freight cost is altogether too good an opportunity to be neglected. What the thrifty and progressive jobber does is to get his jobbing neighbors to come in on the purchase. The car is shipped to the jobber at the most central point and unloaded. Then the allotments to the other jobbers are forwarded to them by local freight. This local freight is taken care of by all the houses in on the deal; it is distributed in proportion to each jobber's share of the goods."

The Cost of Moving Honey

"Honey is another commodity that is almost invariably handled on this plan. The freight on a car of honey from California to Central Iowa is about one thousand dollars—and honey is a very expensive article. Again, it is impracticable to ship honey a long distance in less than carload lots, because it has to be so securely wedged that it cannot shake or move. If it shakes the comb is broken, the nectar begins to run and the whole shipment is spoiled. But there are few local jobbers who can handle a carload of honey at a time; it represents a big investment—and besides, its keeping qualities are limited.

"Consequently the bunching plan of purchase meets both these objections and gives each small jobber just the amount of honey he needs, bought at the lowest price and shipped at the lowest cost and in the manner that entails the smallest possible waste. This plan is applied to scores of other commodities. In a word, the jobber is an expert in saving freight costs as well as in quantity-buying that lowers the first cost of the goods. This service is routine.

"Does the consumer get the benefit of it? He does. He gets a liberal share of it too. Competition between jobbers takes care of that. Again, suppose the jobber were eliminated and that the retailer had to bring these goods from their point of origin to his store. He would have to buy in small quantities and have his goods shipped in small quantities. In a word, he would pay top prices for his stuff and the highest rate for hauling. Even if all the retailers in a town bunched their purchases they would then fall short of getting them on the same cost basis as the single jobber who buys to supply a comparatively wide territory; and they would still have a long way to go to catch up with the jobbers who bunch their purchases and shipments.

"Of course the retailer would have to get his higher costs from the consumer. If the margin saved by the jobbers of a locality by this one means were suddenly added to the retail price of groceries the consumers of that section would put up a cry of distress that could be heard across three states! As an economist in distribution, the jobber renders a constant service to the consumer, for which he gets little or no credit from the general public. This is a mighty important function."

It has been clearly shown that the jobber of foodstuffs certainly renders service—and no small amount of it and that he is fairly entitled to something in the way of toll. About the only question, then, that remains is whether he takes an unreasonable amount of toll—whether he is able to force the consumer to pay an unfair wage for services rendered. This question was

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Wilmington—[illegible]

ILLINOIS
Chicago—[illegible]
Peoria—[illegible]

INDIANA
Indianapolis—Marott's Shoe Shop
[illegible] Factory Shoe Store Co
Jobbers—Shoe Store Supply and Leather Co., Nutz & Grunkopf)
Terre Haute—Walk Over Boot Shop
(Jobber—Oskar Duenweg)

IOWA
Davenport—Akin Schwenker Co.
Jobber—H. Steffen Leather Co.)
Des Moines—Walk Over Boot Shop

MAINE
Augusta—[illegible]
Bangor—Kimball & Nickerson
Biddeford—Boland Crawford Shoe Co.
Portland—[illegible]
Waterville—[illegible]

MARYLAND
Baltimore—[illegible]

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—E. W. Burt & Co.
The Cromett Shoe Store, A. H. Howe & Sons
Jordan Marsh Co.
Brockton—[illegible]
Cambridge—Rosenberg Bros.
Chelsea—[illegible]
Fall River—[illegible]
Fitchburg—[illegible]
Lawrence—[illegible]

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Lynn—[illegible]
Newton—[illegible]
No. Adams—[illegible]
Vetter Bros. Shoe Co.
Pittsfield—H. Kahl's Shoe Store
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Kansas City—The Jones Store Co.
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Lincoln—[illegible]
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Troy—Walk Over Boot Shop
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Akron—[illegible]
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OHIO (Cont'd)
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Cleveland—[illegible]
Columbus—[illegible]
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Sandusky—[illegible]
Springfield—[illegible]
Toledo—[illegible]
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PENNSYLVANIA
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Bethlehem—[illegible]
Easton—[illegible] & Rader
Homestead—[illegible]
Lancaster—[illegible]
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put bluntly to two representative grocery jobbers. One replied:

"Can you point to any man in this line who has made a really large fortune in it? Many have made moderate fortunes in it; but there is not another line of industry or commerce involving equal capital that cannot point to hundreds of huge fortunes made in it, where this trade can point to not more than one or two at the most. One of our greatest jobbers once said to me: 'You will find that you must sell one-third of your output for less than actual cost; one-third at a very close but dependable margin; and the other third is subject to wide fluctuation of price.' And I've learned the truth of this for many years."

The other jobber declared:

"The average net profit of the grocery jobber in this country does not amount to more than his cash discount on the goods he sells—in other words, his profits do not exceed two to two and a half per cent on his turnover at the most. The greater number are making less than that. I thoroughly believe that this statement is true and conservative; and perhaps I ought to add that probably I have come into intimate contact within the last few years with more grocery jobbers than any other man in America. This is because of certain features of my work in our association.

"If we were to give the retailers the same discounts they now receive, and if our own cash discounts were cut off by those from whom we buy our goods, we should eliminate our profits and eventually wipe ourselves off the map. The business of which this can be said certainly cannot be rightfully accused of taking an unfair toll!"

The Comet Fans

BACK-YARD astronomers are now in great demand. The amateur who likes to look at the stars through an inexpensive telescope, but who knows nothing of higher mathematics and of the lurking places of hydrogen in the spectrum, has been called upon by the highbrow astronomers to help out.

Furthermore the job that has by general consent been turned over to volunteers is no dull task, but a live one, with a new surprise almost every night. It is camping on the trail of stars that seem to be breaking the rules for well-behaved stars by flaring up or dying down at all sorts of unexpected times. The volunteers must be skilled variable-star observers.

The new-comet fan lives in the hope that some night he may find one and turn in an alarm by telegraph, in the proud knowledge that cables will hurry his message all over the world, and that in twenty-four hours every great observatory will be studying the comet named after him.

The variable-star observer needs only a small telescope and a back yard or roof to get a thrill almost any clear night. RX Andromedæ, which seemed last night to be sleeping peacefully, tonight wakes up with an angry flare; or Gamma something, which last night was modestly gowned in light green, tonight brazenly comes out in a screaming pink. Why? is the inquiry of the professional astronomers; and only a vast number of observations, night after night, all brought together in one table, will give the answer in most cases. Many of them are now well understood, but they are the easy ones.

A great many of them are now known to be binaries or double stars which revolve round each other, so that the magnitude of their light depends on how much they are hiding each other. Some are probably composed of several stars. Others are probably single stars whose variability depends upon conditions within them.

The volunteers select a certain number of the disturbers to watch, and then every clear night make observations, reporting to a central authority the degree of brilliance of each of the stars for each night. Charts and instructions take away much of the difficulty of the work.

Telescopes small enough to be lugged out in the back yard each night are good enough. Some of the best observers of the American Association of Variable-Star Observers have telescopes with apertures of only two or three inches.

All the information gathered eventually reaches the big observatories, where it is checked up with other observations on the same stars; and the material is then put in order for a scientific investigation of each star's habits.

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Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of Nov. 15

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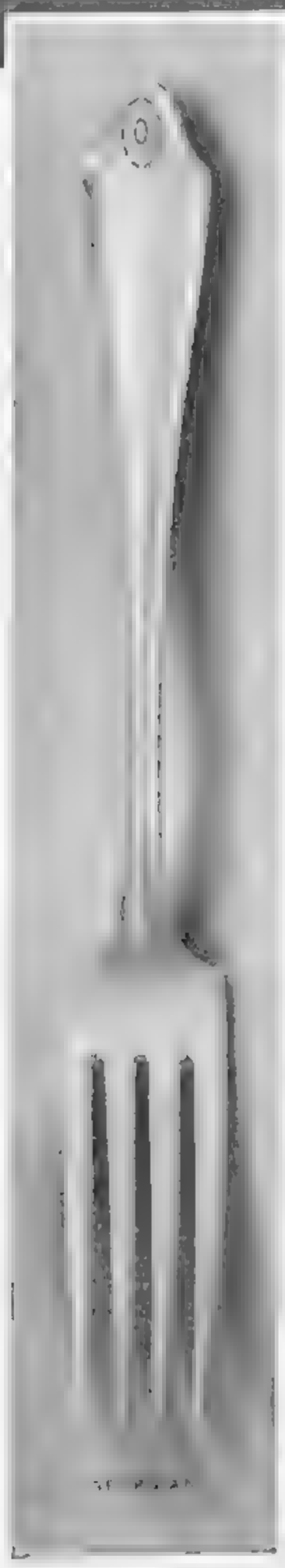

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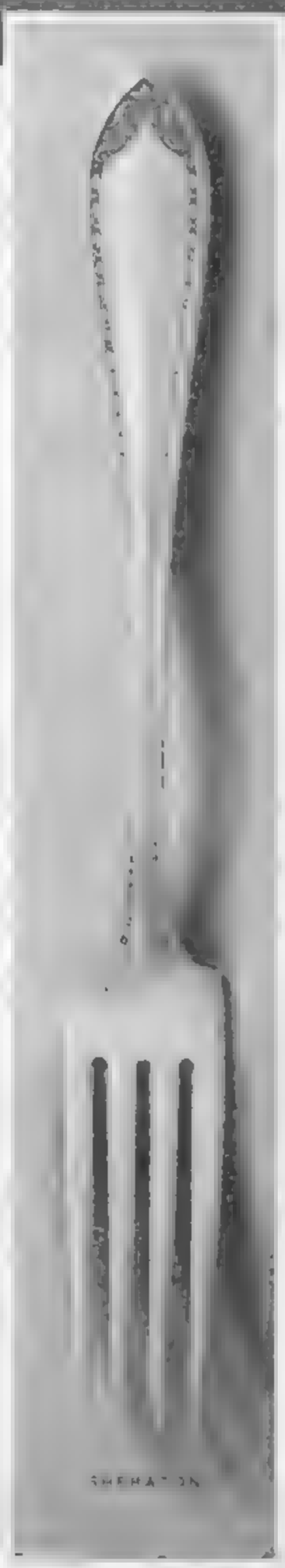

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DIARY of a MERE MAN

Thursday
22

Being tied to Molly's apron-strings is not so bad! This evening she suggested "playing Housekeeping" and insisted on washing our new Community Silver, – "just to see how it will seem."

P.S. – Molly says a "truly butler" is not supposed to kiss the maid.

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The Food-Drink for All Ages
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WATER STUFF

(Continued from Page 7)

"Holy sailor!" ejaculated Ben. "The mizzenmast, Jim! Be technical, can't you?"

"Never you mind the technicalities!" said Montague. "You give me the sort of a fire effect I want and let it go at that. Then, after the jumps, we'll go still farther away with the tug, so we can cut in the whole ship; then turn loose the whole works—smoke-pots, oakum, red fire and all. Give her everything you've got; and see that none of your stooges show their heads over the rail. The Alden Besse is supposed to be deserted by that time. Do you get me?"

"Absolutely! Leave it to me and I'll smoke her up to the queen's taste."

"How's the quitter getting along?" asked Montague.

"Better," said Ben. "He was able to cuss me the last time I poked him up. Pretty soft for Buck! That pretty little new girl is sitting beside him and holding a cold towel on his head."

"Humph!" grunted Montague. "He's not *game*—that's what ails him! Now there's little Dupree—seasick as a dog all day—but he never missed a turn of the crank except when he had to run to the rail."

At the same moment Buck was detailing his symptoms for the benefit of the faithful Jennie.

"I've got a fierce headache and black spots floating in front of my eyes," said the stricken one, essaying to sit up. "My stomach feels like somebody had used it to churn sour milk in and there's a dark green taste in my mouth. I've got palpitation of the heart and I'm as weak as a cat; but otherwise there ain't a thing the matter with me. I reckon I'll live till night, at least. It was mighty nice of you to stick round the way you did. I won't forget it; and if you're ever seasick ——"

"Oh, but I was—this morning."

"And went on working just the same?" cried Buck. "Well, they say that a woman can stand more suffering than a man. I reckon it's true. Doc Bowen used to say ——"

"Come on, you swimmers! Get ready!"

"That's Jennings," said Buck. "Better run along and—why, see here, sister, what's the matter? You ain't scared, are you?"

"I—I'm afraid I am," quavered the girl. "I didn't think it would be like this—away out on the ocean!"

"But you said you could swim!"

"Only a little—and I've never been in deep water in my life. It—it frightens me!"

"Oh, shucks! There's nothing to be scared of. There'll be somebody handy to grab you if anything goes wrong. Once you get wet all over, you won't notice it at all."

"And you're sure there'll be somebody there?"

"Why, of course! Whoever heard of a moving-picture actor getting drownded!"

The girl went away reluctantly, leaving Buck to speculate upon the inconsistencies of feminine nature.

"She's seasick and never lets a yip out of her," thought he; "but the notion of getting wet stampedes her plumb off the reservation! Women are too various for me—I give 'em up!"

V

BEFORE the tug drew alongside to receive the director and the camera men, Montague addressed the entire company from the after deckhouse of the Alden Besse, Buck being the only absentee.

"Now this is the action," said Jimmy—"and pay attention to me, because I haven't got time to repeat it. We will first make the boats rowing away from the ship. You folks who were in the deck struggles and the launching scenes, take the same places in the boats that you had before—dressed the same way too. The men at the oars will pull over toward the tug and across the sidelines. Be careful you don't drift back into the picture. As you leave the ship be looking back at her—all of you—and register grief—like this."

Here Montague registered grief—a very simple matter when one knows how.

"You women, wring your hands and cry. Here's a ship—burning up at sea. It's a terrible thing! All your friends and loved ones are left on her; you may never see 'em again. Try to get something of that fear into the picture—and if I catch you looking at the cameras it'll cost you a day's pay! You look at the ship—and keep on looking at her until you're over the sidelines.

"Next we'll do the liferaft, drifting away from the side. Jennings, you coach 'em in the action—it's only about ten feet or so.

"Now, then, here's the big stunt of the day! Where are all those swimmers? Come down here in front so I can see you. This water scene won't run much over thirty feet in all, but it's the most important one in the picture and I don't want any boneheads or smart Alecks crumbing it up for me—remember that! The liferaft will be over between the tug and the ship. When you hear me holler Go! you're to start jumping. Go overboard from the waist there—it's lower. Don't all jump at once two or three at a time; and keep on coming. When I say Jump I mean jump! I don't want any exhibition dives or posing on the rail—no head-first stuff. This ship is supposed to be red hot and you're getting off of her as quick as you can. Never mind making it pretty—you hit the water feet first.

"I want a couple of girls to register fear—you, Anderson; and you, Lee. When you climb on the rail look down and hesitate—sort of shrink back; make it look as if you were afraid. Then jump. And another thing—when you get into the water cut out the fancy swimming. No showing off and no skylarking. You boys, remember that! Tear out for the raft as if your lives depended on getting there in a hurry. That's all for you extra people."

"And when do I jump?" asked Jack La Rue.

"I'm getting round to you now. At the beginning of the jumping scene, Jack, I want you to establish yourself at the rail there—up above the waist. Give a quick look round and then register that you've just missed Myrtle. Rush over and duck behind that little coop where the stairs go down."

Here Ben Leslie emitted a sepulchral groan and took his head in his hands.

"Myrtle, you be waiting for Jack there. When the extra people are all in the water I'll give you a signal, Jack, and you carry Myrtle to the rail—the same place where you established yourself before. Register exhaustion—you've been breathing smoke, remember. Ben, I want you to plant one of your stooges in that coop with a couple of smoke-pots, so that we'll get the effect of Jack coming through the thickest of it."

"Aye aye, commodore!" said Leslie. "But don't call it a coop. That's the after companion-hatch."

"Say, where do I jump from?" demanded La Rue.

"From the rail up above—there'll be less smoke there."

"And farther to go before I hit the water!" grumbled the leading man. And he scowled at the lovely Myrtle Manners, who was to be his partner in the plunge.

"It's a straight falling jump," said that practical young woman, "and not a fancy dive. We oughtn't to have any trouble."

"We! We!" sneered La Rue. "I'm the one that's got to do it all! And you're liable to turn me over in the air ——"

"Not if you know your business!" said Miss Manners tartly.

La Rue retorted in kind and Montague's voice blared above the argument.

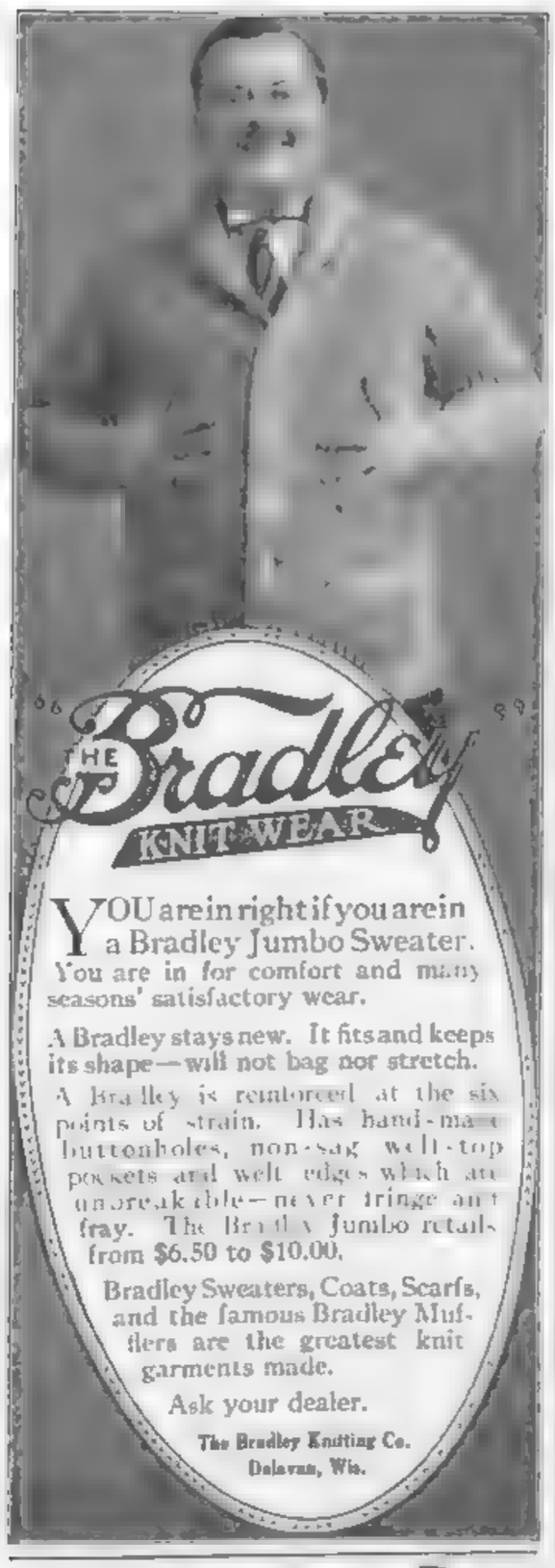
"Swim for the raft, Jack, and keep hold of Myrtle all the way. We'll 'pan' you right down the middle of the picture to the raft; and—oh, for the love of Mike, quit jawing, you two! Anybody would think you were married! . . . Now, then, the boat scene first. There'll be no rehearsals; so don't make any mistakes!"

VI

THE boats had pulled away from the side, freighted to the gunwales with duly registered grief and fear; the liferaft had been maneuvered into position midway between the tug and the ship, and a hush of expectancy fell on the Alden Besse. Over the water came a hoarse bellow. James Montague, on the tug, was megaphoning his compliments to the property man.

"What in the double-dash, blankety-blank-blank is the matter with that smoke? More pots there, Ben! Touch off the oakum!"

Ben Leslie and his assistants—stooges, in the vernacular of the profession, the



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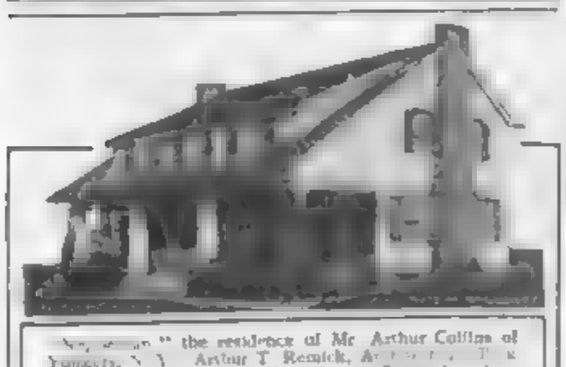

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same being short for students—swarmed over the after part of the ship, distributing stubby roman candles, which when lighted belched forth great quantities of acrid, yellowish vapor. These were the smoke-pots, without which there would be few film fires.

The oakum flared suddenly in the waist and a dense black smoke-cloud rolled along the deck, enveloping Buck Parvin, who had suffered a temporary relapse. He crawled out of the fire zone, strangling and choking and wiping his eyes. From a safe distance he looked back upon the made-to-order inferno.

"Gosh-all-zicketty!" he coughed. "I always knowed Jim Montague could raise hell; but this is the first time he ever raised her so high that I could see her! What in thunder is coming off here?"

Through the swirling smoke Buck caught glimpses of the after part of the ship. La Rue, very imposing in his captain's uniform, waited at the rail to establish himself, while Myrtle Manners sulked behind the hatch and examined her makeup with the aid of a pocket mirror. Jennings and the swimmers were grouped below on the deck. The assistant director was gesticulating violently and portions of his harangue reached Buck's ears:

"No funny business! . . . You jump when I tell you to! . . . Never mind having your picture taken! . . . The bigger the splash, the better!"

A sudden gust of wind cleared the deck of smoke for an instant and one figure stood out, clear and distinct—a slender girl, her face white save for the splash of carmine on her lips, her hands clenched at her sides. Then the smoke hid her again.

"Good Lord!" groaned Buck; "has that kid got to jump as well as swim?"

"Heads down, you stooges!" bawled Leslie. "How is she now, Jim?"

"Better!" floated back over the water. "We'll make it now. Ready!—Action!—Go!"

The two cameras upon the tug began to click in unison as the first of the extra men flashed over the bulwarks and dropped like a plummet, feet first, making a tremendous splash.

"Lovely!" said Montague. "It's a better effect than I thought it was going to be. Faster, there, you boneheads! Faster!"

On board the Alden Besse, Jack La Rue strode from the rail and disappeared in the smoke, determination to do or die written large upon his heroic shoulders. Jennings, bent double behind the bulwarks, drove the extra people to their task.

"You next! And you—and you! Jump!"

Buck Parvin, watching the thinning ranks of the swimmers, crept down the deck, bending low to escape the cameras. Jennie Lee was the last to go. Jennings reached out and took her by the arm.

"Get up there and register fear! Hurry!"

The girl mounted the bulwarks, looked down over the side—twenty feet to the green water—and cringed, shuddering.

"That's Lee!" said Montague, on the tug. "A born actress! You'd think, to look at her, that she was scared to death!" Then, through the megaphone: "Don't overact! That's enough! The picture's waiting on you! Jump!"

Buck Parvin, crouching below, looked up and saw the terror in the girl's eyes.

"You've got to go now!" he urged. "You're established on the rail! If you don't jump you'll spoil the picture!"

"Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" whimpered Jennie. "There's nobody down there to help me if I sink! I'm afraid—and it's so far too!"

Jennings raged on the deck; Buck pleaded; and hoarse, inarticulate howls of rage came from the tug.

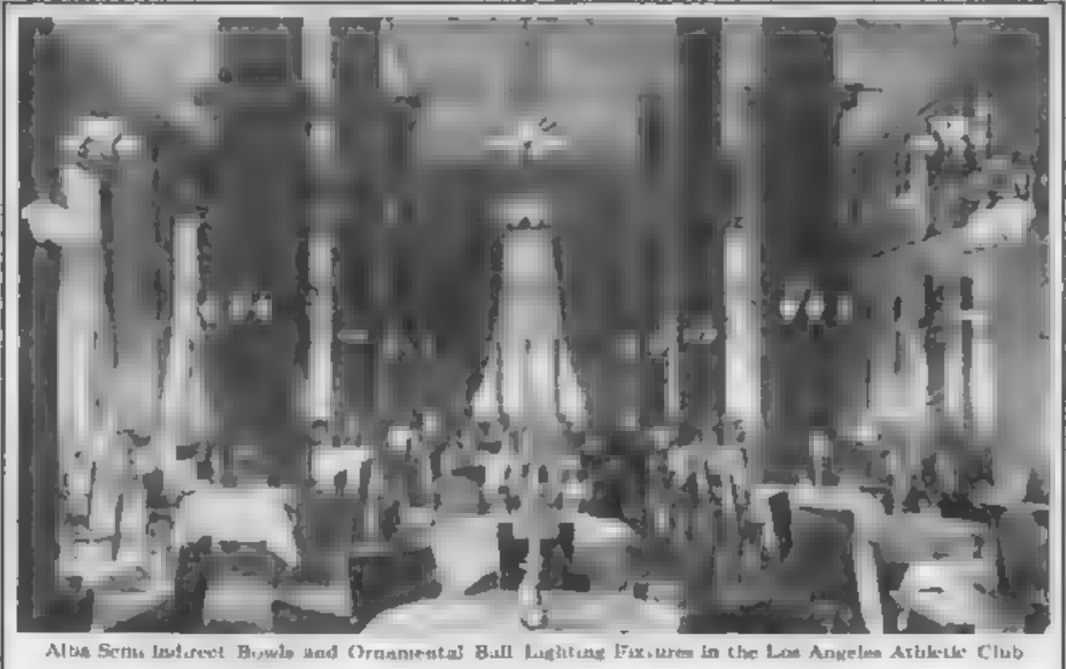
"Jump! Jump!"

Jack La Rue, squatting behind the hatch, saw nothing of all this, but he heard Montague's voice uplifted profanely.

"He means us!" said La Rue; and picking up the young woman he staggered to the rail. At the sight of him James Montague grazed death by apoplexy; and Charlie Dupree, who knew something of dramatic values, sucked in his breath with a whistling sound.

"Good night, nurse!" muttered Dupree. "Jack has crumbed this scene for fair! Why didn't the fool stay back there?" But, like the dependable photographer he was, he continued to make his two revolutions a second, counting the film, foot by foot.

By precedent and every rule of stagecraft the hero is entitled to the center of the



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stage and, in his one great moment, the undivided attention of the audience. La Rue, by blundering into the picture at the wrong time, was dividing the big scene with a cowering extra woman—and taking the short end of it. Montague gurgled and estimated the cost of another day's work.

With the singleness of purpose that stamps a selfish man as well as a great one, La Rue looked neither to the right nor to the left. He planted one foot on the rail, cast an imploring glance heavenward and floundered over the side—making a very bad jump indeed. At the same instant Jennings, who had not seen La Rue at the taffrail, pushed Jennie Lee violently outward, and she fell, twisting and screaming, into the water.

"You're a fine stiff, Jennings!" said Buck as he rushed to the bow, where he could look over the side without fear of getting into the picture. Jack La Rue was swimming steadily toward the raft, towing Miss Manners; Jennie Lee was struggling in the water—once she disappeared entirely. Buck ran back to the waist.

"That kid can't swim!" he cried. "What shall we do?"

"Maybe they can trim her out of the film!" said Jennings.

"She's *drownding*, I tell you!" shouted Buck.

There came a bubbling cry for help, followed immediately by a terrific blast from the megaphone.

"Somebody go in after that girl!"

Buck Parvin placed one hand on the bulwarks and vaulted over the side. Two vigorous strokes carried him into action. Exhausted, helpless and frightened out of her wits, the girl grasped Buck round the neck and clung to him with the last ounce of her strength, dragging him below the surface of the water. Buck fought himself free from that strangling embrace and, seizing her by the hair, struck out for the raft, yelling for help.

"Get that, Charlie! Get that! It'll save the picture!" screamed Montague, dancing up and down. "Come on with her, Buck! Right for the raft! Pan 'em in, Charlie! Get all that! It's great stuff!"

It is a good director who can turn even an accident to account, and a good camera man who does not lose his head or his count in emergencies. Dupree, one eye in the viewfinder and both hands flying, tilted the black box slightly and with the panorama attachment held Buck in the exact center of the picture—a maneuver that drew roars of protest from the leading man.

"Hey! What are you doing there?" yelled La Rue.

"Shut up!" barked Montague. "I'm saving the picture that you ruined!"

Ordinarily it would not have been a hard swim, but Buck was below par physically, empty and weak and shaken; and the girl, crazed with fear, fought him desperately every stroke of the way. He had gone into the water fully dressed and his twenty-seven-dollar boots, filling with the first plunge, weighed him down like anchors. Strangling and spitting, Buck reached the raft at last; and Myrtle Manners—as much woman as actress—drew the half-conscious and hysterical girl to safety. Buck managed to hook one foot over the top of the raft and hung there panting.

"A lift, Jack! I'm all in!" he gasped.

"It's a wonder to me you wouldn't wait till I got through!" snarled the leading man. "That fool girl crabbed my jump and you crabbed my swim!"

"Too darned bad!" wheezed Buck. "I should have let her drown to oblige a stiff like you!"

"The poor child has fainted!" cried Miss Manners.

"Yes, and this poor child is going to faint too, unless he gets help!" said Buck.

La Rue seized the boot and tugged with all his might. Two or three of the extra men grasped Buck by the shoulders and heaved him up on the raft, where he lay face downward, suffering a last rending attack of his old enemy.

"How much did she run?" asked Montague when the cameras ceased clicking.

"Eighty-two feet," said Dupree; "and about fifty of it was Buck and his lady friend. Gee, but that rescue scene was bully! I thought Manners could do the best drownding stuff in the world, but that skinny little extra woman hung it all over Myrtle! Fought like a wildcat, didn't she?"

La Rue sat on the edge of the raft, scowling at a boot he held in his hands. He had torn it from Buck's foot while hauling him aboard. It was soggy and limp and dripping—a sad ruin of its former beauty, for cowboy boots are not made to hold salt water. After some time La Rue allowed the boot to slip over the side of the raft. It gurgled once and found bottom at twelve fathoms.

VII

JAMES MONTAGUE came from the projecting room whistling like a meadow lark. He paused to speak a few words to Buck Parvin, who sat on the studio steps gazing mournfully down at a pair of aged and disreputable boots.

"I've just seen the negatives of the water stuff," said the director. "The rescue scene came out great, and so did the ones I made of you and Jennie afterward. That was a good idea—writing in parts for you and the girl. It switched the picture all round and put La Rue's nose out of joint; but it was the only thing to do."

"Did the films show what became of that other boot?" demanded Buck, betraying sudden interest.

"Are you going to start that argument all over again?" asked Montague.

"I want a new pair of boots," said Buck doggedly. "One of 'em I lost and the other is plumb ruined. Twenty-seven bucks them boots stood me, and express charges from K. C., Missoury!"

"You won't get any twenty-seven-dollar boot item on my expense account!" said Montague. "But, just to show you that my heart is in the right place, turn in a bill for five dollars and I'll O. K. it."

"Keep your five dollars! And the next time any of your extry people start drownding on you, fish 'em out yourself!"

"That's a fine thing to say! Most anybody else would have been proud of saving a girl's life. That little Lee kid ——"

"Yeh!" said Buck bitterly. "I was out to see her the other night. Her mother accused me of throwing her off the ship a-purpose, so I could make a grandstand play! Called me a low, degraded theater actor, and slammed the door in my face. For years I've been wanting to do just two things—save somebody's life in front of a camera, and own a pair of them swell K. C. boots. I get the boots all right; then I lose 'em saving a girl's life—and now I'm in bad with her folks!"

"Tough luck!" said Montague.

"Only one man ever had it tougher. I had a pal down in the Pecos country named Scott Hastings. Queer duck, he was; but all right in spots when you found out which spots they was. Scotty always said that when he got the dough from his old man's estate he was going to have a ringtail-peeler of a time. His notion of a blow-out was to harness himself up in a boiled shirt, with a celluloid collar and cuffs, and paint the town red. Scotty got the *dinero* finally—six hundred and thirty dollars, it was, all in a chunk—and I went to town with him to help spend it. First thing he did was to stake himself to a boiled shirt, a big, high celluloid collar, and celluloid cuffs.

"'Now that I'm all dressed up like a horse,' says Scotty, 'we'll have a big five-cent seegar apiece; and then we'll pile this town up in heaps and run rings round her!'

"He struck a match to light the seegar and the head flew off and lit the collar instead. The cuffs chimed in about the same time. Talk about your pillars of fire! Scotty went down the middle of the street like a runaway comet, and if Dud Baxter hadn't roped and throwed him he'd have run his fool self to death! They took Scotty to the hospital and did him up in cotton batting and linseed oil for about three months. When they let him out his bill was exactly six hundred and twenty-eight dollars and ten cents. Darned good thing they didn't make it fifteen or Scotty would have had to owe 'em the nickel!

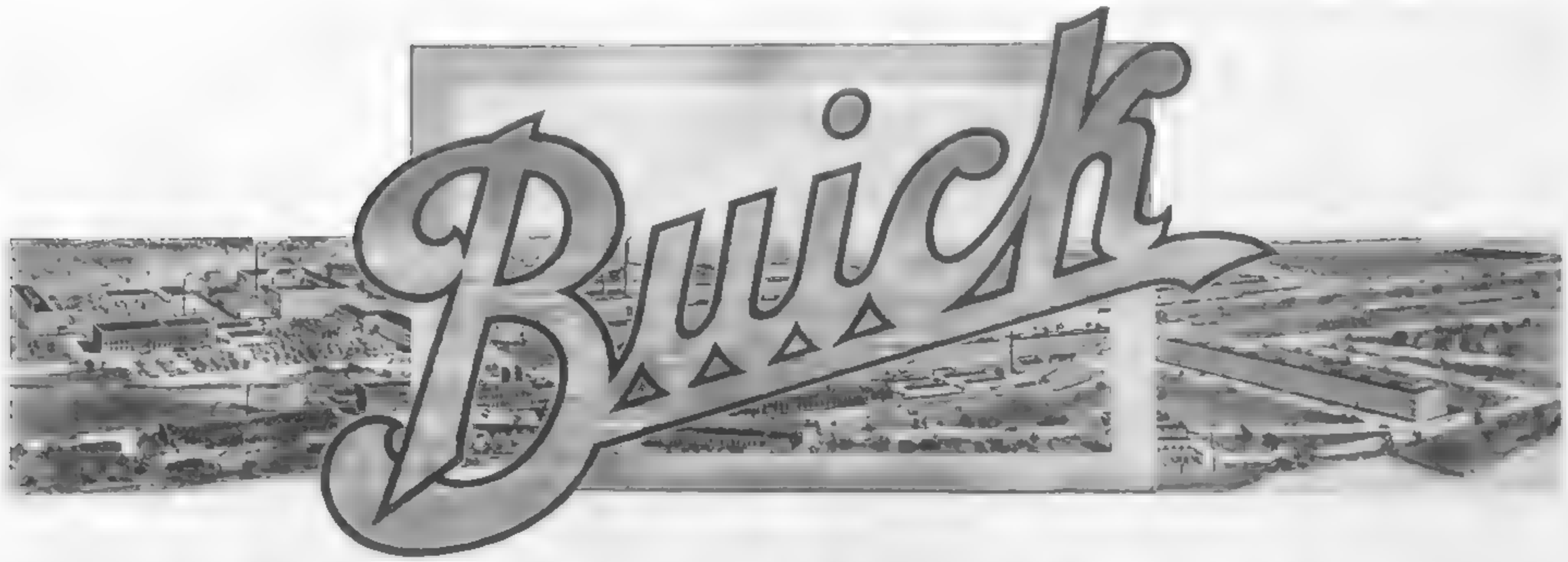
"That come from setting his heart on something and getting it. I'm going to quit wishing for things, Jim, because it seems like the minute I get 'em luck comes along and switches the cut on me."

"You haven't been wishing for any cash bonus, have you?" asked Montague.

"No. Why?"

"Well, that's all right then," said the director, grinning. "I can't charge the boss twenty-seven dollars for boots; but I did slip over a little fifty-dollar bonus for you, Buck. It's not coming to you because you lost the boots or because you saved the girl's life. You saved the Titan Company a make-over and another day's pay for seventy extra people! *Sabe?*"

"Fifty bucks!" breathed the cow-puncher reverently. "Bill Cody himself won't have a thing on me now!"



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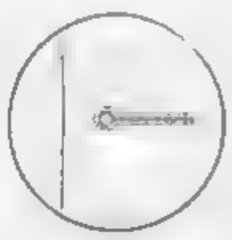
It is almost as light as a greenhouse in our tailoring shops. It's a dark day indeed when we have to make use of any electric light.

There are two reasons for this. Our floors are long and narrow. And we crowded as many windows into the walls as possible.

Every incentive is given our expert tailors to do the best work in their power. This is simply one instance which proves it.



Hand Sewn Buttonholes

Buttonholes can be made by machine to *look* as good as the hand sewn ones

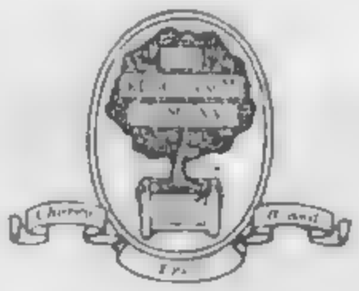
But, put both kinds to the test and it's quite another story. The machine-made ones rub through before their time. The threads are apt to pull loose. The stitches haven't the snug strength which skillful hands can give. Every buttonhole on every Kirschbaum coat is sewn by hand.

"Yungfelo" Reg U S Pat Off

What It Means

For young men and young-minded men (fathers, uncles or others whose girths aren't too great) we have produced some special suits and overcoats—"Yungfelo" models. They fully live up to their name without being freakish or folderolish.

Try on a Kirschbaum "Yungfelo" model and note its swagger, simple lines.



It is Exclusive

One fact you cannot keep in mind too strongly. The Kirschbaum method of shrinking and refinishing woolens is exclusive.

The original London cold-water process of shrinking is the most thorough in the world. It takes every last trace of shrink out of a fabric.

And our process of refinishing the goods gives them a smooth, handsome appearance that can be secured in no other way

(To be continued)

Copyright 1913
A. B. K——

THROUGH all the drizzling, snowy weather of winter, no overcoat at *any* price can remain fresher or smoother than yours with the Kirschbaum label. An occasional pressing is all it needs.

For all the shrink is gone before you buy it. Often one whole yard of each ten will vanish when we put our woolens through our original London cold-water process of shrinking.

And our linings, hair cloth and tape are as thoroughly shrunk as the woolens themselves.

For many years clothing experts have regarded us as the foremost makers of fine ready-to-wear overcoats in America. Prices $15 to $45 every one guaranteed.

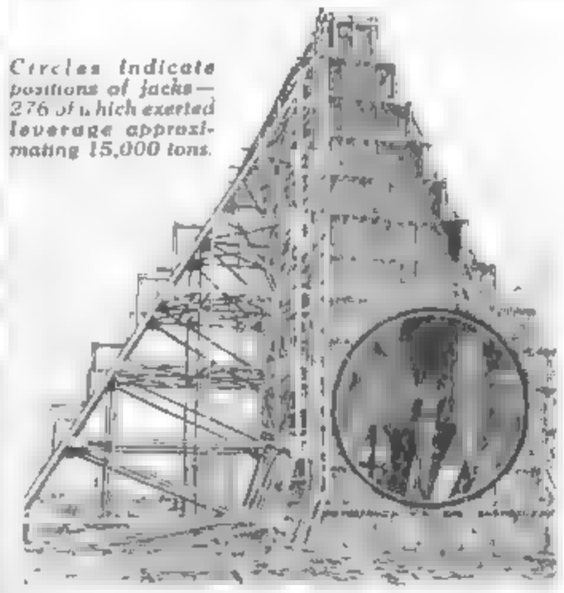
Kirschbaum Clothes $15, $20, $25 and up

Kirschbaum Clothes are the only ones at their prices which are *guaranteed* all-wool, London-shrunk, tailored by hand and sewn with silk thread.

Have you a copy of our Fall Style Calendar? If not, we would like you to have one.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Important Service of Duff-Built Jacks at the PANAMA CANAL



Circles indicate positions of jacks—276 of which exerted leverage approximating 15,000 tons.

TO safely hold the great masses of steel and concrete in compression was one of the problems in constructing the walls of Gatun Dam. That it was entrusted to Duff is simply in line with the best engineering practice the world over.

The universal experience of Duff in promptly meeting every arising leverage problem is fully typified by the

GENUINE DUFF-BUILT

BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACKS

For every model of automobile and power truck designed today there is a Barrett Jack exactly meeting axle heights and weight requirements.

For the car manufacturer it is recognized foresight to equip the Barrett; for the dealer it is good business to sell the Barrett; for the car user it is necessary to utmost safety and convenience to carry a Barrett.

Write for catalogue and any desired information on any form of automobile jack, or jacks for any lifting purpose—railway, contracting, industrial, or for general requirements.

New Barrett Automatic Geared Motor Jack

THE DUFF MFG. CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Established 1883
New York Office:
50 Church Street

MAKE YOUR BOY HAPPY

In order to introduce THE BOYS MAGAZINE to [illegible] we will send you [illegible] Stamps and Coins. Edited by WALTER CAMP Order today. We'll refund your money [illegible] if you are not more than pleased with both the Magazine and Engine. (We prepay transportation charges.)
THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO 1461 Main St. Smethport, Pa.
THE BOYS M[illegible]

Keeps You Warm In All Weather—

Closely woven, won't easily snag. Just the garment for automobilists and for men who work out-of-doors in cold weather. Comfortable, durable.

PARKER'S ARCTIC JACKET

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Made of a closely woven, knitted fabric lined with thick gray wool fleece. Snap fasteners. Riveted pockets. Ask your dealer or sent postpaid on receipt of $3.50
JOHN H. PARKER COMPANY
Dept. B, 25 James St. Malden, Mass.

THE HANDY LIGHT Used everywhere there is electricity, in home, office, store, factory; large towns, small towns, hotels, hospitals. Weighs one pound. Sales-driving sample. Liberal proposition. Write today for particulars to The Handy Light Co., 90 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio

PORE NANCE!

(Continued from Page 13)

was presently admitted to that gentleman's apartment, which was on the parlor floor and one of the best in the house—spacious, in fairly good condition, and still imposing in its tarnished decorative magnificence of the early sixties.

The old man was evidently impressed by its splendor. Judging from his deferential manner toward Rogers, who had received him with the utmost kindness, he had also been impressed by Mr. Colby's account of the Detroit man's genius and financial standing. Possibly the lunch he had eaten at Mr. Colby's expense had made something of an impression.

"He's a right clever feller—that Colby," the farmer informed Rogers. "I thought he was some snippy an' high-nosed at first; but he's all right. Smart too! Well, I want to say I'm right in with you. An' now I'll settle up my bill an' be moseying along. You can count on it I'll be back tomorrow by two o'clock. I won't have no trouble about raising the money. The bank'll let me have a couple o' hundred on my note any time. Won't take more'n ten minutes."

Rogers looked up from the papers on the table before which he was sitting.

"Better wait until morning if that's the case," he said. "Wait until morning and I'll go down with you. I've a kind of curiosity to see that girl of yours; and as soon as I get these papers fixed up I won't have anything else to do but loaf round here."

"I'll be tickled to death to have you come," declared the old man heartily. "We can ketch the nine-fifteen an' be down there by eleven o'clock—an' ketch Saunderson at the bank afore he goes to his dinner. What's more, by golly, I'll have Nance fry us a chicken!"

"Here's a copy of the option," said Rogers, selecting a document. "Like to look it over?"

The business hours of the firm of Rogers & Keslake, Real Estate Brokers, Detroit, were presumably not exacting—at least, one of its principals had apparently not contracted the habit of early rising, for he bitterly and profanely resented the persistence of the Chichester bellboy who insisted on waking him at the unholy hour of six-thirty A.M.

Once convinced of the futility of protest, however, Mr. Rogers displayed a certain alacrity in transferring himself from pajamas to street clothes, and by the time he had arrived at the shaving stage of his toilet he had regained his appearance of grave good humor.

A soft knock at the door interrupted him. He laid down his razor and hurried to open it—but only an inch or so; and the communication from without was almost in an undertone.

"All right," he responded; "but stick around! There's never any telling—and I might need you."

He closed the door gently and went back to his shaving. After a few minutes he descended to the offices and found the object of his prospective benefaction awaiting him. There was no air of dejection about Farmer Pomeroy now; he was almost jubilant, and his grin of welcome, grotesque as it was, should have given the Detroit man some satisfaction.

"I've had my breakfast," said the farmer. "B'en up two hours—I have. Dogged if I see how you city folks make out to stay abed the way you do! But I guess it's the way a feller's b'en raised. You go right ahead an' eat, an' I'll smoke my pipe in here till you come out. You got heaps o' time."

"That's good," declared Rogers pleasantly. "I've an appetite this morning." His brown eyes rolled meditatively round the nearly deserted office. "Not many up, it seems," he continued. "Well, I'll go and take what's left."

His appetite, however good, was easily satisfied, for within fifteen minutes he was back; and after lighting a cigar he announced his readiness for departure.

They had hardly reached the door when it suddenly opened to admit a tall, gangling person in a wide-brimmed black felt hat and a long-tailed cutaway coat, who was heavily listed to one side by the weight of a large leatherette valise. Resisting with great firmness the attempt of a bellboy to relieve him of his burden, the tall man made directly for the desk; but halfway there Farmer Pomeroy overtook him, caught him by the arm and brought him to a standstill.

Rogers, standing uncertainly by the door, saw the two shake hands. The old man was now talking earnestly, with a clutch on the lapel of the other's coat. The tall man listened with a wooden expression, shook his head once or twice and made an attempt to proceed. Farmer Pomeroy, however, was not to be shaken off; he led him to a seat, where he continued the conversation with great animation.

Presently Rogers saw the tall man produce a pocketbook and extract a slip of paper, which he showed to the old man, and was replacing it when the other took it from him and hurried with it to the desk. There the clerk took the slip, looked at it and shook his head slowly, but with an air of finality; whereupon the old man, looking somewhat crestfallen, returned and seemed to renew the discussion. A lounger in a faded pilot jacket and wearing a peaked cap well down over his forehead seemed to take a certain interest in the proceedings.

Rogers now sauntered toward the pair and coughed, at which the old man beckoned to him.

"This here is a neighbor of mine, Mr. Rogers," he said, indicating the tall man—"Mr. Cooney. I b'en tellin' him that you an' me have got a little deal on an' I need some money. I got jist two hundred an' fifty dollars comin' to me from him on a dicker for some stock; an' he's willin' to let me have it—only he ain't got nothin' but this here draft, an' the clerk can't cash it. Now if you an' Mr. Cooney'll set here I'll hop on a car an' go to the bank where my cousin's boy works.

"It's just a little way across the bridge, on Madison Street. He'll cash it for me right away an' then we can take the eleven o'clock train to Bristow and ketch the three-fifteen back. 'Tain't realy no diff'runce—an' then I won't have to ask no favors or accommodations. Like as not my bank wouldn't want to make no note for less'n thirty days, an' they'd charge me five per cent on it. Come on up to the desk and indorse this here draft, Cooney."

"Wait a moment," said Rogers, detaining him and drawing up a chair. "Let me look at your draft."

The old man handed it over. It was on a well-known bank and for five hundred dollars. Rogers, as a business man, was tolerably familiar with such documents and he nodded his satisfaction.

"Perhaps it won't be necessary to bother to go to Madison Street," he said after a reflective pause. He produced a substantial pocketbook and counted over some bills it contained. "Yes," he continued—"I can manage it. You indorse the draft, Mr. Cooney, and I'll cash it for you—that is, I'll give you two hundred and fifty dollars and Mr. Pomeroy can give you his receipt for the two hundred and fifty you owe him. Will that be satisfactory?"

"That'll be all right with me," agreed the old man. "Saunderson'll cash it for us at Bristow. You keep it."

He, in turn, brought out an old receipt book with a dirty and dilapidated cardboard cover and painfully proceeded to fill in one of the blanks with the fountain pen Rogers had handed him. Mr. Cooney watched the proceedings with pronounced gloom.

"We've got twenty-five minutes still to get to the station," Mr. Rogers remarked briskly. "Here's your money—one hundred, two hundred, and fifty. Now, Mr. Pomeroy, if you're ready ——"

The old man jumped up with alacrity. Mr. Cooney sullenly pocketed his money, and the trio shook hands and parted. Mr. Cooney stood in seeming hesitation until Rogers and the old farmer had left the office; then, picking up his valise, he walked quickly over to the bar entrance and disappeared. The man in the peaked cap and pilot jacket promptly rose from his seat and followed him.

Three minutes later Rogers and the old man returned in haste. The former looked distinctly annoyed, the latter flustered.

"By golly!" exclaimed the old man. "I'll forget my head next! We got plenty of time though. That there watch of yours is fast."

He addressed the dingy clerk:

"Mister, let me have the key of my room again—one-eighty-four. I left my satchel

BEAVER BOARD TRADE MARK

Give More Thought to Your Walls and Ceilings

TOO little attention is usually given to walls and ceilings. Yet upon them depends the interior beauty and comfort of your home.

A well-designed BEAVER BOARD room has a beauty of its own—it is individual; and it has a durability that cuts out repair-expense.

This is because BEAVER BOARD permits endless variation in the panel effects demanded by the best mo[illegible] ing and does away with the [illegible] features, frequent re[illegible] place appearance of wall-paper. It has in all 41 great advantages over lath and plaster.

Sold by lumber, builders' supply and hardware dealers in sizes to meet all your needs.

Be sure it's the genuine, patented BEAVER BOARD with trade-mark on back and cream-color all through.

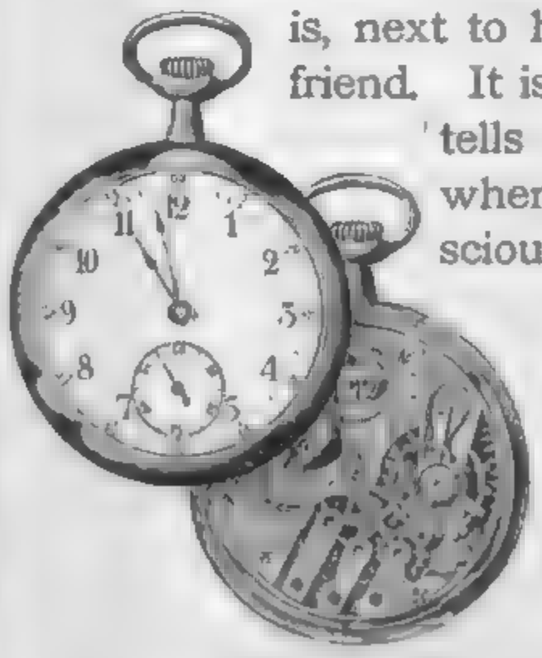
Send for free booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses," and painted sample.

The Beaver Companies

United States: 110 Beaver Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.
[illegible]

BEAVER BOARD

A good watch



is, next to his dog, a man's best friend. It is always with him; it tells him when to go and when to come; it unconsciously regulates his day's schedule and brings him home on time.

But a poor watch is a false friend. It makes him arrive late at the office, miss trains and fail to keep appointments.

Any young man, any boy, can secure, free of charge, the handsome watch here reproduced. This is one of the six hundred splendid prizes we award to our young salesmen.

Even though you are not yet selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, let us send you a copy of our illustrated catalogue of prizes. You are obligated in no way—and it certainly will interest you. Address

The Sales Division, Box 144

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Winner of the Glidden Tour

METZ "22"—$600

With Complete ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT

Including Electric Starter, Electric Lights and Electric Horn

You've been waiting for the elimination of "fancy" automobile prices, waiting for the time when a dollar would buy a real dollar's worth of car. And you have not waited in vain. Consider, for instance, the METZ "22"—a fully guaranteed, abreast-with-the-times car, left-hand drive, center control, speedy, stylish, powerful, and wonderfully economical in operation.

High grade equipment.—Four-cylinder 22½ h. p. water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, single unit highest efficiency electric starter, electric head lights, electric side lights, electric dash and tail lights, electric horn, full elliptic springs, wind shield, extension top and curtains, standard artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, pump, tool outfit, etc., all for $600.00.

Or, if you prefer the car without the self starter and the electric lights and the electric horn, we can furnish it for $475.00, equipped with gas search lights and gas generator, oil dash lights and tail light, and bulb horn.

The METZ "22" is [illegible] because of its [illegible] transmission. It has no [illegible] to slip. Operation eliminating gear troubles. It makes 6 to 50 [illegible] per hour on the high speed. [illegible] any regular stock car made regardless of price and [illegible] 100 miles on one [illegible] and 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a [illegible] of tires.

It won the Glidden Tour last July over an [illegible] 1,400 mile course from Minneapolis to Glacier National Park, Montana, the METZ team of three regular stock cars being the only team that held a perfect score on the entire trip. Of all the cars [illegible] no other car succeeded in making a perfect score on the original schedule, without time allowance.

Write for New Illustrated Catalog "E."

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

We want a representative in every city and town. Write for terms.

up there." He took the key and shuffled to the elevator. "Won't be a minute!" the old man called cheerfully to Rogers as the car ascended.

Rogers frowned and sat down. Taking out his watch he set it back ten minutes and waited. A minute passed—two, three, four and five. He started up, and at that moment there came the sound of the descending car. The gate slid back and a dark-haired, erect man of middle age emerged. Rogers barely noted that the gray suit this person wore hung well on him, that his cravat was well chosen, and that he swung his light cane with a dandified air as he strolled past; in fact, Rogers seemed slightly worried. And after the car had gone up again and brought down a lady of uncertain age and decided complexion he became its next passenger in the upward flight.

Hurrying along the corridor he knocked at the door of one-eighty-four; there being no response, he entered.

Sure enough the old man had left his satchel behind! It was still on the bed, gaping emptiness. On the floor and chair were scattered a suit of shoddy clothes, a pair of clumsy and patched boots, a pair of blue-and-gray cotton socks, a cheap flannelet shirt and a paper collar. On the dresser was an object that Rogers recognized as a gray wig, and the water in the bowl of the washstand was discolored with a brown sediment. Pinned to the trousers was a short note. Its tenor was exceedingly derisive.

The philanthropic real-estate broker read that note a second time some hours later to an individual who, though attired in a faded pilot jacket and trousers of nautical blue, bore a strong resemblance to a certain Mr. Colby. Before the reading, Colby delivered something in the nature of a report.

"I was leary when I saw you slip that guy the yellowbacks," he said. "'What kind of a plant is my esteemed partner holing for?' says I to myself. 'And is this segment of our bankroll going to fade from my fond vision and leave no trace behind?' Well, it certainly looked like it. You had barely made your getaway before he makes a break for the bar—me after him. He didn't linger for refreshment, but passed out into the alley.

"I slid out too. And, say, I did a swell little stunt of shadowing! Where do you think he wound up? In Jerry's place! Well, I'm strong with Jerry and I got the next loose-box.

"After a while in comes a swell, dark complected guy in a gray suit, with a dinky little swagger-stick, and eyeglasses dangling on a cord. I couldn't hear much of what they said and Jerry had mislaid his dictaphone; but pretty soon out comes the yellowbacks. The guy in the gray suit smiles happily, but the smile comes off. He lamps the stuff a little closer and then gives one of them bitter, sardonic laughs—and tears it into one million six hundred thousand pieces. That relieved my mind all that seemed necessary—so I ducked and laid low.

"'Who's the sporty college professor with the long cock-eyed gink?' says I to Jerry at the bar.

"'Him?' says Jerry. 'You'd ought to know him! That's Cornsilk Steve Ackerman. One fly guy he is! Used to be on the road with an Old Homestead company ten years ago, they tell me, before he got in with Blinky Peters. You know Blinky got his ankle tangled in the dragnet at Buffalo only last week and Steve come on to Chi.'"

"Exactly!" commented Rogers, and tossed the note over. Colby read it carefully to himself:

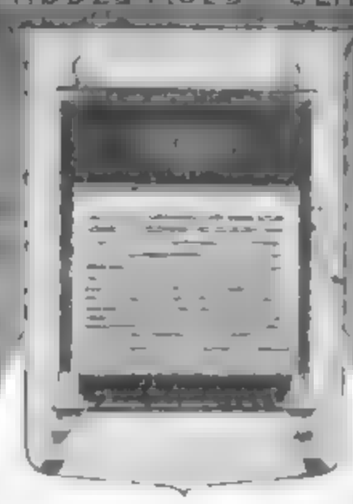
"Two hundred and fifty may seem like chickenfeed; but it ain't so much the money as the principle of the thing. If I'd smeared it over you ten dollars' worth I'd still be proud and glad, and wouldn't mind the trouble! Keep the proofs in memory of— STEVE ACKERMAN."

Mr. Rogers, of Detroit, opened his pocketbook; and taking out a draft for five hundred dollars he tore it slowly across and across, and scattered the fragments on the floor.

"You didn't hear what he said when he tore up that Old Homestead money?" he asked his grinning friend.

"Yes, I did," replied Colby. "I heard this much: 'Pore Nance!' he says. 'Pore gal! Pore gal!' And, honestly—the way he said it—I wanted to cry!"

OLD FOLKS—YOUNG FOLKS
MIDDLE AGED FOLKS



ALL ENJOY THE GENIAL WARMTH OF A

REZNOR GAS HEATER

"Quick heat for cold rooms"

No matter how backward the cellar fire is, no matter how fiercely Jack Frost beats against the windows, with a **REZNOR** you can always be sure that the rooms will be cozy and comfortable.

REZNOR heaters are the original copper reflectors and sell from $3 up. If your dealer does not have what you want, write us. We will supply you immediately.

REZNOR

Manufacturing Company
Mercer
Pennsylvania

DEALER

"Please get me some

GIRARD Cigars"

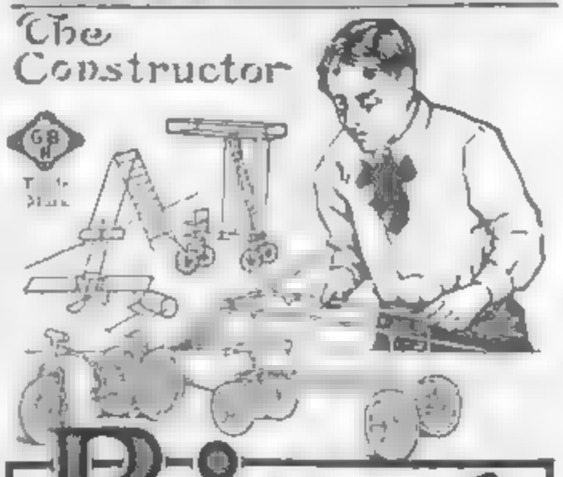
Say this to your cigar dealer tonight.

He is a good fellow but he is too busy to do everything. Maybe he is just waiting for you to come along and say "Girard". It means good smoking for you and good business for him. The Girard blend is worth asking for.

The illustration shows the "Broker" actual size, 10c. Other sizes and shapes up to 15c.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871 Philadelphia

The Constructor



Bing TOYS

The Wonderful "Constructor"

The most remarkable and original engineering and construction outfit. Hundreds of designs and models possible. No nuts or screws used in any of the combinations. Nothing more fascinating or instructive for bright boys. A pastime that may develop the beginnings of a construction engineer

On sale everywhere. Outfits from $2 to $60. Accessory Outfits of the "Constructor" [illegible] ways be added. If your own dealer [illegible] Bing's "Constructor" [illegible] and we will [illegible] a catalog and the name of your dealer.

JOHN BING 381 Fourth Ave. New York.

Rite-Lite ADJUSTABLE SHAVING AND DRESSING GLASS

Raises and lowers 8 in. Slides 14 inches in front of window. Nickeled fixtures. Beveled plate mirror. Universal swivel.

Excellent Xmas Gift for Men and Women

Price Delivered
6 in. Diam. $2
7 in. Diam. $3
7 in. Oble $5
(magnifying)
Money back if not satisfied
Special Xmas Proposition
[illegible]

Rite-Lite Glass Co., 244 N. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

GOOD FOR 5 IN MERCHANDISE

Aluminum and Brass Signs

[illegible]

Adams Bros. Co., Mfrs., Topeka, Kan.

Champion Priming Plugs End All Winter Starting Troubles

Champion Priming Plugs will start your motor car, motorcycle, motor boat or engine *any time and every time* on the first quarter turn because they insure both a hot, fat spark, and a rich mixture right at the plug's firing point.

When your car's cylinders are stone cold, gasoline can't vaporize upward.

You must prime your motor at the top of the cylinder so as to produce the initial explosion.

Only a few drops of gasoline—at the right place—are needed to start your motor instantly.

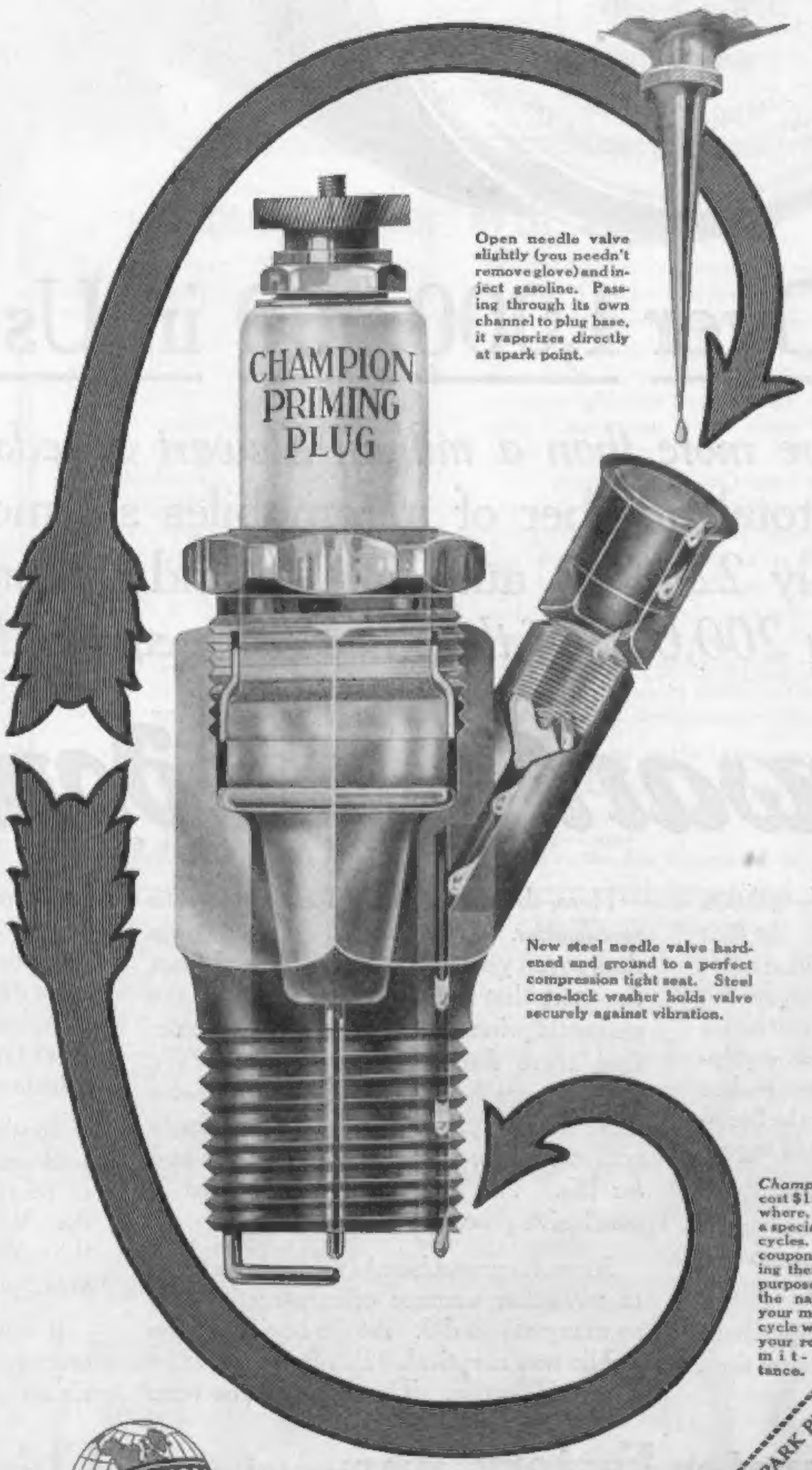
Champion Priming Plugs put those few drops just where you want them—and a **Champion** Spark does the rest.

The cost, comfort considered, amounts to nothing. **Champion Priming Plugs** are the best of spark plugs, plus a perfect prime-r.

With them you can run your car every day in the year—without any tow ing charges or help from a garage—and always be ready to go.

Don't wait for a cold snap to prove that you must have them.

You take no risk. We guarantee both workmanship and your satisfaction—or your money back.


CHAMPION
PRIMING
PLUG
Open needle valve slightly (you needn't remove glove) and inject gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.
New steel needle valve hardened and ground to a perfect compression tight seat. Steel cone-lock washer holds valve securely against vibration.

Champion Priming Plugs do what priming cocks cannot do; create gas right at the firing point.

Look at the illustration. You can **see** the operation easier than we can tell you about it. There is no fouling of spark points nor leaking of compression.

Champion Spark Plugs are factory equipment on three-fourths of all the cars made in America, including the Ford, Overland and many others of the best known cars.

They are made in the largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to spark plugs. Our new factory daily capacity is 25,000 plugs.

If your dealer is not ready to supply you with Champion Priming Plugs, don't delay but send us the coupon below properly filled out, with bank draft, P. O. or express money order attached, or your check for $5, and we will send you a set of four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid, the day your order is received.

Champion Priming Plugs cost $1.25 apiece—everywhere. They are made in a special size for motorcycles. Disregard the coupon when ordering them for that purpose. Send the name of your motorcycle with your remittance.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO., Toledo, Ohio
Gentlemen: Herewith find $5 remittance, for which send me four Champion Priming Plugs prepaid.
My car is a _____ of the year
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Dealer's Name _____
105

Champion Spark Plug Company

103 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio

Over 1,000,000 in Use

Today there are more than a million Stewart Speedometers in service—as many as the total number of automobiles six months ago. Since that time probably 225,000 automobiles and motorcycles have been sold. *Practically 200,000 of these have been equipped with Stewarts.*

Stewart Speedometer
MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE

Six months ago there were over 800,000 Stewart Speedometers in service. At that time there were not more than a million automobiles in operation—a few of which did not carry speedometers. This left, as near as we can estimate, 200,000 cars that were equipped with speedometers of all other makes put together. The preference for the Stewart showed in the ratio of about four to one.

Automobile manufacturers and individual owners have expressed themselves in favor of the Stewart more forcibly in the last six months than ever before.

The demand for the Stewart Speedometer is growing faster in proportion than the demand for motor cars.

Here, then, is triumph for the *magnetic speedometer.* Here is victory after more than seven years. We have believed from the start that a speedometer built on the magnetic principle was simpler, more practical, more durable, more accurate. We have always believed that a speedometer built on this principle would be perfectly accurate under all weather conditions and for life. The success of the Stewart is conclusive proof.

So we have stubbornly refused to switch to any other manner of construction—as so many others did. At the beginning the public was skeptical. But Stewart service soon told its tale. Then people who were speedometer wise began to demand the *magnetic type.* Month by month and year by year this demand has increased and become more and more insistent, until today it has completely eclipsed the demand for every other type of speed-and-mileage-indicating instrument made!

Stewart popularity is healthy and sane—well based on a growing public knowledge of what a speedometer ought to be and do. When a million people endorse one thing, that thing is safest and best to bank *your* faith on.

It will pay you to have a Stewart Speedometer (*magnetic type*) on your car—whether it's an old car, a new car or a car to come.

Stewart Speedometer Factory, 1910 Diversey Boulevard, **Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.**

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

The world's largest manufacturers of speedometers for automobiles, motorcycles, electrics, trucks, motor boats, aëroplanes, and cream separators.

Security? Yes! And More Than That—

Comfort—given by the resiliency of an extra quantity of new, pure, long-lasting rubber.
Economy—given by the increased service of a thicker tread.

These are the vital points of tire service as found in Firestone Non-Skid Tires—a trio of advantages that automobile dealers everywhere are emphasizing with the zeal born of Firestone experience.

The dealer who helps his customers to reach the goal of tire satisfaction by selling Firestone Non-Skids creates a tire constituency that is ever loyal. The car owner who, following the advice of users, insists that his dealer supply him with Firestone Non-Skid, enjoys a reduction of tire troubles and a marked increase in automobile comforts.

Your Dealer Will Tell You

that the name "Firestone" stands for tire quality. He will tell you that the ends of security, comfort and economy are served by the use of Non-Skid Tires. The Firestone Non-Skid tread gives longest wear, greater resiliency, added protection against the shocks of bad going.

It presents to the surface of the road numerous edges, angles and hollows that grip the highway and prevent the skidding which was so great a terror to motorists before the days of the Non-Skid.

In thus affording security against tire accidents and insuring longer wear, Firestone Non-Skid Tires are doubly economical. They perform service for the car owner's pocketbook and for his peace of mind.

The high grade of new rubber used in the manufacture of all Firestone Non-Skid Tires prevents the sharp safety edges and angles from chipping—and even after these have worn down, a sturdy tire remains.

For longer wear, increased resiliency, greater security, tire and gasoline economy, tire-heat radiation, the Firestone Non-Skid is ideal, whether in Autumn, Winter, Spring or Summer. For all climates—for rear and front wheels—it is the year-round, complete service tire—with a proved value greatly in excess of its slightly higher cost—the

"Most Miles per Dollar" tire in every sense of the term.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company

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Akron, Ohio, and All Large Cities

Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, etc.

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